

238 of 34

THE  
WORKS  
OF THE  
ENGLISH POETS.  
WITH  
PREFACES,  
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.  
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

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VOLUME THE SEVENTY-THIRD.

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THE  
SEVENTY-THIRD VOLUME  
OF THE  
ENGLISH POETS;  
CONTAINING  
W. WHITEHEAD AND JENYNS.

VOL. LXXIII.

2



THE  
P O E M S  
O F  
WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, Esq.  
CONTINUED.

VOL. LXXIII.

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( 3 )

TO HER

G R A C E

T H E

DUTCHESS of QUEENSBURY\*.

SAY, shall a Bard in these late times  
Dare to address his trivial rhimes  
To Her, whom Prior, Pope, and Gay,  
And every Bard, who breath'd a lay  
Of happier vein, was fond to choose  
The Patroness of every Muse?

Say, can he hope that You, the theme  
Of partial Swift's severe esteem,  
You, who have borne meridian rays,  
And triumph'd in poetic blaze,

\* In the first edition of this little Poem the name was not printed. As the Dutchess is since dead, it cannot be necessary to conceal it. She was of a great age when this compliment was paid to her, which was singularly well adapted, as her Grace never changed her dress according to the fashion, but retained that which had been in vogue when she was a young beauty.



Ev'n with indulgence should receive  
The fainter gleams of ebbing eve.

He will; and boldly say in print,  
That 'twas your Grace who gave the hint,  
Who told him that the present scene  
Of dress, and each preposterous fashion,  
Flow'd from supineness in the men,  
And not from female inclination.

That women were oblig'd to try  
All stratagems to catch the eye,  
And many a wild vagary play  
To gain attention any way.

'Twas merely cunning in the Fair.—  
This *may* be true—But have a care;  
Your Grace will contradict in part,

Your own assertion, and *my* song,  
Whose beauty, undisguis'd by art,  
Has charm'd so much, and charm'd so long.

# V E N U S

## ATTIRING THE GRACES.

——— “ In naked beauty more adorn’d,  
“ More lovely.”

MILTON.

**A**S Venus one day, at her toilet affairs,  
With the Graces attending, adjusted her airs,  
In a negligent way, without boddice or hoop,  
As \* Guido has painted the beautiful group,  
(For Guido, no doubt, in idea at least,  
Had seen all the Graces and Venus undrest)  
Half pensive, half smiling, the Goddess of Beauty  
Look’d round on the girls, as they toil’d in their duty :  
And surely, she cry’d, you have strangely miscarry’d,  
That not one of the three should have ever been marry’d.  
Let me nicely examine—Fair foreheads, straight noses,  
And cheeks that might rival Aurora’s own roses ;  
Lips ; teeth ; and what eyes ! that can languish, or roll,  
To enliven or soften the elegant whole.

\* The celebrated picture of Venus *attired* by the Graces.

The sweet auburn tresses, that shade what they deck ;  
 The shoulders, that fall from the delicate neck ;  
 The polish'd round arm, which *my* statues might own,  
 And the lovely contour which descends from the zone.

Then how it should happen I cannot divine :  
 Either you are too coy, or the Gods too supine.  
 I believe 'tis the latter ; for every soft bosom  
 Must have its attachments, and wish to disclose 'em.  
 Some lovers not beauty but novelty warms,  
 They have seen you so often they're tir'd of your charms.  
 But I'll find out a method their languor to move,  
 And at least make them stare, if I can't make them love.  
 Come here, you two girls, that look full in my face \*,

And you that so often are turning your back,  
 Put on these cork rumps, and then tighten your stays  
 'Till your hips, and your ribs, and the strings them-  
 selves crack.

Can ye speak ? can ye breathe ?—Not a word—Then  
 'twill do.

You have often dress'd *me*, and for once I'll dress *you*.  
 Don't let your curls fall with that natural bend,  
 But stretch them up tight 'till each hair stands an end.  
 One, two, nay three cushions, like Cybele's tow'rs ;  
 Then a few ells of gauze, and some baskets of flow'rs.  
 These bottles of nectar will serve for perfumes.  
 Go pluck the fledg'd Cupids, and bring me their plumes.  
 If that's not enough, you may strip all the fowls,  
 My doves, Juno's peacocks, and Pallas's owls.

\* Alluding to the usual representation of the Graces.

# VENUS ATTIRING THE GRACES.

7

And stay, from Jove's eagle, if \*napping you take him,  
You may snatch a few quills—but be sure you don't  
wake him.

Hold ! what are ye doing ! I vow and protest,  
If I don't watch you closely you'll spoil the whole jest.  
What I have disorder'd you still set to rights,  
And seem half unwilling to make yourselves frights,  
What I am concealing you want to display ;  
But it sha'n't serve the turn, for I will have my way.  
Those crimp'd colet'montés don't reach to your chins,  
And the heels of your slippers are broader than pins.

\* *Napping*—The sleeping Eagle in Pindar.

Thus translated by West.

Perch'd on the scepter of th' Olympian king,  
The thrilling darts of harmony he feels ;  
And indolently hangs his rapid wing,  
While gentle sleep his closing eye-lids seals ;  
And o'er his heaving limbs in loose array  
To ev'ry balmy gale the ruffling feathers play.

Thus imitated by Akenfide.

With slacken'd wings,  
While now the solemn concert breathes around,  
Incumbent o'er the scepter of his Lord  
Sleeps the stern Eagle ; by the number'd notes  
Possess'd ; and satiate with the melting tone :  
Sovereign of birds.

And thus by Gray.

Perching on the scepter'd hand  
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king  
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing :  
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie  
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

B 4

You

5 WHITEHEAD'S POEMS.

You can stand, you can walk, like the girls in the street ;  
Those buckles won't do, they scarce cover your feet.  
Here, run to the Cyclops, you boys without wings,  
And bring up their boxes of contraband things.—

\* \* \* \* \*

Well, now you're bedizen'd, I'll swear, as ye pass,  
I can scarcely help laughing—Don't look in the glass.  
Those tittering boys shall be whipt if they tease you ;  
So, come away, girls. From your torments to ease you,  
We'll haste to Olympus, and get the thing over ;  
I have *not* the least doubt but you'll each find a lover.  
And if it succeeds, with a torrent of mirth  
We'll pester their Godships agen and agen ;  
Then send the receipt to the ladies on earth,  
And bid *them* become monsters, till men become men—



ON A  
MESSAGE-CARD IN VERSE,

SENT BY A LADY.

**H**ERMES, the gamester of the sky,  
To share for once mankind's delights,  
Slipp'd down to earth, exceeding fly,  
And bade his coachman drive to White's.  
In form a beau, so light he trips,  
You'd swear his wings were at his heels;  
From glafs to glafs, alert he skips,  
And bows and prattles while he deals.  
In short, so well his part he play'd,  
The waiters took him for a peer;  
And ev'n some great ones whisp'ring said,  
He was no vulgar foreigner.  
Whate'er he was, he swept the board,  
Won every bett, and every game;  
Stripp'd ev'n the Rooks, who stamp'd and roar'd,  
And wonder'd how the devil it came!  
He wonder'd too, and thought it hard;  
But found at last this great command  
Was owing to one fav'rite card,  
Which still brought luck into his hand.

The



The four of spades ; whene'er he saw  
Its fable spots, he laugh'd at rules,  
Took odds beyond the gaming law,  
And Hoyle and Philidor were fools.  
But now, for now 'twas time to go,  
What gratitude shall he express ?  
And what peculiar boon bestow  
Upon the cause of his success ?  
Suppose, for something must be done,  
On Juno's self he could prevail  
To pick the pips out, one by one,  
And stick them in her peacock's tail.  
Should Pallas have it, was a doubt,  
To twist her silk, or range her pins,  
Or should the Muses cut it out,  
For bridges to their violins.  
To Venus should the prize be given,  
Superior beauty's just reward,  
And 'gainst the next great rout in heaven  
Be sent her for a message-card.  
Or hold—by Jove, a lucky hit !  
Your Goddeses are arrant farces ;  
Go, carry it to Mrs. —  
And bid her fill it full of verses.

( H )

ON THE  
BIRTH-DAY OF A YOUNG LADY,  
FOUR YEARS OLD.

OLD creeping Time, with silent tread,  
Has stol'n four years o'er Molly's head.  
The rose-bud opens on her cheek,  
The meaning eyes begin to speak;  
And in each smiling look is seen  
The innocence which plays within.  
Nor is the fault'ring tongue confin'd  
To lisp the dawnings of the mind,  
But fair and full her words convey  
The little all they have to say;  
And each fond parent, as they fall,  
Finds volumes in that little All.

May every charm, which now appears,  
Increase, and brighten with her years!  
And may that same old creeping Time  
Go on till she has reach'd her prime,  
Then, like a master of his trade,  
Stand still, nor hurt the work he made.

THE

T H E

*Je ne ſçai Quoi.*

A S O N G.

I.

**Y** E S, I'm in love, I feel it now,  
And Cælia has undone me ;  
And yet I'll ſwear I can't tell how  
The pleaſing plague ſtole on me,

II.

'Tis not her face which love creates,  
For there no Graces revel ;  
'Tis not her ſhape, for there the Fates  
Have rather been uncivil.

III.

'Tis not her air, for ſure in that  
There's nothing more than common ;  
And all her ſenſe is only chat,  
Like any other woman.

IV.

Her voice, her touch, might give th' alarm—  
'Twas both perhaps, or neither ;  
In ſhort, 'twas that provoking charm  
Of Cælia all together.

T H E

THE  
DOUBLE CONQUEST.  
A SONG.

O F music, and of beauty's power,  
I doubted much, and doubted long :  
The fairest face a gaudy flower,  
An empty sound the sweetest song.

But when her voice Clarinda rais'd,  
And sung so sweet, and smil'd so gay,  
At once I listen'd, and I gaz'd ;  
And heard, and look'd my soul away.

To her, of all his beauteous train,  
This wond'rous power had Love assign'd,  
A Double Conquest to obtain,  
And cure at once the deaf and blind.

SONG

## SONG for RANELAGH.

YE belles, and ye flirts, and ye pert little things,  
 Who trip in this frolicksome round,  
 Pray tell me from whence this impertinence springs,  
 The sexes at once to confound?  
 What means the cock'd hat, and the masculine air,  
 With each motion design'd to perplex?  
 Bright eyes were intended to languish, not stare,  
 And softness the test of your sex.

The girl, who on beauty depends for support,  
 May call every art to her aid;  
 The bosom display'd, and the petticoat short,  
 Are samples she gives of her trade.  
 But you, on whom fortune indulgently smiles,  
 And whom pride has preserv'd from the snare,  
 Should slyly attack us with coyness, and wiles,  
 Not with open, and insolent war.

The Venus, whose statue delights all mankind,  
 Shrinks modestly back from the view,  
 And kindly should seem by the artist design'd  
 To serve as a model for you.

Then



SONG FOR RANELAGH. 15

Then learn, with her beauty, to copy her air,  
Nor venture too much to reveal:  
Our fancies will paint what you cover with care,  
And double each charm you conceal.

The blushes of morn, and the mildness of May,  
Are charms which no art can procure:  
O be but yourselves, and our homage we pay,  
And your empire is solid and sure.  
But if, Amazon-like, you attack your gallants,  
And put us in fear of our lives,  
You may do very well for sisters and aunts,  
But, believe me, you'll never be wives,

A N

A N

## I N S C R I P T I O N

I N T H E

## C O T T A G E O F V E N U S ,

A T M I D D L E T O N P A R K , O X F O R D S H I R E .

**Q**uisquis es, O juvenis, nostro vagus advena luco,  
 Cui cor est tenerum, cuique puella comes ;  
 Quisquis es, ah fugias !—hic suadent omnia amorem,  
 Inque casâ hâc latitans omnia suadet amor.  
 Aspice flore capri quam circum astringitur ilex.  
 Hærenti amplexu, et luxuriante comâ !  
 Sylva tegit, tacitum sternit tibi lana cubile,  
 Aut tumet in vivos mollior herba toros.  
 Si quis adest subitum dant tintinnabula signum,  
 Et strepit in primo limine porta loquax.  
 Nec rigidum ostendit nostro de parjete vultum  
 Actæusve senex, dimidiusve Cato :  
 At nuda aspirat dulces Cytherea furores,  
 Atque suos ritus consecrat ipsa Venus.

T H E

## THE SAME IN ENGLISH.

**W**HOE'ER thou art, whom chance ordains to rove  
 A youthful stranger to this fatal grove,  
 O, if thy breast can feel too soft a flame,  
 And with thee wanders some unguarded dame,  
 Fly, fly the place!—Each object thro' the shade  
 Persuades to love; and in this cottage laid,  
 What cannot, may not, will not, love persuade?  
 See to yon oak how close the woodbine cleaves,  
 And twines around its luxury of leaves!  
 Above, the boughs a pleasing darkness shed,  
 Beneath, a noiseless couch soft fleeces spread,  
 Or softer herbage forms a living bed.  
 Do spies approach?—Shrill bells the sound repeat,  
 And from the entrance screams the conscious gate.  
 Nor from these walls do rigid bustos frown,  
 Or philosophic censors threat in stone.  
 But Venus' self does her own rites approve  
 In naked state, and thro' the raptur'd grove  
 Breathes the sweet madness of excessive love.

## HYMN TO VENUS,

ON A GREAT VARIETY OF ROSES BEING PLANTED  
ROUND HER COTTAGE.

*Te, dea, te fugiunt venti, te nubila cæli  
Adventumque tuum; tibi suaves Dædala tellus  
Summittit flores.*——

LUCRET,

**O** Venus, whose inspiring breath  
First waken'd Nature's genial power,  
And cloath'd the teeming earth beneath  
With every plant, with every flower,  
Which paints the verdant lap of Spring,  
Or wantons in the Summer's ray;  
Which, brush'd by Zephyr's dewy wing,  
With fragrance hails the opening day;  
Or, pour'd profuse on hill, on plain, on dale,  
Reserves its treasur'd sweets for evening's softer gale!  
'To thee, behold, what new delights  
'The master of this shade prepares!  
Induc'd by far inferior rites,  
You've heard a Cyprian's softest prayers;  
'There, form'd to wreaths, the sickly flower  
Has on thy altars bloom'd and died;  
But here, around thy fragrant bower,  
Extends the living incense wide;  
From the first rose the soft'ring zephyrs rear,  
To that whose fainter blush adorns the dying year.  
Behold one beauteous flower assume  
The lustre of th' unsullied snow!  
While there the Belgic's softer bloom  
'Improves the damask's deeper glow;

The

# HYMN TO VENUS.

19

The Austrian here in purple breaks,  
 Or flaunts in robes of yellow light ;  
 While there, in more fantastic streaks,  
 The \* red rose mingles with the white,  
 And in its name records poor Albion's woes,  
 Albion that oft has wept the colours of the rose !

Then, Venus, come ; to every thorn  
 Thy kind prolific influence lend ;  
 And bid the tears of eve and morn  
 In gently dropping dews descend ;  
 Teach every sunbeam's warmth and light  
 To pierce thy thicket's inmost shade ;  
 Nor let th' ungenial damps of night  
 The breeze's searching wings evade,  
 But every plant confess the power that guides,  
 And all be beauty here where beauty's queen presides.

So shall the master's bounteous hand  
 New plans design, new temples raise  
 To thee, and wide as his command  
 Extend the trophies of thy praise.  
 So daily, nightly, to thy star  
 The bard shall grateful tribute pay,  
 Whether it gilds Aurora's car,  
 Or loiters in the train of day ;  
 And each revolving year new hymns shall grace  
 Thy showery month, which wakes the vegetable race.

\* York and Lancaster roses.

C 2

I N



## I N A H E R M I T A G E,

AT THE SAME PLACE.

**T**H E man, whose days of youth and ease  
 In nature's calm enjoyments pass'd,  
 Will want no monitors, like \* these,  
 To torture and alarm his last.

The gloomy grot, the cypress shade,  
 The zealot's list of rigid rules,  
 To him are merely dull parade,  
 The tragic pageantry of fools.

What life affords he freely tastes,  
 When nature calls resigns his breath;  
 Nor age in weak repining wastes,  
 Nor acts alive the farce of death.

Not so the youths of folly's train,  
 Impatient of each kind restraint  
 Which parent Nature fix'd, in vain,  
 To teach us man's true bliss, content,

For something still beyond enough  
 With eager impotence they strive,  
 'Till appetite has learn'd to loath  
 The very joys by which we live.

Then, fill'd with all which sour disdain  
 To disappointed vice can add,  
 Tir'd of himself, man flies from man,  
 And hates the world he made so bad.

\* A skull, hour-glass, &c.

## I N S C R I P T I O N

F O R A

## C O L D B A T H.

**W**HOE'ER thou art, approach.—Has med'cine  
fail'd ?

Have balms and herbs essay'd their powers in vain?  
Nor the free air, nor soft'ring sun prevail'd

To raise thy drooping strength, or soothe thy pain?

Yet enter here. Nor doubt to trust thy frame

To the cold bosom of this lucid lake.

Here Health may greet thee, and life's languid flame,

Ev'n from its icy grasp, new vigour take.

What soft Aufonia's genial shores deny,

May Zembla give. Then boldly trust the wave :

So shall thy grateful tablet hang on high,

And frequent votaries bless this healing cave.

## INSCRIPTION ON AN OAK,

AT ROMELY, IN DERBYSHIRE.

THE OAK IS SUPPOSED TO SPEAK.

**O**NCE was I fam'd, an awful sage,  
 The silent wonder of my age !  
 To me was every science known,  
 And every language was my own.  
 The sun beheld my daily toil,  
 I labour'd o'er the midnight oil,  
 And, hid in woods, conceal'd from view  
 Whate'er I was, whate'er I knew.  
 In short, consum'd with learned care  
 I liv'd, I died.—I rooted here !  
 For heaven, that's pleas'd with doing good,  
 To make me useful made me wood.

I N-

## INSCRIPTION FOR A TREE\*

ON THE TERRACE, AT NUNEHAM, OXFORDSHIRE.

THIS Tree was planted by a female hand,  
 In the gay dawn of rustic beauty's glow ;  
 And fast beside it did her cottage stand,  
 When age had cloath'd the matron's head with snow.  
 To her, long us'd to Nature's simple ways,  
 This single spot was happiness compleat ;  
 Her tree could shield her from the noon-tide blaze,  
 And from the tempest screen her little seat.  
 Here with her Collin oft the faithful maid  
 Had led the dance, the envious youths among :  
 Here, when his aged bones in earth were laid,  
 The patient matron turn'd her wheel, and sung.  
 She felt her loss ; yet felt it as she ought,  
 Nor dar'd 'gainst Nature's general law exclaim ;  
 But check'd her tears, and to her children taught  
 That well-known truth, " their lot would be the same."

\* This tree is well known to the country people by the name of Bab's tree. It was planted by one Barbara Wyat, who was so much attached to it, that, on the removal of the village of Nuneham to where it is now built, she earnestly intreated that she might still remain in her old habitation. Her request was complied with, and her cottage not pulled down till after her death.

Tho' Thames before her flow'd, his farther shores  
She ne'er explor'd; contented with her own.  
And distant Oxford, tho' she saw its towers,  
To her ambition was a world unknown.  
Did dreadful tales the clowns from market bear  
Of kings, and tumults, and the courtier train,  
She coldly listen'd with unheeding ear, [reign.  
And good queen Anne, for aught she car'd, might  
The sun her day, the seasons mark'd her year,  
She toil'd, she slept, from care, from envy free,  
For what had she to hope, or what to fear,  
Blest with her cottage, and her fav'rite tree.  
Hear this, ye great, whose proud possessions spread  
O'er earth's rich surface to no space confin'd;  
Ye learn'd in arts, in men, in manners read,  
Who boast as wide an empire o'er the mind,  
With reverence visit her august domain;  
To her unletter'd memory bow the knee:  
She found that happiness you seek in vain,  
Blest with a cottage, and a single tree.



I N S C R I P T I O N  
O N T H E  
P E D E S T A L O F A N U R N ,

ERECTED IN THE FLOWER-GARDEN AT NUNE-  
HAM, BY G. S. HARCOURT, AND THE HONOUR-  
ABLE ELIZABETH VERNON, VISCOUNT AND  
VISCOUNTESS NUNEHAM.

S A C R E D T O T H E  
M E M O R Y O F F R A N C E S P O O L E , V I S C O U N T E S S  
P A L M E R S T O N .

**H**ERE shall our ling'ring footsteps oft be found,  
This is *her* shrine, and consecrates the ground.  
Here living sweets around her altar rise,  
And breathe perpetual incense to the skies.

Here too the thoughtless and the young may tread,  
Who shun the drearier mansions of the dead ;  
May here be taught what worth the world has known.  
Her wit, her sense, her virtues, were her own ;  
To her peculiar — and for ever lost  
To those who knew, and therefore lov'd her most.

O, if kind pity steal on virtue's eye,  
Check not the tear, nor stop the useful sigh ;  
From soft humanity's ingenuous flame  
A wish may rise to emulate her fame,  
And some faint image of her worth restore,  
When those, who now lament her, are no more.

A N

A N

## E P I T A P H.

**H**ERE lies a youth (ah wherefore breathless lies!)  
 Learn'd without pride, and diffidently wise.  
 Mild to all faults, which from weak nature flow'd;  
 Fond of all virtues, wheresoe'er bestow'd.  
 Who never gave, nor slightly took offence,  
 The best good-nature, and the best good sense.  
 Who living hop'd, and dying felt no fears,  
 His only sting of death, a parent's tears.

E P I.

## EPITAPH IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

T O T H E

## MEMORY OF MRS. PRITCHARD

THIS TABLET IS PLACED HERE BY THE VOLUNTARY SUBSCRIPTION OF THOSE WHO ADMIRERD AND ESTEEMED HER.

SHE RETIRED FROM THE STAGE, OF WHICH SHE HAD LONG BEEN THE ORNAMENT, IN THE MONTH OF APRIL ONE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED SIXTY-EIGHT, AND DIED AT BATH IN THE MONTH OF AUGUST. FOLLOWING, IN THE FIFTY-SEVENTH YEAR OF HER AGE.

HER comic vein had every charm to please, [ease.  
 'Twas Nature's dictates breath'd with Nature's  
 Ev'n when her powers sustain'd the tragic load,  
 Full, clear, and just, th' harmonious accents flow'd;  
 And the big passions of her feeling heart  
 Burst freely forth, and shew'd the mimic art.

Oft, on the scene, with colours not her own,  
 She painted vice, and taught us what to shun:  
 One virtuous track her real life pursued,  
 That nobler part was uniformly good,  
 Each duty there to such perfection wrought,  
 That, if the precepts fail'd, th' example taught.

O N

ON THE LATE  
IMPROVEMENTS AT NUNEHAM,  
THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF HARCOURT.

**D**AME Nature, the Goddess, one very bright day,  
In strolling thro' Nuneham, met Brown in her  
way :

And blefs me, she said, with an insolent sneer,  
I wonder that fellow will dare to come here.  
What more than I *did* has your impudence plann'd ?  
The lawn, wood, and water, are all of my hand ;  
In my very best manner, with Themis's scales,  
I lifted the hills, and I scoop'd out the vales ;  
With-Sylvan's own umbrage I grac'd ev'ry brow,  
And pour'd the rich Thames thro' the meadows below.

I grant it, he cry'd ; to your sov'reign command  
I bow, as I ought.—Gentle Lady, your hand ;  
The weather's inviting, so let us move on ;  
You know what you *did*, and now see what I've done.  
I, with gratitude, own you have reason to plead,  
That to these happy scenes you were bounteous indeed :  
My lovely materials were many and great !  
(For sometimes, you know, I'm oblig'd to create)

But





—There is little to see, till the summit we gain;  
 Nay, never draw back, you may climb without pain,  
 And, I hope, will perceive how each object is caught,  
 And is lost, in exactly the point where it ought.  
 That ground of your moulding is certainly fine,  
 But the swell of that knoll and those openings are mine.  
 The prospect, wherever beheld, must be good, [wood,  
 But has ten times its charms, when you burst from this  
 A wood of my planting.—The Goddess cried, Hold !  
 'Tis grown very hot, and 'tis grown very cold :  
 She fann'd and she shudder'd, she cough'd and she  
 sneez'd,

Inclin'd to be angry, inclin'd to be pleas'd,  
 Half smil'd, and half pouted—then turn'd from the  
 view,

And dropp'd him a curtsy, and blushing withdrew.

Yet soon recollecting her thoughts, as she pass'd,

“ I may have my revenge on this fellow at last :

“ For a lucky conjecture comes into my head,

“ That, whate'er he has done, and whate'er he has said,

“ The world's little malice will balk his design :

“ Each fault they call his, and each excellence mine\*.

\* Altho' the personification of Nature has been common to several Poets, when they meant to compliment an artist that rivalled her, yet the idea of making her behave herself like that most unnatural of all created beings, A MODERN FINE LADY, must be allowed to be a thought both very bold and truly original, and the Poet has, I think, executed it with much genuine humour. M.

T O

TO  
LADY NUNEHAM,  
NOW COUNTESS OF HARCOURT,  
ON THE  
DEATH OF HER SISTER,  
THE HONOURABLE  
CATHERINE VENABLES VERNON,  
JUNE MDCCLXXV.

MILD as the opening morn's serenest ray,  
Mild as the close of summer's softest day,  
Her form, her virtues, (fram'd alike to please  
With artless grace and unassuming ease)  
On every breast their mingling influence stole,  
And in sweet union breath'd one beauteous whole.

Oft, o'er a Sister's much-lamented bier,  
Has genuine anguish pour'd the kindred tear :  
Oft, on a dear-lov'd Friend's untimely grave,  
Have sunk in speechless grief, the wise and brave.

—Ah

—Ah hapless thou ! for whose severer woe  
 Death arm'd with double force his fatal blow,  
 Condemn'd (just Heaven ! for what mysterious end)  
 To lose at once the Sister and the Friend \* !

\* The first six lines of this elegant elegiac Poem are inscribed on a neat marble tablet, (similar to that of Mrs. Pritchard's monument in Westminster-Abbey) which is placed in the Chancel of the Parish-Church of Sudbury in Staffordshire, and the four following added, instead of what is here personally addressed to the present Lady Harcourt.

This fair example to the world was lent,  
 As the short lesson of a life well spent ;  
 Alas, how short ! but bounteous Heav'n best knows  
 When to reclaim the blessings it bestows. M.

THE

T H E  
B A T T L E  
O F

A R G O E D L L W Y F A I N \*.

**M**ORNING rose ; the issuing sun  
Saw the dreadful fight begun ;  
And that sun's descending ray  
Clos'd the battle, clos'd the day.

Fflamdwyn pour'd his rapid bands,  
Legions four, o'er Reged's lands.

\* The following is a translation of a Poem of Talieffin, King of the Bards, and is a description of the battle of Argoed Llwyfain, fought about the year 548, by Godden, a King of North Britain, and Urien Reged, King of Cumbria, against Fflamdwyn, a Saxon General, supposed to be Ida, King of Northumberland. It is inserted in Jones's Historical Account of the Welch Bards, published in 1784, and is thus introduced by the author : " I am indebted to the obliging disposition and undiminished powers of Mr. Whitehead, for the following faithful and animated versification of this valuable antique."

To this commendation from Mr. Jones, who certainly could judge best of the fidelity of the version, and with whom I agree as to the other epithet, I have only to add, that I think no critic will deal candidly, who, in estimating the poetical merit of this piece in general, shall compare it with those imitations which Mr. Gray made of the *Scaldic Odes*. The wild mythology of the *EDDA*, to which they perpetually allude, gives them a charm peculiar to themselves, and sets them above what he himself has produced from *Cambro-British* Originals. M.

This is the last of the great battles of Urien Reged, celebrated by Talieffin in poems now extant. See *Carte's History of England*, p. 211 and 213.

The numerous host, from side to side,  
 Spread destruction wild and wide,  
 From Argoed's \* summits, forest-crown'd,  
 To steep Arfyndd's † utmost bound.  
 Short their triumph, short their sway,  
 Born and ended with the day !  
 Flush'd with conquest Fflamdwyn said,  
 Boastful at his army's head,  
 " Strive not to oppose the stream,  
 " Redeem your lands, your lives redeem,  
 " Give me pledges," Fflamdwyn cried.  
 " Never," Urien's son replied.  
 Owen ‡, of the mighty stroke,  
 Kindling, as the hero spoke,  
 Cenau ||, Coel's blooming heir,  
 Caught the flame, and grasp'd the spear :  
 " Shall Coel's issue pledges give  
 " To the insulting foe, and live ?  
 " Never such be Britons' shame,  
 " Never, till this mangled frame  
 " Like some vanquish'd lion lie,  
 " Drench'd in blood, and bleeding die."

\* A part of Cumbria, the country of Prince Llywarch Hen, from whence he was drove by the Saxons.

† Some place on the borders of Northumberland.

‡ Owen ap Urien acted as his father's general.

|| Cenau led to the assistance of Urien Reged the forces of his father Coel Godhebog, King of a Northern tract called Godden, probably inhabited by the Godini of Ptolemy. Owen ap Urien and Cenau ap Coel were in the number of Arthur's Knights. See *Lewis's History of Britain*, p. 201.

Day



THE BATTLE OF ARGOED LLWYFAIN. 35

Day advanc'd : and ere the sun  
Reach'd the radiant point of noon,  
Urien came with fresh supplies.  
" Rife, ye sons of Cambria, rife !  
" Spread your banners to the foe,  
" Spread them on the mountain's brow :  
" Lift your lances high in air,  
" Friends and brothers of the war ;  
" Rush like torrents down the steep,  
" Thro' the vales in myriads sweep ;  
" Fflamdwyn never can sustain  
" The force of our united train."

Havoc, havoc rag'd around,  
Many a carcase strew'd the ground :  
Ravens drank the purple flood,  
Raven plumes were dyed in blood ;  
Frighted crouds from place to place  
Eager, hurrying, breathless, pale,  
Spread the news of their disgrace,  
Trembling as they told the tale.

These are Talieffin's rhimes,  
These shall live to distant times,  
And the Bard's prophetic rage  
Animate a future age.

Child of sorrow, child of pain,  
Never may I smile again,  
If 'till all-subduing death  
Close these eyes, and stop this breath,  
Ever I forget to raise  
My grateful songs to Urien's praise !

T H E  
S W E E P E R S.

**I** S I N G of Sweepers, frequent in thy streets,  
 Augusta, as the flowers which grace the spring,  
 Or branches withering in autumnal shades  
 To form the brooms they wield. Preserv'd by them  
 From dirt, from coach-hire, and th' oppressive rheums  
 Which clog the springs of life, to them I sing,  
 And ask no inspiration but their smiles.

Hail, unown'd youths, and virgins unendow'd !  
 Whether on bulk begot, while rattled loud  
 The passing coaches, or th' officious hand  
 Of sportive link-boy wide around him dash'd  
 The pitchy flame obstructive of the joy ;  
 Or more propitious to the dark retreat  
 Of round-house owe your birth, where Nature's reign  
 Revives, and emulous of Spartan fame  
 The mingling sexes share promiscuous love ;  
 And scarce the pregnant female knows to whom  
 She owes the precious burthen, scarce the fire  
 Can claim, confus'd, the many-featur'd child.

Nor blush that hence your origin we trace :  
 'Twas thus immortal heroes sprung of old

Strong

Strong from the stol'n embrace : by such as you  
 Unhous'd, uncloath'd, unletter'd, and unfed,  
 Were kingdoms modell'd, cities taught to rise,  
 Firm laws enacted, freedom's rights maintain'd,  
 The gods and patriots of an infant world !

Let others meanly chaunt in tuneful song  
 The blackshoe race, whose mercenary tribes  
 Allur'd by halfpence take their morning stand  
 Where streets divide, and to their proffer'd stools  
 Solicit wand'ring feet ; vain pensioners,  
 And placemen of the croud ! Not so you pour  
 Your blessings on mankind. Nor traffic vile  
 Be your employment deem'd, ye last remains  
 Of public spirit, whose laborious hands,  
 Uncertain of reward, bid kennels know  
 Their wonted bounds, remove the bord'ring filth,  
 And give th' obstructed ordure where to glide.

What tho' the pitying passenger bestows  
 His unextorted boon, must they refuse  
 The well-earn'd bounty, scorn th' obtruded ore ?  
 Proud were the thought and vain. And shall not we  
 Repay their kindly labours, men like them,  
 With gratitude unfought ? I too have oft  
 Seen in our streets the wither'd hands of age  
 Toil in th' industrious task ; and can we there  
 Be thrifty niggards ? Haply they have known  
 Far better days, and scatter'd liberal round  
 The scanty pittance we afford them now.  
 Soon from this office grant them their discharge,

Ye kind church-wardens ! take their meagre limbs  
 Shiv'ring with cold and age, and wrap them warm  
 In those blest mansions Charity has rais'd.

But you of younger years. while vigour knits  
 Your lab'ring sinews, urge the generous task,  
 Nor lose in fruitless brawls the precious hours  
 Assign'd to toil. Be your contentions, who  
 First in the dark'ning streets, when Autumn sheds  
 Her earliest showers, shall clear th' obstructed pass ;  
 Or last shall quit the field when Spring distills  
 Her moist'ning dews, prolific there in vain.  
 So may each lusty scavenger, ye fair,  
 Fly ardent to your arms ; and every maid,  
 Ye gentle youths, be to your wishes kind ;  
 Whether Ostrea's fishy fumes allure,  
 As Venus' tresses fragrant ; or the sweets  
 More mild and rural from her stall who toils  
 To feast the sages of the Samian school.

Nor ever may your hearts elate with pride  
 Desert this sphere of love ; for should ye, youths,  
 When blood boils high, and some more lucky chance  
 Has swell'd your stores, pursue the tawdry band  
 That romp from lamp to lamp—for health expect  
 Disease, for fleeting pleasure foul remorse,  
 And daily, nightly, agonizing pains.  
 In vain you call for Æsculapius' aid  
 From Whitecross-alley, or the azure posts  
 Which beam thro' Haydon-yard : the god demands  
 More ample offerings, and rejects your prayer.

And



And you, ye fair, O let me warn your breasts  
To shun deluding men : for some there are,  
Great lords of counties, mighty men of war,  
And well-dress'd courtiers, who with leering eye  
Can in the face begrim'd with dirt discern  
Strange charms, and pant for Cynthia in a cloud.

But let Lardella's fate avert your own.  
Lardella once was fair, the early boast  
Of proud St. Giles's, from its ample pound  
To where the column points the seven-fold day.  
Happy, thrice happy, had she never known  
A street more spacious ! but ambition led  
Her youthful footsteps, artless, unassur'd,  
To Whitehall's fatal pavement. There she ply'd  
Like you the active broom. At sight of her  
The coachman dropp'd his lash, the porter oft  
Forgot his burthen, and with wild amaze  
The tall well-booted sentry, arm'd in vain,  
Lean'd from his horse to gaze upon her charms.

But Fate reserv'd her for more dreadful ills :  
A lord beheld her, and with powerful gold  
Seduc'd her to his arms. What can not gold  
Effect, when aided by the matron's tongue,  
Long tried and practis'd in the trade of vice,  
Against th' unwary innocent ! A while  
Dazzled with splendor, giddy with the height  
Of unexperienc'd greatness, she looks down  
With thoughtless pride, nor sees the gulph beneath.  
But soon, too soon, the high-wrought transport sinks



In cold indifference, and a newer face  
Alarms her restless lover's fickle heart.  
Distress'd, abandon'd, whither shall she fly?  
How urge her former task, and brave the winds  
And piercing rains with limbs whose daintier sense  
Shrinks from the evening breeze? Nor has she now,  
Sweet Innocence, thy calmer heart-felt aid,  
To solace or support the pangs she feels.

Why should the weeping Muse pursue her steps  
Thro' the dull round of infamy, thro' haunts  
Of public lust, and every painful stage  
Of ill-feign'd transport, and uneasy joy?  
Too sure she tried them all, till her sunk eye  
Lost its last languish; and the bloom of health,  
Which revell'd once on Beauty's virgin cheek,  
Was pale disease, and meagre penury.  
Then, loath'd, deserted, to her life's last pang  
In bitterness of soul she curs'd in vain  
Her proud betrayer, curs'd her fatal charms,  
And perish'd in the streets from whence she sprung.

## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE following sketch of a tragedy, though interrupted with breaks and *et cæteras* (which are left to be supplied by the fancy of the reader) is nevertheless a continued soliloquy spoken by the hero of the piece, and may be performed by one actor, with all the starts, graces, and theatrical attitudes in practice at present.

If any young author should be ambitious of writing on this model, he may begin his preface, or his advertisement, which is the more fashionable term, by observing, that “ it is a melancholy contemplation to “ every lover of literature, to behold that universal “ defect of science which is the disgrace of the present times.” He may then proceed to assert, “ that every species of fine writing is at its very “ lowest ebb ; that the reign of \* \* \* \* was what “ might properly enough be stiled the golden age of “ dramatic poetry ; that since that happy æra genius “ itself has gradually decayed, till at length, if he “ may be allowed the expression, the *effætæ vires* of “ nature, by he knows not what fatality, seem quite “ exhausted.”

In his dedication, if to a lord ; the proper topics are his lordship’s public spirit, the noble stand which he made in the cause of liberty, but more particularly his heroic disinterestedness in hiding from the world his  
own

own spirited performances, that those of inferior authors might have a chance for success.

If to a lady ; after the usual compliments of wit, beauty, elegance of taste, and every social virtue, he must by no means forget, that like Prometheus he has endeavoured to steal fire from heaven ; and that the finest and most animated touches in the character of Lindamira are but faint copies of the perfections of his patroness.

He may take hints for his Prologue from the following lines :

“ Critics, to-night at your dread bar appears  
 “ A virgin author, aw’d by various fears.  
 “ Should ye once hiss, poor man, he dies away,  
 “ So much he trembles for his first essay ;  
 “ And therefore humbly hopes to gain your vote  
 “ —For the best play that ever yet was wrote.  
 “ Athens and Rome, the Stagirite, old Ben,  
 “ Corneille’s sublimity, exact Racine,  
 “ Rowe’s flowing lines, and Otway’s tender part,  
 “ How Southern wounds, and Shakespeare tears the  
     “ heart,  
 “ Rules, nature, strength, truth, greatness, taste and  
     “ art,” &c. &c. &c.

FATAL

FATAL CONSTANCY;  
OR,  
LOVE IN TEARS.

A SKETCH OF A  
TRAGEDY  
IN THE  
HEROIC TASTE.

*Sed vetuere patres quod non potuere vetare.*

OVID.

A C T I.

*A Room of State.*

*The Hero and his Friend meeting.*

[If this manner of opening the play, though almost universally practised, should be thought too simple and un-affecting, the curtain may rise slowly to soft music, and discover the Hero in a reclining pensive posture, who, upon the entrance of his friend, and the ceasing of the symphony, may start from his couch, and come forward.]

WELCOME, my friend; thy absence long has  
torn

My bleeding breast—nor hast thou heard as yet  
My hapless story. 'Twas that fatal morn,  
The frightened sun seem'd conscious of my grief,

And

And hid himself in clouds, the tuneful birds  
Forgot their music, &c.—O Lyfimachus,  
Think'st thou she e'er can listen to my vows ?  
Think'st thou the king can e'er refuse her to me ?  
O if he should !—I cannot bear the thought—  
The shipwreck'd mariner, the tortur'd wretch  
That on the rack, the traveller that fees  
In pathless deserts the pale light's last gleam  
Sink in the deep abyss, distracted, lost—  
—But soft ye now, for Lindamira comes.  
Ah cruel maid, &c. &c. &c.  
And dost thou yield ? Ye waters, gently glide ;  
Wind, catch the sound, O thou transcending fair !  
Stars, fall from heaven ; and suns, forget to rise ;  
And chaos come, when Lindamira dies !

*[Exeunt embracing.]*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT



## A C T II.

*The Presence-Chamber.**The Hero, solus.*

HOW frail is man ! what fears, what doubts perplex  
His firmest resolutions ! Sure the gods \*, &c.

But hark ! yon trumpet's sprightly notes declare  
The king's approach : be still, my flutt'ring heart.  
O royal Sir, if e'er thy groveling slave, &c. [*Kneeling.*  
Refus'd ! O indignation ! [*Rising hastily.*

Is it day ?

Do I behold the sun ?—Thou tyrant, monster—  
Down, down allegiance to the blackest hell.

I cannot, will not bear it.—O my fair,  
And art thou come to witness my disgrace ?

And is it possible that charms like thine  
Could spring from such a fire ?—Why dost thou weep ?  
Say, can a father's harsh commands controul—  
—Unkind and cruel ! then thou never loved'st.

Curs'd be the treacherous sex, curs'd be the hour,  
Curs'd be the world, and every thing—but her !

By heaven, she faints ! Ah lift those lovely eyes,  
Turn on this faithful breast their chearing beams.

--O joy ! O extasy ! and wilt thou seek  
With me some happier land, some safer shore ?

At night I'll meet thee in the palmy grove,  
When the pale moon beams, conscious of the theft—  
—Till then a long adieu !

The merchant thus, &c.

[*Exeunt severally, languishing at each other.*

\* It is a usual complaint in tragedy, as well as in common life,  
that the gods have not made us as they should have done.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T

## A C T III.

*The Palmy Grove.**The Hero, solus.*

NIGHT, black-brow'd Night, queen of the ebon  
wand,

Now o'er the world has spread her solemn reign.  
The glow-worm twinkles, and from every flower  
The pearly dew's return the pale reflex  
Of Cynthia's beams, each drop a little moon!  
Hark! Lindamira comes—No, 'twas the breath  
Of Zephyr panting on the leafy spray.  
Perhaps he lurks in yonder woodbine bower  
To steal soft kisses from her lips, and catch  
Ambrosial odours from her passing sighs.  
O thief!—

She comes; quick let us haste away.  
The guards pursue us? Heavens!—Come then, my love,  
Fly, fly this moment.

[*Here a long conference upon love, virtue, the  
moon, &c. till the guards come up.*]

—Dogs, will ye tear her from me?  
Ye must not, shall not—O my heart-strings crack,  
My head turns round, my starting eye-balls hang  
Upon her parting steps—I can no more.—

So

So the first man, from paradise exil'd,  
 With fond reluctance leaves the blooming wild :  
 Around the birds in pleasing concert sing,  
 Beneath his feet th' unbidden flow'rets spring ;  
 On verdant hills the flocks unnumber'd play,  
 Through verdant vales meand'ring rivers stray ;  
 Blossoms and fruits at once the trees adorn,  
 Eternal roses bloom on every thorn,  
 And join Pomona's lap to Amalthæa's horn.

[*Exeunt, torn off on different sides.*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

## A C T IV.

*A Prison.**The Hero, in Chains.*

**Y**E deep dark dungeons, and hard prison walls,  
 Hard as my fate, and darksome as the grave  
 To which I hasten, wherefore do ye bathe  
 Your rugged bosoms with unwholesome dew  
 That seem to weep in mockery of my woe?  
 —But see! some angel brightness breaks the gloom.  
 'Tis Lindamira comes! So breaks the morn  
 On the reviving world. Thou faithful fair!

[*Approaching to embrace her.*

—Curse on my fetters, how they bind my limbs,  
 Nor will permit me take one chaste embrace.  
 Yet come, O come!—

What say'st thou? Force thee to it!

Thy father force thee to Orosius' arms!  
 He cannot, will not, shall not.—O my brain!  
 Darkness and devils! Burst my bonds, ye powers,  
 That I may tear him piecemeal from the earth,  
 And scatter him to all the winds of heaven.  
 —What means that bell?—O 'tis the sound of death.  
 Alas, I had forgot I was to die!  
 Let me reflect on death, &c.—

But what is death,

Racks,

FATAL CONSTANCY. 49

Racks, tortures, burning pincers, floods of fire,  
What are ye all to disappointed love?

Drag, drag me hence, ye ministers of Fate,  
From the dire thought—Orosius must enjoy her!  
Death's welcome now—Orosius must enjoy her!  
Hang on her lip, pant on her breast!—O gods!

I see the lustful satyr grasp her charms,

I see him melting in her amorous arms:

Fiends seize me, furies lash me, vultures tear,  
Hell, horror, madness, darkness and despair!

*[Runs off to execution.]*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

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E

ACT.



## A C T V.

*The Area before the Palace.**The Hero, and Soldiers.*

**I** THANK you, friends ; I thank you, fellow-soldiers :  
 Ye gave me liberty, ye gave me life.  
 Yet what are those ? Alas, ye cannot give  
 My Lindamira to my longing arms.  
 O I have search'd in vain the palace round,  
 Explor'd each room, and trac'd my steps again,  
 Like good Æneas thro' the streets of Troy  
 When lost Creusa, &c.—

Ha ! by heaven she comes !  
 'Tis she, 'tis she, and we shall still be blest !  
 We shall, we shall !—But why that heaving breast ?  
 Why floats that hair dishevell'd to the wind ?  
 Why burst the tears in torrents from her eyes ?  
 Speak, Lindamira, speak !—

Distraction ! No,  
 He could not dare it. What, this dreadful night,  
 When the dire thunder rattled o'er his head,  
 Marry thee ! bed thee ! force thee to be his !  
 Defile that heaven of charms !—What means thy rage ?  
 Thou shalt not die ! O wrest the dagger from her.  
 Thou still art mine, still still to me art pure  
 As the soft fleecy snow on Alpine hills,  
 Ere the warm breath of Spring pollutes its whiteness.  
 —O gods,

FATAL CONSTANCY. 51

—O gods, she dies ! And dost thou bear me, Earth ?  
Thus, thus, I follow my adventurous love,  
And we shall rest together.

Ha ! the king !

But let him come ; I am beyond his reach,  
He cannot curse me more. See, tyrant, see,  
And triumph in the mischiefs thou hast caus'd.

—By heaven he weeps ! O, if humanity  
Can touch thy flinty heart, hear my last prayer ;  
Be kind, and lay me in the same cold grave  
Thus with my love ; one winding sheet shall hold  
Our wretched reliques, and one marble tomb.  
Tell our sad story to the weeping world.

—One kiss—'tis very dark—good night—heaven—Oh !

[Dies.]

THE MORAL.

LET cruel fathers learn from woes like these  
To wed their daughters where those daughters please.  
Nor erring mortals hope true joys to prove,  
When such dire ills attend on virtuous love.

END OF THE PLAY.

## E P I L O G U E.

SPOKEN BY LINDAMIRA.

**S**TRANGE rules, good folks! these poets are so  
nice,

They turn our mere amusements into vice.

Lard! must we women of our lives be lavish,

Because those huge strong creatures men will ravish!

I'll swear I thought it hard, and think so still,

To die for—being pleas'd against one's will.

\* \* \* \* \*

But you, ye fair and brave, for virtue's sake,  
These spotless scenes to your protection take.

O D E

## O D E I.

FOR HIS \* MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,

NOVEMBER 10, 1758.

## THE ARGUMENT.

About the year 963, Ottoberto, of the family of Este, passed from Italy into Germany with the Emperor Otho the Great. Azo, his descendant in the next century, by a marriage with the daughter of Welfus, Count Altdorf, inherited the dominions of that family in Suabia. Welfus, a son of that marriage, received the dukedom of Bavaria from the Emperor Henry the fourth, in 1061. The descendants of Welfus became afterwards possessed of all those dutchies which lie between the Elbe and the Wefer (Brunswic, Wolfenbuttle, Lundenburgh, Zell, Hanover, &c.); and in the year 1714, George the first, Duke and Elector of Hanover, succeeded to the throne of Great Britain.

## I.

WHEN Othbert left th' Italian plain,  
And soft Ateſté's green domain,  
Atendant on imperial ſway  
Where Fame and Otho led the way,

\* George the Second.

The Genius of the Julian hills  
 (Whose piny summits nod with snow,  
 Whose Naiads pour their thousand rills  
 To swell th' exulting Po)  
 An eager look prophetic cast,  
 And hail'd the hero as he pass'd.  
 Hail, all hail, the woods replied,  
 And Echo on her airy tide  
 Roll'd the long murmurs down the mountain's side.

## II.

The voice resum'd again : " Proceed,  
 " Nor cast one ling'ring look behind ;  
 " By those who toil for Virtue's meed  
 " Be every softer thought resign'd ;  
 " Nor social home, nor genial air,  
 " Nor glowing suns, are worth thy care :  
 " New realms await thee in a harsher sky,  
 " Thee and thy chosen race from Azo's nuptial tie.

## III.

" 'Tis Glory wakes ; her active flame  
 " Nor time shall quench, nor danger tame ;  
 " Nor \* Boia's amplest range confine,  
 " Tho' Guelpho reigns, the Guelphic line.  
 " Yon northern star, which dimly gleams  
 " Athwart the twilight veil of eve,  
 " Must point their path to distant streams :  
 " And many a wreath shall Victory weave,

\* Bavaria.



" And many a palm shall Fame display  
 " To grace the warriors on their way,  
 " 'Till regions bow to their commands  
 " Where Albis widens thro' the lands,  
 " And vast Visurgis spreads his golden sands.

## IV.

" Nor rest they there. Yon guiding fire  
 " Still shines aloft, and gilds the main!  
 " Not Lion Henry's \* fond desire  
 " To grasp th' Italian realms again,  
 " Nor warring winds, nor wintry seas,  
 " Shall stop the progress Fate decrees;  
 " For lo! Britannia calls to happier coasts,  
 " And vales more verdant far than soft Atefé boasts.

## V.

" Behold, with euphrasy I clear  
 " Thy visual nerve, and fix it there,

\* Henry the Lion, Duke of Bavaria, Saxony, &c. was one of the greatest heroes of the twelfth century. He united in his own person the hereditary dominions of five families. His claims upon Italy hindered him from joining with the Emperor Frederic the first, in his third attack upon the Pope, though he had assisted him in the two former; for which he was stripped of his dominions by that Emperor, and died in 1195, possessed only of those dutchies which lie between the Elb and the Weser.

From this Henry, and a daughter of Henry the second of England, his present Majesty is lineally descended.

" Where, crown'd with rocks grotesque and steep,  
 " The white isle rises o'er the deep!  
 " There glory rests. For there arrive  
 " Thy chosen sons; and there attain  
 " To the first title Fate can give,  
 " The Father-Kings of Free-born Men!  
 " Proceed; rejoice; descend the vale,  
 " And bid the future monarchs hail!"  
     Hail, all hail, the hero cried;  
     And Echo on her airy tide  
 Pursued him, murmuring down the mountain's side.

## VI.

'Twas thus, O king, to heroes old  
     The mountains breath'd the strain divine,  
 Ere yet her volumes Fame unroll'd  
     To trace the wonders of thy line;  
 Ere Freedom yet on Ocean's breast  
 Had northward fix'd her halcyon nest;  
     Or Albion's oaks descending to the main  
 Had roll'd her thunders wide, and claim'd the watry  
     reign.

## VII.

But now each Briton's glowing tongue  
 Proclaims the truths the Genius sung,  
 On Brunswick's name with rapture dwells,  
 And hark! the general chorus swells:

" May

“ May years on happy years roll o’er,  
“ ’Till glory close the shining page,  
“ And our ill-fated sons deplore  
“ \* The shortness of a Nestor’s age!  
“ Hail, all hail ! on Albion’s plains  
“ The Friend of Man and Freedom reigns !  
“ Echo, waft the triumph round,  
“ ’Till Gallia’s utmost shores rebound,  
“ And all her bulwarks tremble at the sound.”

\* “ Nestoræ brevis senectæ.”

*Musæ Anglicanæ.*

## O D E II.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1759.

## I.

**Y**E Guardian Powers, to whose command,  
 At Nature's birth, th' Almighty Mind  
 The delegated task assign'd  
 To watch o'er Albion's favour'd land,  
 What time your hosts with choral lay,  
 Emerging from its kindred deep,  
 Applausive hail'd each verdant steep,  
 And white rock, glittering to the new-born day!  
 Angelic bands, where'er ye rove  
 Whilst lock'd in sleep Creation lies:  
 Whether to genial dews above  
 You melt the congregated skies,  
 Or teach the torrent streams below  
 To wake the verdure of the vale,  
 Or guide the varying winds that blow  
 To speed the coming, or the parting, fail:  
 Where'er ye bend your roving flight,  
 Whilst now the radiant lord of light  
 Winds to the north his sliding sphere,  
 Avert each ill, each bliss improve,  
 And teach the minutes as they move  
 To bless the opening year.

II. Al-

## II.

Already Albion's lifted spear,  
And rolling thunders of the main,  
Which Justice' sacred laws maintain,  
Have taught the haughty Gaul to fear.  
On other earths, in other skies,  
Beyond old Ocean's western bound,  
Tho' bleeds afresh th' eternal wound,  
Again Britannia's cross triumphant flies.  
To British George, the king of isles,  
The tribes that rove th' Arcadian snows,  
Redeem'd from Gallia's polish'd wiles,  
Shall breathe their voluntary vows :  
Where Nature guards her last retreat,  
And pleas'd Aftrea lingers still ;  
While Faith yet triumphs o'er Deceit,  
And Virtue reigns, from ignorance of ill.  
Yet, angel powers, tho' Gallia bend,  
Tho' Fame, with all her wreaths, attend  
On bleeding War's tremendous sway,  
The sons of leisure still complain,  
And musing Science fights in vain,  
For Peace is still away.

## III.

Go then, ye faithful guides  
Of her returning steps, angelic band,  
Explore the sacred seats where Peace resides,  
And waves her olive wand.

Bid



Bid her the wastes of War repair.  
—O southward seek the flying fair,  
For not on poor Germania's harrafs'd plain,  
Nor where the Vistula's proud current swells,  
Nor on the borders of the frightened Seine,  
Nor in the depths of Russia's snows she dwells.  
Yet O, where'er, deserting Freedom's isle,  
She gilds the slave's delusive toil ;  
Whether on Ebro's banks she strays,  
Or sighing traces Taio's winding ways,  
Or soft Aufonia's shores her feet detain,  
O bring the wanderer back, with Glory in her train.

## O D E III.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,

NOVEMBER 10, 1759.

## I.

**B**EGIN the song—Ye subject choirs,  
 The bard whom Liberty inspires  
 Wakes into willing voice th' accordant lays.—  
 Say, shall we trace the hero's flame  
 From the first fost'ring gale of fame,  
 Which bade the expanding bosom pant for praise  
 Or hail the star whose orient beam  
 Shed influence on his natal hour,  
 What time the nymphs of Leyna's stream,  
 Emerging from their wat'ry bower,  
 Sung their soft carols thro' each osier shade,  
 And for the pregnant fair invok'd Lucina's aid?

## II.

No. Haste to Scheld's admiring wave,  
 Distinguish'd amidst thousands brave,  
 Where the young warrior flesh'd his eager sword:  
 While Albion's troops with rapture view'd  
 The ranks confus'd, the Gaul subdu'd,  
 And hail'd, prophetic hail'd, their future lord,  
 Waiting the chief's maturer nod,  
 On his plum'd helmet Vict'ry fate,  
 While suppliant nations round him bow'd,  
 And Austria trembled for her fate,

'Till,

'Till, at his bidding slaughter swell'd the Mayne,  
And half her blooming sons proud Gallia wept in vain.

## III.

But what are wreaths in battle won?  
And what the tribute of amaze  
Which man too oft mistaken pays  
To the vain idol shrine of false renown?  
The noblest wreaths the monarch wears  
Are those his virtuous rule demands,  
Unstain'd by widows' or by orphans' tears,  
And woven by his subjects' hands.  
Comets may rise, and wonder mark their way  
Above the bounds of Nature's sober laws,  
But 'tis th' all-cheering lamp of day,  
The permanent, th' unerring cause,  
By whom th' enliven'd world its course maintains,  
By whom all Nature smiles, and beauteous Order reigns.

O D E

## O D E IV.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1760.

## I.

**A** GAIN the sun's revolving sphere  
 Wakes into life th' impatient year,  
 The white-wing'd minutes haste :  
 And, spite of Fortune's fickle wheel,  
 Th' eternal Fates have fix'd their seal  
 Upon the glories of the past.  
 Suspended high in Memory's fane,  
 Beyond ev'n Envy's soaring rage,  
 The deeds survive, to breathe again  
 In faithful History's future page ;  
 Where distant times shall wond'ring read  
 Of Albion's strength, of battles won,  
 Of faith restor'd, of nations freed ;  
 Whilst round the globe her conquests run,  
 From the first blush of orient day,  
 To where descend his noontide beams,  
 On fable Afric's golden streams,  
 And where at eve the gradual gleams decay.

## II.

So much already hast thou prov'd  
 Of fair success, O best lov'd,  
 O first of favour'd isles !  
 What can thy fate assign thee more,  
 What whiter boon has Heaven in store,  
 To bless thy Monarch's ceaseless toils ?

Each

Each rising season, as it flows,  
 Each month exerts a rival claim ;  
 Each day with expectation glows,  
 Each fleeting hour demands its fame.  
 Around thy Genius waiting stands  
 Each future Child of anxious Time :  
 See how they press in shadowy bands,  
 As from *thy* fleecy rocks sublime  
 He rolls around prophetic eyes,  
 And earth, and sea, and heaven surveys :  
 " O grant a portion of thy praise !  
 " O bid us all," they cry, " with lustre rise !"

## III.

Genius of Albion, hear their prayer,  
 O bid them all with lustre rise !  
 Beneath thy tutelary care,  
 The brave, the virtuous, and the wise,  
 Shall mark each moment's winged speed,  
 With something that disdains to die,  
 The hero's, patriot's, poet's meed,  
 And passport to eternity !  
 Around thy rocks while ocean raves,  
 While yonder sun revolves his radiant car,  
 The land of freedom with the land of slaves,  
 As Nature's friends, *must* wage illustrious war.  
 Then be each deed with glory crown'd,  
 'Till smiling Peace resume her throne ;  
 'Till not on Albion's shores alone  
 The voice of freedom shall resound,  
 But every realm shall equal blessings find,  
 And man enjoy the birth-right of his kind.



## O D E V.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1761.

## I.

**S**TILL must the Muse, indignant, hear  
 The clanging trump, the rattling car,  
 And usher in each opening year  
 With groans of death, and sounds of war?  
 O'er bleeding millions, realms oppress'd,  
 The tuneful mourner sinks distress'd,  
 Or breathes but notes of woe:  
 And cannot Gallia learn to melt,  
 Nor feel what Britain long has felt  
 For her insulting foe?  
 Amidst her native rocks secure,  
 Her floating bulwarks hovering round,  
 What can the sea-girt realm endure,  
 What dread, through all her wat'ry bound?  
 Great Queen of Ocean, she defies  
 All but the Power who rules the skies,  
 And bids the storms engage;  
 Inferior foes are dash'd and lost,  
 As breaks the white wave on her coast  
 Consum'd in idle rage.  
 For alien sorrows heaves her generous breast,  
 She proffers peace to ease a rival's pain:  
 Her crowded ports, her fields in plenty drest,  
 Bless the glad merchant, and th' industrious swain.

Do blooming youths in battle fall ?  
True to their fame the funeral urn we raise ;  
And thousands, at the glorious call,  
Aspire to equal praise.

## II.

Thee, Glory, thee through climes unknown  
Th' adventurous chief with zeal pursues ;  
And Fame brings back from every zone  
Fresh subjects for the British Muse.  
Tremendous as th' ill-omen'd bird  
'To frighted France thy voice was heard  
From Minden's echoing towers :  
O'er Biscay's roar thy voice prevail'd ;  
And at thy word the rocks we scal'd,  
And Canada is ours.  
O potent queen of every breast  
Which aims at praise by virtuous deeds,  
Where'er thy influence shines confest  
The hero acts, th' event succeeds.  
But ah, must Glory only bear,  
Bellona-like, the vengeful spear ?  
To fill her mighty mind  
Must bulwarks fall, and cities flame,  
And is her amplest field of fame  
The miseries of mankind ?  
On ruins pil'd on ruins must she rise,  
And lend her rays to gild her fatal throne ?  
Must the mild Power who melts in vernal skies,  
By thunders only make his godhead known ?

No, be the omen far away ;  
From yonder pregnant cloud a kinder gleam,  
Tho' faintly struggling into day,  
Portends a happier theme !—

## III.

—And who is he, of regal mien,  
Reclin'd on Albion's golden fleece,  
Whose polish'd brow and eye serene  
Proclaim him elder-born of Peace ?  
Another George !—Ye winds convey  
Th' auspicious name from pole to pole !  
Thames, catch the sound, and tell the subject sea  
Beneath whose sway its waters roll,  
The hoary monarch of the deep,  
Who sooth'd its murmurs with a father's care,  
Doth now eternal sabbath keep,  
And leaves his trident to his blooming heir.  
O, if the Muse aright divine,  
Fair Peace shall bless his opening reign,  
And through its splendid progress shine,  
With every art to grace her train.  
The wreaths, so late by Glory won,  
Shall weave their foliage round his throne,  
Till kings, abash'd, shall tremble to be foes,  
And Albion's dreaded strength secure the world's repose.

## O D E VI.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,

JUNE 4, 1761.

## I.

**T** WAS at the nectar'd feast of Jove,  
 When fair Alcmena's son  
 His destin'd course on earth had run  
 And claim'd the thrones above,  
 Around their king, in deep debate,  
 Conven'd, the heavenly synod fate,  
 And meditated boons refin'd  
 To grace the friend of human kind :  
 When lo, to mark th' advancing god,  
 Propitious Hermes stretch'd his rod,  
 The roofs with music rung !  
 For, from amidst the circling choir,  
 Apollo struck th' alarming lyre,  
 And thus the Muses sung :  
 " What boon divine would Heav'n bestow ?  
 " Ye gods unbend the studious bow,  
 " The fruitless search give o'er,  
 " Whilst we the just reward assign,  
 " Let Hercules with Hebe join,  
 " And Youth unite with Power !"

II. O sacred

## II.

O sacred Truth in emblem dress !

Again the Muses sing,  
Again in Britain's blooming King  
Alcides stands-confest.

By Temp'rance nurs'd, and early taught  
To shun the smooth fallacious draught  
Which sparkles high in Circe's bowl;  
To tame each Hydra of the soul,  
Each lurking pest, which mocks its birth,  
And ties its spirit down to earth,

Immers'd in mortal coil;  
His choice was that severer road  
Which leads to Virtue's calm abode,  
And well repays the toil.

In vain ye tempt, ye specious harms,  
Ye flow'ry wiles, ye flatt'ring charms,  
That breathe from yonder bower;  
And Heav'n the just reward assigns,  
For Hercules with Hebe joins,  
And Youth unites with Power.

## III.

O, call'd by Heav'n to fill that awful throne,  
Where Edward, Henry, William, George, have shone,  
(Where love with rev'rence, laws with power agree,  
And 'tis each subject's birthright to be free)

The fairest wreaths already won  
Are but a prelude to the whole :

Thy arduous task is now begun,  
And, starting from a nobler goal,



Heroes and Kings of ages past  
Are thy compeers : extended high  
The trump of Fame expects the blast,  
The radiant lifts before thee lie,  
The field is Time, the prize Eternity !  
Beyond example's bounded light  
'Tis time to urge thy daring flight,  
And heights untry'd explore :  
O think what thou alone can'st give,  
What blessings Britain may receive  
When Youth unites with Power.

## O D E VII.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1762.

## I.

**G**OD of slaughter, quit the scene,  
 Lay the crested helmet by;  
 Love commands, and Beauty's Queen  
 Rules the power who rules the sky.  
 Janus, with well-omen'd grace,  
 Mounts the year's revolving car,  
 And forward turns his smiling face,  
 And longs to close the gates of War.  
 Enough of glory Albion knows.—  
 Come, ye Powers of sweet repose,  
 On downy pinions move!  
 Let the war-worn legions own  
 Your gentler sway, and from the throne  
 Receive the laws of Love!

## II.

Yet, if Justice still requires  
 Roman arts, and Roman souls,  
 Britain breathes her wonted fires,  
 And her wonted thunders rolls.  
 Added to our fairer isle  
 Gallia mourns her bulwark gone:  
 Conquest pays the price of toil,  
 Either India is our own.

Ye sons of Freedom, grasp the sword;  
 Pour, ye rich, th' imprison'd hoard,  
 And teach it how to shine:  
 Each selfish, each contracted aim  
 To Glory's more exalted claim  
 Let Luxury resign.

## III.

You too, ye British dames, may share  
 If not the toils, and dangers of the war,  
 At least its glory. From the Baltic shore,  
 From Runic Virtue's native shore,  
 Fraught with the tales of ancient lore,  
 Behold a fair instructress come!  
 When the fierce \* Female Tyrant of the North  
 Claim'd every realm her conquering arms could gain,  
 When Discord, red with slaughter, issuing forth,  
 Saw Albert struggling with the victor's chain;  
 The storm beat high, and shook the coast,  
 Th' exhausted treasures of the land  
 Could scarce supply th' embattled host,  
 Or pay th' insulting foe's demand.  
 What then could Beauty do †? She gave  
 Her treasur'd tribute to the brave,

\* Margaret de Waldemær, commonly called the Semiramis of the North.

† In the year 1395, the ladies of Mecklenburgh, to support their Duke Albert's pretensions to the crown of Sweden, and to redeem him when he was taken prisoner, gave up all their jewels to the public; for which they afterwards received great emoluments and privileges, particularly the right of succession in fiefs, which had before been appropriated to males only.

To her own softness join'd the manly heart,  
Sustain'd the soldier's drooping arms,  
Confided in her genuine charms,  
And yielded every ornament of art.  
—We want them not. Yet, O ye fair,  
Should Gallia, obstinately vain,  
To her own ruin urge despair,  
And brave th' acknowledg'd masters of the main:  
Should she through ling'ring years protract her fall,  
Through seas of blood to her destruction wade,  
Say, could ye feel the generous call,  
And own the fair example here pourtray'd?  
Doubtless ye could. The Royal Dame  
Would plead her dear adopted Country's cause,  
And each indignant breast unite its flame,  
To save the Land of Liberty and Laws.

## O D E VIII.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,

JUNE 4, 1762.

## I.

- “ **G**O Flora,” (said th’ impatient Queen  
 Who shares great Jove’s eternal reign)  
 “ Go breathe on yonder thorn ;  
 “ Wake into bloom th’ emerging rose,  
 “ And let the fairest flower that blows  
 “ The fairest month adorn.  
 “ Sacred to Me that month shall rise,  
 “ Whatever \* contests shake the skies  
 “ To give that month a name :  
 “ Her April buds let Venus boast,  
 “ Let Maia range her painted host ;  
 “ But June is Juno’s claim.

## II.

- “ And Goddess, know, in after times  
 “ (I name not days, I name not climes)  
 “ From Nature’s noblest throes  
 “ A human flower shall glad the earth,  
 “ And the same month disclose his birth,  
 “ Which bears the blushing rose.

\* Alluding to the contention between the goddesses in Ovid’s *Fasti*, about naming the month of June.

Nations



" Nations shall bless his mild command,

" And fragrance fill th' exulting land,

" Where-e'er I fix his throne." —

Britannia listen'd as she spoke,

And from her lips prophetic broke,

" The flower shall be my own !"

### III.

O goddess of connubial love,

Thou sister, and thou wife of Jove,

To thee the suppliant voice we raise !

We name not months, we name not days,

For where thy smiles propitious shine,

The whole prolific year is thine.

Accordant to the trembling strings,

Hark, the general chorus swells,

From every heart it springs,

On every tongue it dwells.

Goddeß of connubial love,

Sister thou, and wife of Jove,

Bid the genial powers that glide

On æther's all-pervading tide,

Or from the fount of life that stream

Mingling with the solar beam,

Bid them here at Virtue's shrine,

In chasteß bands of union join.

'Till many a George and many a Charlotte prove,

How much to thee we owe, queen of connubial love !

O D E

## O D E IX.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1763.

## I.

**A**T length th' imperious Lord of War  
 Yields to the Fates their ebon car,  
 And frowning quits his toil :  
 Dash'd from his hand the bleeding spear  
 Now deigns a happier form to wear,  
 And peaceful turns the soil.  
 Th' insatiate Furies of his train,  
 Revenge, and Hate, and fell Disdain,  
 With heart of steel, and eyes of fire,  
 Who stain the sword which Honour draws,  
 Who sully Virtue's sacred cause,  
 To Stygian depths retire.  
 Unholy shapes, and shadows drear,  
 The pallid family of Fear,  
 And Rapine, still with shrieks pursued,  
 And meagre Famine's squalid brood  
 Close the dire crew.—Ye eternal gates, display  
 Your adamant folds, and shut them from the day!

## II.

For lo, in yonder pregnant skies  
 On billowy clouds the Goddess lies,

Whose

Whose presence breathes delight,  
 Whose power th' obsequious Seasons own,  
 And Winter loses half his frown,  
 And half her shades the Night,  
 Soft-smiling Peace ! whom Venus bore,  
 When tutor'd by th' enchanting lore  
 Of Maia's blooming son,  
 She sooth'd the synod of the Gods,  
 Drove Discord from the blest abodes,  
 And Jove resum'd his throne.  
 Th' attendant Graces gird her round,  
 And sportive Ease, with locks unbound,  
 And every Muse to leisure born,  
 And Plenty, with her twisted horn,  
 While changeful Commerce spreads his loosen'd sails,  
 Blow as ye list, ye winds, the reign of Peace prevails !

## III.

And lo, to grace that milder reign,  
 And add fresh lustre to the year,  
 Sweet Innocence adorns the train,  
 In form, and features, Albion's heir !  
 A future George !—Propitious powers,  
 Ye delegates of Heaven's high King,  
 Who guide the years, the days, the hours  
 That float on Time's progressive wing,  
 Exert your influence, bid us know  
 From parent worth what Virtues flow !

Be

Be to less happy realms resign'd  
The Warriour's unrelenting rage,  
We ask not kings of hero-kind,  
The storms, and earthquakes of their age.  
To us be nobler blessings given :  
O teach us, delegates of Heaven,  
What mightier bliss from Union springs !  
Future subjects, future kings,  
Shall bless the fair example shown,  
And from our character transcribe their own :  
" A people zealous to obey ;  
" A monarch whose parental sway  
" Despises regal art ;  
" His shield, the laws which guard the land ;  
" His sword, each Briton's eager hand ;  
" His throne, each Briton's heart."

O D E X.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,

JUNE 4, 1763.

COMMON births, like common things,  
 Pass unheeded, or unknown :  
 Time but spreads, or waves his wings,  
 The phantom swells, the phantom's gone !  
 Born for millions, monarchs rise  
 Heirs of infamy or fame.  
 When the virtuous, brave, or wise,  
 Demand our praise, with loud acclaim,  
 We twine the festive wreath, the shrines adorn,  
 'Tis not our King's alone, 'tis Britain's natal morn.  
 Bright examples plac'd on high  
 Shine with more distinguish'd blaze ;  
 Thither nations turn their eye,  
 And grow virtuous as they gaze.  
 Thoughtless ease, and sportive leisure,  
 Dwell in life's contracted sphere ;  
 Public is the monarch's pleasure,  
 Public is the monarch's care :  
 If Titus smiles, the observant world is gay ;  
 If Titus frowns, or sighs, *We* sigh and lose a day !  
 Around



Around their couch, around their board,  
A thousand ears attentive wait,  
A thousand busy tongues record  
The smallest whispers of the great.  
Happy those whom Truth sincere  
And conscious Virtue join to guide!  
Can they have a foe to fear,  
Can they have a thought to hide?  
Nobly they soar above th' admiring throng,  
Superior to the power, the will of acting wrong.  
Such may Britain find her King!—  
Such the Muse \* of rapid wings  
Wafts to some sublimer sphere:  
Gods and heroes mingle there.  
Fame's eternal accents breathe,  
Black Cocytus howls beneath;  
Ev'n Malice learns to blush, and hides her stings.  
—O such may Britain ever find her Kings!

\* Pindar.

## O D E XI.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1765.

**S**ACRED to thee,  
 O Commerce, daughter of sweet Liberty,  
 Shall flow the annual strain !  
 Beneath a monarch's fostering care  
 Thy sails unnumber'd swell in air,  
 And darken half the main.  
 From every cliff of Britain's coasts  
 We see them toil, thy daring hosts  
 Who bid our wealth increase,  
 Who spread our martial glory far,—  
 The sons of fortitude in war,  
 Of industry in peace.  
 On woven wings,  
 To where, in orient clime, the grey dawn springs,  
 To where soft evening's ray  
 Sheds its last blush, their course they steer,  
 Meet, or o'ertake, the circling year,  
 Led by the lord of day.  
 Whate'er the frozen poles provide,  
 Whate'er the torrid regions hide  
 From Sirius' fiercer flames,  
 Of herb, or root, or gem, or ore,  
 They grasp them all, from shore to shore,  
 And waft them all to Thames.

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G

When

When Spain's proud pendants wav'd in western skies,

When Gama's fleet on Indian billows hung,  
In either sea did Ocean's Genius rise,

And the same truths in the same numbers sung.

“ Daring mortals, whither tend

“ These vain pursuits? Forbear, forbear!

“ These sacred waves no keel shall rend,

“ No streamers float on this sequester'd air!

“ —Yes, yes, proceed, and conquer too;

“ Success be yours: But mortals, know,

“ Know, ye rash adventurous bands,

“ To crush your high-blown pride,

“ Not for yourselves, or native lands,

“ You brave the seasons, and you stem the tide.

“ Nor Betis', nor Iberus' stream,

“ Nor Tagus with his golden gleam,

“ Shall insolently call their own

“ The dear-bought treasures of these worlds unknown.

“ A chosen race to freedom dear,

“ Untaught to injure, as to fear,

“ By me conducted, shall exert their claims,

“ Shall glut my great revenge, and roll them all to

“ Thames.”

## O D E XII.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,

JUNE 4, 1765.

## I.

**H**A I L to the rosy morn, whose ray  
 To lustre wakes th' auspicious day,  
 Which Britain holds so dear !  
 To this fair month of right belong  
 The festive dance, the choral song,  
 And pastimes of the year.  
 Whate'er the wint'ry colds prepar'd,  
 Whate'er the spring but faintly rear'd,  
 Now wears its brightest bloom ;  
 A brighter blue enrobes the skies,  
 From laughing fields the zephyrs rise  
 On wings that breathe perfume.  
 The lark in air that warbling floats,  
 The wood-birds with their tuneful throats,  
 The streams that murmur as they flow,  
 The flocks that rove the mountain's brow,  
 The herds that through the meadows play,  
 Proclaim 'tis Nature's holiday !

## II.

And shall the British lyre be mute,  
 Nor thrill through all its trembling strings,  
 With oaten reed, and pastoral flute,  
 Whilst every vale responsive rings ?

To Him we pour the grateful lay,  
Who makes the season doubly gay :  
For whom, so late, our lifted eyes  
With tears besought the pitying skies,  
And won the cherub Health to crown  
A nation's prayer, and ease that breast  
Which feels all sorrows but its own,  
And seeks by blessing to be blest.  
Fled are all the ghastly train,  
Writhing Pain, and pale Disease ;  
Joy resumes his wonted reign,  
The sun-beams mingle with the breeze,  
And his own month, which Health's gay livery wears,  
On the sweet prospect smiles of long succeeding years.



## O D E XIII.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,

JUNE 4, 1766.

**H**AIL to the man, so sings the Hebrew bard,  
 Whose numerous offspring grace his genial  
 board :

Heaven's fairest gift, Heaven's best reward,

To those who honour, who obey his word.

What shall he fear, tho' drooping age

Unnerve his strength, and pointless sink his spear ;

In vain the proud, in vain the mad shall rage ;

He fears his God, and knows no other fear.

Lo ! at his call a duteous race

Spring eager from his lov'd embrace,

To shield the sire from whom their virtues rose ;

And fly at each rever'd command,

Like arrows from the giant's hand,

In vengeance on his foes.

So Edward fought on Cressy's bleeding plain,

A blooming hero, great beyond his years.

So William fought—But cease the strain,

A loss so recent bathes the Muse in tears.

So shall hereafter every son,—

Who now with prattling infancy relieves

Those anxious cares which wait upon a throne,

Where, ah, too oft, amidst the myrtles, weaves

The thorn its pointed anguish—So  
Shall every youth his duty know  
To guard the monarch's right, and people's weal;  
And thou, great George, with just regard  
To Heaven, shalt own the Hebrew bard  
But sung the truths you feel.

Blest be the day which gave thee birth!  
Let others tear the ravag'd earth,  
And fell Ambition's powers appear  
In storms, which desolate the year.  
Confess'd thy milder virtues shine,  
Thou rul'st indeed, our hearts are thine.  
By slender ties our Kings of old  
Their fabled right divine would vainly hold.  
Thy juster claim ev'n Freedom's sons can love,  
The King who bends to Heaven, must Heaven itself  
approve.

## O D E XIV.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1767.

## I.

**W**HEN first the rude o'er-peopled North  
 Pour'd his prolific offspring forth,  
 At large in alien climes to roam,  
 And seek a newer, better home,  
 From the bleak mountain's barren head,  
 The marshy vale, th' ungrateful plain,  
 From cold and penury they fled  
 To warmer suns, and Ceres' golden reign.  
 At every step the breezes blew  
 Soft and more-soft : the lengthen'd view  
 Did fairer scenes expand :  
 Unconscious of approaching foes,  
 The farm, the town, the city rose,  
 To tempt the spoiler's hand.

## II.

Not Britain so. For nobler ends  
 Her willing daring sons she sends,  
 Fraught like the fabled car of old,  
 Which scatter'd blessings as it roll'd.

From cultur'd fields, from fleecy downs,  
 From vales that wear eternal bloom,  
 From peopled farms, and busy towns, [loom,  
 Where shines the ploughshare, and where sounds the  
 To sandy desarts, pathless woods,  
 Impending steepes, and headlong floods,  
 She sends th' industrious swarm :  
 To where self-strangled Nature lies,  
 'Till social Art shall bid her rise  
 From Chaos into form.

## III.

Thus George and Britain bless mankind.—  
 And lest the parent realm should find  
 Her numbers shrink, with flag unfurl'd  
 She stands, th' Asylum of the world.

From foreign strands new subjects come,  
 New arts accede a thousand ways,  
 For here the wretched finds a home,  
 And all her portals Charity displays.  
 From each proud master's hard command,  
 From tyrant Zeal's oppressive hand,  
 What eager exiles fly !  
 " Give us, they cry, 'tis Nature's cause,  
 " O give us liberty and laws  
 " Beneath a harsher sky !"

## IV.

Thus George and Britain bless mankind.—  
 Away, ye barks ; the favouring wind  
 Springs from the east ; ye prows, divide  
 The vast Atlantic's heaving tide !

Britannia

Britannia from each rocky height  
Pursues you with applauding hands :  
Afar, impatient for the freight,  
See ! the whole Western world expecting stands !  
Already fancy paints each plain,  
The deserts nod with golden grain,  
The wond'ring vales look gay,  
The woodman's stroke the forests feel,  
The lakes admit the merchant's keel—  
Away, ye barks, away !

ODE



## O D E XV.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,

JUNE 4, 1767.

**F**RRIEND to the poor!—for sure, O King,  
 That godlike attribute is thine—  
 Friend to the poor; to thee we sing,  
 To thee our annual offerings bring,  
 And bend at Mercy's shrine.  
 In vain had Nature deign'd to smile  
 Propitious on our fav'rite isle  
 Emerging from the main :  
 In vain the genial source of day  
 Selected each indulgent ray  
 For Britain's fertile plain :  
 In vain yon bright surrounding skies  
 Bade all their clouds in volumes rise,  
 Their soft'ring dews distill'd :  
 In vain the wide and teeming earth  
 Gave all her buried treasures birth,  
 And crown'd the laughing field :  
 For lo ! some fiend, in evil hour,  
 Assuming Famine's horrid mien,  
 Diffus'd her petrifying power  
 O'er thoughtless Plenty's festive bower,  
 And blasted every green.

Strong

Strong panic terrors shook the land ;  
 Th' obdurate breast, the griping hand  
 Were almost taught to spare ;  
 For loud misrule, the scourge of crimes,  
 Mix'd with the madness of the times,  
 And rous'd a rustic war.

Whilst real Want, with sigh sincere,  
 At home, in silence, dropp'd the tear,  
 Or rais'd th' imploring eye,  
 Foul Riot's sons in torrents came,  
 And dar'd usurp thy awful name,  
 Thrice sacred Misery !

Then George arose. His feeling heart  
 Inspir'd the nation's better part  
 With virtues like its own :  
 His power controul'd th' insatiate train,  
 Whose avarice grasp'd at private gain,  
 Regardless of a people's groan.  
 Like snows beneath th' all-chearing ray,  
 The rebel crowds dissolv'd away :  
 And Justice, tho' the sword she drew,  
 Glanc'd lightly o'er th' offending crew,  
 And scarce selected, to avenge her woes,  
 A single victim from a host of foes.

Yes, Mercy triumph'd ; Mercy shone confest  
 In her own noblest sphere, a Monarch's breast.

Forcibly mild did Mercy shine,  
 Like the sweet month in which we pay  
 Our annual vows at Mercy's shrine,  
 And hail our Monarch's natal day.

O D E

## O D E XVI.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1768.

**L**ET the voice of Music breathe,  
 Hail with song the new-born Year! —  
 Tho' the frozen earth beneath  
 Feels not yet his influence near,  
 Already from his southern goal  
 The genial God who rules the day  
 Has bid his glowing axle roll,  
 And promis'd the return of May.  
 Yon ruffian blasts, whose pinions sweep  
 Impetuous o'er our northern deep,  
 Shall cease their sounds of war :  
 And, gradual as his power prevails,  
 Shall mingle with the softer gales  
 That sport around his car.

Poets should be prophets too, —  
 Plenty in his train attends ;  
 Fruits and flowers of various hue  
 Bloom where'er her step she bends.  
 Down the green hill's sloping side,  
 Winding to the vale below,  
 See, she pours her golden tide !  
 Whilst, upon its airy brow,

Amidst

Amidst his flocks, whom Nature leads  
To flowery feasts on mountains' heads,  
Th' exulting shepherd lies :  
And to th' horizon's utmost bound  
Rolls his eye with transport round,  
Then lifts it to the skies.

Let the voice of Music breathe !  
Twine, ye swains, the festal wreath !  
Britain shall no more complain  
Of niggard harvests, and a failing year :  
No more the miser hoard his grain,  
Regardless of the peasant's tear,  
Whose hand laborious till'd the earth,  
And gave those very treasures birth.  
No more shall George, whose parent breast  
Feels every pang his subjects know,  
Behold a faithful land distressed,  
Or hear one sigh of real woe.  
But grateful mirth, whose decent bounds  
No riot swells, no fear confounds,  
And heart-felt ease, whose glow within  
Exalts Contentment's modest mien,  
In every face shall smile confess,  
And in his people's joy, the Monarch too be blest.

## O D E XVII.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,

JUNE 4, 1768.

**P**REPARE, prepare your songs of praise,  
 The genial month returns again,  
 Her annual rites when Britain pays  
 To her own monarch of the main.  
 Not on Phenicia's bending shore,  
 Whence Commerce first her wings essay'd,  
 And dar'd th' unfathom'd deep explore,  
 Sincerer vows the Tyrian paid  
 To that imaginary deity,  
 Who bade him boldly seize the empire of the sea.  
 What tho' no victim bull be led,  
 His front with snow-white fillets bound;  
 Nor fable chaunt the neighing steed;  
 That issued when he smote the ground;  
 Our fields a living incense breathe:  
 Nor Libanus, nor Carmel's brow,  
 To dress the bower, or form the wreath,  
 More liberal fragrance could bestow.  
 We too have herds, and steeds, beside the rills  
 That feed, and rove, protected, o'er a thousand hills.  
Secure



Secure, while George the sceptre sways,  
(Whom will, whom int'rest, and whom duty draws  
To venerate and patronize the laws)

Secure her open front does freedom raise.

Secure the merchant ploughs the deep,  
His wealth his own: Secure the swains

Amidst their rural treasures sleep,  
Lords of their little kingdoms of the plains.

Then to his day be honour given!

May every choicest boon of Heaven

His bright, distinguish'd reign adorn!

'Till, white as Britain's fleece, old Time shall shed

His snows upon his reverend head,

Commanding filial awe from senates yet unborn.

## O D E XVIII.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

JUNE 4, 1769.

## I.

**P**ATRON of Arts, at length by Thee  
 Their Home is fix'd : thy kind decree  
 Has plac'd their Empire here.  
 No more unheeded shall they waste  
 Their treasures on the fickle taste  
 Of each fantastic year.  
 Judgement shall frame each chaste design,  
 Nor e'er from Truth's unerring line  
 The sportive Artist roam :  
 Whether the breathing bust he forms,  
 With Nature's tints the canvas warms,  
 Or swells, like Heaven's high arch, th' imperial dome,  
 Fancy, the wanderer, shall be taught  
 'To own severer laws :  
 Spite of her wily wanton play,  
 Spite of her lovely errors, which betray  
 Th' enchanted soul to fond applause,  
 Ev'n she, the wanderer, shall be taught  
 That nothing truly great was ever wrought,  
 Where judgement was away.

II. Through

## II.

Through osier twigs th' Acanthus rose :  
 Th' idea charms, the artist glows :  
     But 'twas his skill to please,  
 Which bade the graceful foliage spread,  
 To crown the stately column's head  
     With dignity and ease.  
 When great Apelles, pride of Greece,  
 Frown'd on the almost finish'd piece,  
     Despairing to succeed,  
 What tho' the missile vengeance pass'd  
 From his rash hand, the random cast  
 Might dash the foam, but skill had form'd the steed.  
 Nor less the Phidian arts approve  
     Labour, and patient care,  
 Whate'er the skilful artists trace,  
 Laocoon's pangs, or soft Antinous' face.  
 By skill, with that diviner air  
 The Delian God does all but move ;  
 'Twas skill gave terrors to the front of Jove,  
     To Venus every grace.

## III.

—And shall each sacred seat,  
 The vales of Arno, and the Tuscan stream,  
 No more be visited with pilgrim feet ?  
 No more on sweet Hymettus' summits dream  
 The Sons of Albion ? or below,  
 Where Ilysius' waters flow,

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H

Trace

Trace with awe the dear remains  
Of mould'ring urns, and mutilated fanes?  
Far be the thought. Each sacred seat,  
Each monument of ancient fame,  
Shall still be visited with pilgrim feet, [flame.  
And Albion gladly own from whence she caught the  
Still shall her studious youth repair,  
Beneath their King's protecting care,  
To every clime which art has known;  
And rich with spoils from every coast  
Return, till Albion learn to boast  
An Athens of her own.

O D E

## O D E XIX.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1770.

**F**ORWARD, Janus, turn thine eyes,  
 Future scenes in prospect view,  
 Rising as the moments rise,  
 Which form the fleeting year anew.  
 Fresh beneath the scythe of Time,  
 Could the Muse's voice avail,  
 Joys should spring, and reach their prime,  
 Blooming ere the former fail,  
 And every joy its tribute bring  
 To Britain, and to Britain's King.

Suns should warm the pregnant soil,  
 Health in every breeze should blow;  
 Plenty crown the peasant's toil,  
 And shine upon his chearful brow.  
 Round the throne whilst duty waits,  
 Duty join'd with filial love,  
 Peace should triumph in our gates,  
 And every distant fear remove;  
 'Till gratitude to Heav'n should raise  
 The speaking eye, the song of praise.

H z

Let



Let the nations round in arms  
Stun the world with war's alarms,  
But let Britain still be found  
Safe within her wat'ry bound.  
'Tyrant chiefs may realms destroy ;  
Nobler is our Monarch's joy,  
Of all that's truly great possess'd,  
And, by blessing, truly blest.

Tho' comets rise, and wonder mark their way,  
Above the bounds of Nature's sober laws,  
It is the all-cheering lamp of day,  
The permanent, the unerring cause,  
By whom th' enliven'd world its course maintains,  
By whom all Nature smiles, and beauteous order reigns.

O D E

O D E XX.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,  
JUNE 4, 1770.

**D**ISCORD hence ! the torch resign—  
Harmony shall rule to-day.  
Whate'er thy busy fiends design  
Of future ills, in cruel play,  
To torture or alarm mankind,  
Lead th' insidious train away,  
Some blacker hours for mischief find ;  
Harmony shall rule to-day.

Distinguish'd from the vulgar year,  
And mark'd with Heaven's peculiar white,  
This day shall grace the rolling sphere,  
And ling'ring end its bright career,  
Unwilling to be lost in night.  
Discord, lead thy fiends away !  
Harmony shall rule to-day.

Is there, intent on Britain's good,  
Some angel hovering in the sky,  
Whose ample view surveys her circling flood,  
Her guardian rocks, that shine on high,  
Her forests, waving to the gales,  
Her streams, that glide through fertile vales,

Her lowing pastures, fleecy downs,  
Towering cities, busy towns,  
Is there who views them all with joy serene,  
And breathes a blessing on the various scene?

O if there is, to him 'tis given,  
(When daring crimes almost demand  
The vengeance of the Thunderer's hand)  
To soften, or avert, the wrath of Heaven.  
O'er ocean's face do tempests sweep?  
Do civil storms blow loud?  
He stills the raging of the deep,  
And madness of the croud.

He too, when Heaven vouchsafes to smile  
Propitious on his favourite isle,  
With zeal performs the task he loves,  
And every gracious boon improves.  
Blest delegate! if now there lies  
Ripening in yonder pregnant skies  
Some great event of more than common good,  
Tho' Envy howl with all her brood,  
Thy wonted power employ;  
Usher the mighty moments in  
Sacred to harmony and joy,  
And from this æra let their course begin!

## O D E XXI.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1771.

**A** GAIN returns the circling year,  
 Again the festal day,  
 Which ushers in its bright career,  
 Demands the votive lay:  
 Again the oft-accustom'd Muse  
 Her tributary task pursues,  
 Strikes the preluding lyre again,  
 And calls the harmonious band to animate her strain.  
 Britain is the glowing theme;  
 To Britain sacred be the song:  
 Whate'er the fages lov'd to dream  
 Lycéan shades among,  
 (When raptur'd views their bosoms warm'd  
 Of perfect states by fancy form'd)  
 United here and realiz'd we see,  
 Thrones, independence, laws, and liberty!  
 The triple cord, which binds them fast,  
 Like the golden chain of Jove  
 Combining all below with all above,  
 Shall bid the sacred union last.  
 What tho' jars intestine rise,  
 And discord seems awhile to reign,  
 Britain's sons are brave, are wise,  
 The storm subsides, and they embrace again.

The master-springs which rule the land,  
Guided by a skilful hand,  
Loosening now, and now restraining,  
Yielding something, something gaining,  
Preserve inviolate the public frame,  
As, tho' the seasons change, the year is still the same,  
O should Britain's foes presume,  
Trusting some delusive scene  
Of transient feuds that rage at home,  
And seem to shake the nice machine,  
Should they dare to lift the sword,  
Or bid their hostile thunders roar,  
Soon their pride would mirth afford,  
And break like billows on her shore;  
Soon would find her vengeance wake,  
Weep in blood the dire mistake,  
And 'gainst their wild attempts united see  
Thrones, independence, laws, and liberty!



## O D E XXII.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,

JUNE 4, 1771.

**L**ONG did the churlish East detain  
 In icy bonds th' imprison'd spring :  
 No verdure dropp'd in dewy rain,  
     And not a zephyr wav'd its wing.  
 Even he, th' enlivening source of day,  
 But pour'd an ineffectual ray  
     On earth's wild bosom, cold and bare ;  
 Where not a plant uprear'd its head,  
 Or dar'd its infant foliage spread  
     To meet the blasting air.  
 Nor less did man confess its force :  
 Whate'er could damp its genial course,  
     Or o'er the seats of life prevail,  
 Each pale disease that pants for breath,  
 Each painful harbinger of death,  
     Lurk'd in the loaded gale.  
 But now th' unfolding year resumes  
     Its various hues, its rich array ;  
 And, bursting into bolder blooms,  
     Repays with strength its long delay.  
 'Tis Nature reigns. The grove unbinds  
 Its tresses to the southern winds,

The

The birds with music fill its bowers ;  
The flocks, the herds beneath its shade  
Repose, or sport along the glade,  
And crop the rising flowers.  
Nor less does man rejoice. To him  
More mildly sweet the breezes seem,  
More fresh the fields, the suns more warm ;  
While health, the animating soul  
Of every bliss, inspires the whole,  
And heightens each peculiar charm.

Loveliest of months, bright June ! again  
Thy season smiles. With thee return  
The frolic band of Pleasure's train ;  
With thee Britannia's festal morn,  
When the glad land her homage pays  
To George, her monarch, and her friend.  
" May chearful health, may length of days,  
" And smiling peace his steps attend !  
" May every good"—Cease, cease the strain ;  
The prayer were impotent and vain :  
What greater good can man possess  
Than he, to whom all-bounteous Heaven,  
With unremitting hand, has given  
The power and will to bless ?

## O D E XXIII.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1772.

**A**T length the fleeting year is o'er,  
 And we no longer are deceiv'd;  
 The wars, the tumults are no more  
 Which Fancy form'd, and Fear believ'd.  
 Each distant object of distress,  
 Each phantom of uncertain guests,  
 The busy mind of man could raise,  
 Has taught ev'n Folly to beware;  
 At fleets and armies in the air  
 The wond'ring croud has ceas'd to gaze.  
 And shall the same dull cheats again  
 Revive, in stale succession roll'd?  
 Shall sage experience warn in vain,  
 Nor the New-Year be wiser than the Old?  
 Forbid it, ye protecting Powers,  
 Who guide the months, the days, the hours,  
 Which now advance on rapid wing!  
 May each new spectre of the night  
 Dissolve at their approaching light,  
 As fly the wint'ry damps the soft return of spring!  
 True to herself if Britain prove,  
 What foreign foes has she to dread?  
 Her sacred laws, her Sovereign's love,  
 Her virtuous pride by Freedom bred,

Secure

Secure at once domestic ease,  
And awe th' aspiring nations into peace.

Did Rome e'er court a tyrant's smiles,  
Till Faction wrought the civil frame's decay?  
Did Greece submit to Philip's wiles,  
Till her own faithless sons prepar'd the way?

True to herself if Britain prove,  
The warring world will league in vain,  
Her sacred laws, her Sovereign's love,  
Her empire boundless as the main,  
Will guard at once domestic ease,  
And awe th' aspiring nations into peace.

## O D E XXIV.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,

JUNE 4, 1772.

FROM scenes of death, and deep distress,  
 (Where Britain shar'd her Monarch's woe)  
 Which most the feeling mind oppresses,  
 Yet best to bear the virtuous know,  
 Turn we our eyes—The cypress wreath  
 No more the plaintive Muse shall wear;  
 The blooming flowers which round her breathe,  
 Shall form the chaplet for her hair;  
 And the gay month which claims her annual fire,  
 Shall raise to sprightlier notes the animated lyre.  
 The lark that mounts on morning wings  
 To meet the rising day,  
 Amidst the clouds exulting sings,  
 The dewy clouds, whence zephyr flings  
 The fragrance of the May.  
 The day, which gave our Monarch birth,  
 Recalls each noblest theme of ages past;  
 Tells us, whate'er we owed to Nassau's worth,  
 The Brunswick race confirm'd, and bade it last:  
 Tells us, with rapturous joy unblam'd,  
 And conscious gratitude, to feel  
 Our laws, our liberties, reclaim'd  
 From tyrant pride, and bigot zeal;

While



170 WHITEHEAD'S POEMS.

While each glad voice, that wakes the echoing air,  
In one united wish thus joins the general prayer :

“ ’Till Ocean quits his fav’rite isle,

“ ’Till Thames, thy wat’ry train

“ No more shall bless its pregnant soil,

“ May Order, Peace, and Freedom smile

“ Beneath a Brunswick’s reign !”

ODE

## O D E XXV.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1773.

W R A P T in the stole of fable grain,  
With storms and tempests in his train,  
Which howl the naked woods among,  
Winter claims the solemn song.  
Hark, 'tis Nature's last farewell;  
Every blast is Nature's knell!

Yet shall glooms oppress the mind,  
So oft by sage experience taught  
To feel its present views confin'd,  
And to the future point th' aspiring thought?  
All that fades again shall live,  
Nature dies but to revive.

Yon sun who sails in southern skies,  
And faintly gilds th' horizon's bound,  
Shall northward still, and northward rise,  
With beams of warmth and splendor crown'd;  
Shall wake the slumbering, buried grain  
From the cold earth's relenting breast,  
And Britain's isle shall bloom again  
In all its wonted verdure drest.

Britain,

Britain, to whom kind Heaven's indulgent care  
Has fix'd in temperate climes its stated goal,  
Far from the burning zone's inclement air,  
Far from th' eternal frosts which bind the pole.  
Here dewy Spring exerts his genial powers ;  
Here Summer glows salubrious, not severe ;  
Here copious Autumn spreads his golden stores,  
And Winter strengthens the returning year.

O with each blessing may it rise,  
Which Heaven can give, or mortals bear !  
May each wing'd moment, as it flies,  
Improve a joy, or ease a care ;  
'Till Britain's grateful heart astonish'd bends  
To that Almighty Power from whom all good  
descends.

O D E XXVI.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,

JUNE 4, 1773.

**B**ORN for millions are the Kings  
Who sit on Britain's guarded throne:  
From delegated power their glory springs,  
Their Birth-day is our own!

In impious pomp let tyrants shine,  
Assuming attributes divine,  
And stretch their unresisted sway  
O'er slaves, who tremble, and obey.  
On lawless pinions let them soar:  
Far happier he, whose temperate power,  
Acknowledg'd, and avow'd,  
Ev'n on the throne restriction knows;  
And to those laws implicit bows  
By which it rules the croud.

When erst th' imperial pride of Rome  
Exulting saw a world o'ercome,  
And rais'd a mortal to the skies,  
There were, 'tis true, with eagle eyes

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I

Who

Who view'd the dazzling scene.  
Tho' incense blaz'd on flattery's shrine,  
Great Titus and the greater Antonine  
Felt, and confess'd they were but men.

But ah! how few, let History speak  
With weeping eye, and blushing cheek,  
E'er reach'd their mighty mind!  
Man, selfish man, in most prevail'd,  
And power roll'd down a curse entail'd  
On reason, and mankind.

Happy the land, to whom 'tis given  
T' enjoy that choicest boon of Heaven,  
Where, bound in one illustrious chain,  
The Monarch and the People reign!

Hence is Britannia's weal maintain'd;  
Hence are the rights his fathers gain'd  
To every freeborn subject known:  
Hence to the throne, in songs of praise,  
A grateful realm its tribute pays,  
And hails the King, whose Birth-day is its own.



## O D E XXVII.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1774.

## I.

“PASS but a few short fleeting years,”

Imperial Xerxes sigh'd and said,  
Whilst his fond eye, suffus'd with tears,

His numerous hosts survey'd;

“Pass but a few short fleeting years,

“And all that pomp, which now appears

“A glorious living scene,

“Shall breathe its last; shall fall, shall die,

“And low in earth yon myriads lie

“As they had never been!”

True, Tyrant: Wherefore then does pride,

And vain ambition, urge thy mind

To spread thy needless conquests wide,

And desolate mankind?

Say, why do millions bleed at thy command?

If life, alas! is short, why shake the hasty sand?

## II.

Not so do Britain's Kings behold  
Their floating bulwarks of the main

Their undulating sails unfold,

And gather all the winds aerial reign.

I 2

Myriads

Myriads they see, prepar'd to brave  
The loudest storm, the wildest wave,  
To hurl just thunders on insulting foes,  
To guard, and not invade, the world's repose.  
Myriads they see, their country's dear delight,  
'Their country's dear defence, and glory in the fight!  
Nor do they idly drop a tear  
On fated Nature's future bier;  
For not the grave can damp Britannia's fires;  
Tho' chang'd the men, the worth is still the same;  
The sons will emulate their fires,  
And the sons sons will catch the glorious flame!

## O D E XXVIII.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,

JUNE 4, 1774.

## I.

**H**ARK!—or does the Muse's ear  
 Form the sounds she longs to hear?—  
 Hark! from yonder western main  
 O'er the white wave echoing far,  
 Vows of duty swell the strain,  
 And drown the notes of war.  
 The prodigal again returns,  
 And on his parent's neck reclines;  
 With honest shame his bosom burns,  
 And in his eye affection shines;  
 Shines thro' tears, at once that prove  
 Grief, and joy, and filial love.

## II.

Discord, stop that raven voice,  
 Lest the nations round rejoice.  
 Tell it not on Gallia's plain,  
 Tell it not on Ebro's stream,  
 Tho' but transient be the pain,  
 Like to some delusive dream:

For soon shall Reason, calm, and sage,  
 Detect each vile seducer's wiles,  
 Shall soothe to peace mistaken rage,  
 And all be harmony and smiles ;  
 Smiles repentant, such as prove  
 Grief, and joy, and filial love.

## III.

O prophetic be the Muse !  
 May her monitory flame  
 Wake the soul to noble views,  
 And point the path to genuine fame !  
 Just subjection, mild commands,  
 Mutual interest, mutual love,  
 Form indissoluble bands,  
 Like the golden chain of Jove.  
 Closely may they all unite !  
 And see, a gleam of lustre breaks  
 From the shades of envious night—  
 And hark, 'tis more than Fancy speaks—  
 They bow, they yield, they join the choral lay,  
 And hail with us our Monarch's natal day.

O D E XXIX.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,

JUNE 4, 1775.

**Y**E Powers, who rule o'er states and kings,  
Who shield with sublunary wings  
Man's erring race from woe,  
To Britain's sons in every clime  
Your blessings waft, whate'er their crime,  
On all the winds that blow !

Beyond the vast Atlantic tide  
Extend your healing influence wide,  
Where millions claim your care :  
Inspire each just, each filial thought,  
And let the nations round be taught  
The British oak is there.

Tho' vaguely wild its branches spread,  
And rear almost an alien head  
Wide-waving o'er the plain,  
Let still, unspoil'd by foreign earth,  
And conscious of its nobler birth,  
The untainted trunk remain.



Where mutual interest binds the band,  
Where due subjection, mild command,  
    Ensure perpetual ease,  
Shall jarring tumults madly rave,  
And hostile banners proudly wave  
    O'er once united seas?  
No; midst the blaze of wrath divine  
Heaven's loveliest attribute shall shine,  
    And mercy gild the ray;  
Shall still avert impending fate;  
And concord its best æra date  
    From this auspicious day.

## O D E XXX.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1776.

ON the white rocks which guard her coast,  
 Observant of the parting day,  
 Whose orb was half in ocean lost,  
 Reclin'd Britannia lay.  
 Wide o'er the wat'ry waste  
 A pensive look she cast;  
 And scarce could check the rising sigh,  
 And scarce could stop the tear which trembled in  
 her eye.

"Sheathe, sheathe the sword which thirsts for  
 "blood,"

(She cried) "deceiv'd, mistaken men!

"Nor let your parent, o'er the flood,

"Send forth her voice in vain!

"Alas, no tyrant she,

"She courts you to be free:

"Submissive hear her soft command,

"Nor force unwilling vengeance from a parent's hand."

Hear her, ye wise, to duty true,

And teach the rest to feel,

Nor let the madness of a few

Distress the public weal!

So

So shall the opening year assume,  
Time's fairest child, a happier bloom ;  
The white-wing'd hours shall lightly move,  
The sun with added lustre shine !  
"To err is human."—Let us prove  
"Forgiveness is divine!"

O D E XXXI\*.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,

JUNE 4, 1776.

**Y**E western gales, whose genial breath  
Unbinds the glebe, till all beneath  
One verdant livery wears :  
You soothe the fultry heats of noon,  
Add softness to the setting sun,  
And dry the morning's tears.

\* To this Ode Mr. MASON has prefixed the following advertisement, which, however, has not prevented us, as the reader will perceive, from inserting the regular series of all Mr. Whitehead's New-Year and Birth-Day Odes, both previous and subsequent to it.

"In the Collection of Poems which Mr. Whitehead printed in 1774, he thought proper to select certain of his New-Year and Birth-Day Odes for re-publication. Beginning, therefore, from that date, I have reviewed, with the assistance of some friends, whose taste in lyric composition I could depend on, all that he wrote afterwards, and those which we best approved are here inserted. In this review it is to be noted, to the Poet's honour, that we found more variety of sentiment and expression, than could well be expected from such an uniformity of subject. If we lamented the necessity he was under, of so frequently advertising to the war with America, we generally admired his delicate manner of treating it. Should, therefore, the Odes here re-printed lead any person to read all that he composed, in compliance with the forms of his office, (and all are to be found in the Annual Register printed by Doddsley) I persuade myself he must agree with me in thinking, that no Court Poet ever had fewer *courtly stains*, and that his page is, at the least, as *white as Addison's*."

This

This is your season, lovely gales,  
Through æther now your power prevails;  
And our dilated breasts shall own  
The joys which flow from you alone.

Why, therefore, in yon dubious sky,  
With outspread wing, and eager eye  
On distant scenes intent,  
“Sits Expectation in the air”——  
Why do alternate hope and fear  
Suspend some great event?

Can Britain fail?—The thought were vain!  
The powerful empress of the main  
But strives to smooth th’ unruly flood,  
And dreads a conquest stain’d with blood.

While yet, ye winds, your breezy balm  
Through nature spreads a general calm,  
While yet a pause fell Discord knows;  
Catch the soft moment of repose,  
Your genuine powers exert;  
To pity melt th’ obdurate mind,  
Teach every bosom to be kind,  
And humanize the heart.

Propitious gales, O wing your way!  
And whilst we hail that rightful sway  
Whence temper’d freedom springs,  
The bliss we feel, to future times  
Extend, and from your native climes  
Bring peace upon your wings!——



## O D E XXXII.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1777.

**A** GAIN imperial Winter's fway  
 Bids the earth and air obey;  
 Throws o'er yon hostile lakes his icy bar,  
 And, for a while, suspends the rage of war.  
 O may it ne'er revive! — Ye wise,  
 Ye just, ye virtuous, and ye brave,  
 Leave fell contention to the sons of vice,  
 And join your powers to save!

Enough of slaughter have ye known,  
 Ye wayward children of a distant clime,  
 For you we heave the kindred groan,  
 We pity your misfortune, and your crime.  
 Stop, parricides, the blow,  
 O find another foe!  
 And hear a parent's dear request,  
 Who longs to clasp you to her yielding breast.

What change would ye require? What form  
 Ideal floats in Fancy's sky?  
 Ye fond enthusiasts break the charm,  
 And let cool reason clear the mental eye.

On

On Britain's well-mix'd state alone,  
True Liberty has fix'd her throne,  
Where Law, not Man, an equal rule maintains:  
Can freedom e'er be found where many a tyrant reigns?

United, let us all those blessings find,  
The God of Nature meant mankind.  
Whate'er of error, ill redrest ;  
Whate'er of passion, ill repress ;  
Whate'er the wicked have conceiv'd,  
And Folly's heedless sons believ'd,  
Let all lie buried in oblivion's flood,  
And our great cement be, The Public Good.

O D E

## O D E XXXIII.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,.

JUNE 4, 1777.

**D**RIVEN out from Heaven's ethereal domes,  
 On earth insatiate Discord roams,  
 And spreads her baleful influence far :  
 On wretched man her scorpion stings  
 Around th' insidious fury flings,  
 Corroding every bliss, and sharp'ning every care.

Hence, Demon, hence ! in tenfold night  
 Thy Stygian spells employ,  
 Nor with thy presence blast the light  
 Of that auspicious day, which Britain gives to joy.

But come, thou softer deity,  
 Fairest Unanimity !  
 Not more fair the star that leads  
 Bright Aurora's glowing steeds,  
 Or on Hesper's front that shines,  
 When the garish day declines ;  
 Bring thy usual train along,  
 Festive dance, and choral song,  
 Loose-rob'd sport, from folly free,  
 And mirth, chastis'd by decency.

Enough of war the pensive Muse has sung,  
 Enough of slaughter trembled on her tongue ;

Fairer

Fairer prospects let her bring  
Than hostile fields and scenes of blood;  
If happier hours are on the wing,  
Wherefore damp the coming good?  
If again our tears must flow,  
Why forestall the future woe?  
Bright-ey'd Hope, thy pleasing power  
Gilds at least the present hour,  
Every anxious thought beguiles,  
Dresses every face in smiles,  
Nor lets one transient cloud the bliss destroy  
Of that auspicious day, which Britain gives to joy.

## O D E XXXIV.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1778.

**W**HEN rival nations great in arms,  
 Great in power, in glory great,  
 Fill the world with war's alarms,  
 And breathe a temporary hate,  
 The hostile storms but rage a while,  
 And the tired contest ends. —  
 But ah, how hard to reconcile  
 The foes who once were friends!  
 Each hasty word, each look unkind,  
 Each distant hint, that seems to mean  
 A something lurking in the mind  
 Which almost longs to lurk unseen,  
 Each shadow of a shade offends  
 Th' embitter'd foes who once were friends.

That Power alone who fram'd the foul,  
 And bade the springs of passion play,  
 Can all their jarring strings controul,  
 And form on discord concord's sway.  
 'Tis He alone, whose breath of love  
 Did o'er the world of waters move,

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Whose



Whose touch the mountains bends ;  
Whose word from darkness call'd forth light,  
'Tis He alone can reunite  
The foes who once were friends.

To Him, O Britain, bow the knee !  
His awful, his august decree,  
Ye rebel tribes, adore !  
Forgive at once, and be forgiven,  
Ope in each breast a little heaven,  
And discord is no more.

## O D E XXXV.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,

JUNE 4, 1778.

A RM'D with her native force, behold,  
 How proudly thro' each martial plain  
 Britannia stalks! " 'Twas thus of old,  
 " My warlike sons, a gallant train,  
 " Call'd forth their genuine strength, and spread  
 " Their banners o'er the tented mead;  
 " 'Twas thus they taught perfidious France to yield,"  
 She cries, and shews the lilies on her shield.

" Yes, Goddess, yes! 'twas thus of old,"  
 The Muse replies, " thy barons bold  
 " Led forth their native troops, and spread  
 " Their banners o'er the tented mead.  
 " But nobler now the zeal that warms  
 " Each patriot breast: for Freedom's reign  
 " Has burst the Norman's feudal chain,  
 " And given new force to Glory's charms.

" No vassal bands  
 " Rise at a tyrant lord's commands:  
 " 'Tis for themselves, with honest rage,  
 " The voluntary youths engage;  
 " To guard their sacred homes they fight,  
 " And in their own assert the public right.

“ Bound by choice, and choice alone,  
“ Their leaders, and their laws are both their own;  
“ Laws obey’d, because approv’d,  
“ And chiefs that rule, because below’d.  
“ ’Tis hence that flash of virtuous pride,  
“ Which Britain’s sons disdain to hide,  
“ Glows on their cheeks, and thro’ their eyes,  
“ In active fire, the foe defies.  
“ ’Tis hence, at home, they claim and find  
“ Th’ undoubted rights of human kind;  
“ And, whilst they own a just controul,  
“ But yield a part to guard the whole.  
“ ’Tis hence they spurn a servile chain,  
“ While tyrant man’s despotic reign  
    “ Enslaves the peopled earth;  
“ And hence, with equal zeal obey  
“ A father King, and hail the day  
    “ Which gave such monarchs birth.”

## O D E XXXVI.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1779.

**T**O arms, to arms, ye sons of might,  
 And hail with sounds of war the new-born year!  
 Britannia, from her rocky height,  
 Points to the Gallic coast, and lifts her spear.  
 Th' immortal hatred, which by turns  
 Wakes and sleeps, with fury burns:  
 New cause of just offence has Albion found,  
 And lo, it bleeds afresh, th' eternal wound!

Though great in war, of skill possesst,  
 Though native courage fire their breast  
 With ardour for the public weal  
 One want, at least, our rivals feel,  
 The want of freedom damps each gen'rous aim;  
 Whoe'er the lord they serve, th' oppression is the same.

Power despotic rarely knows,  
 Rarely heeds a subject's woes;  
 By force it claims, with grasping hand,  
 Whate'er Ambition dares demand:  
 The ravag'd merchant, plunder'd swain,  
 May pour their weak complaints in vain;  
 Their private sorrows are their own;  
 A tyrant feels not, though a people groan.

O happier far the well-mix'd state,  
 Which blends the monarch's with the subject's fate,  
 And links the sceptre to the spade !  
 The stroke which wounds the lowliest clown  
 Is insult to the British Crown,  
 And he attacks our rights who dares the throne invade.  
 One common flame, one active soul  
 Pervades, and animates the whole ;  
 One heart, one hand, directs the blow,  
 And hurls the vollied vengeance on the foe.



## O D E XXXVII.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,

JUNE 4, 1779.

LET Gallia mourn ! th' insulting foe,  
 Who dar'd to aim the treach'rous blow,  
 When lost, she thought, in deep dismay,  
 Forlorn, distress'd, Britannia lay.

Deems she Misfortune e'er can tame  
 The gen'rous inborn British flame ?  
 Is Agincourt so little known ?  
 Must fresh conviction curb her pride,  
 Each age new annals be supply'd,  
 Of Gallia's shame and our renown ?

What though a while the tempest shrouds  
 Her summits, and a night of clouds  
 Each rock and mountain wears ;  
 Yet soon returns the flitting breeze,  
 And brighter o'er her subject seas  
 The Queen of Isles appears.

Let Gallia mourn ! th' insulting foe,  
 Who fees by all the winds that blow,  
 Her treasures wasted to the coast  
 She insolently deem'd was lost.

K 4

You

Yon sun, that with meridian ray  
 Now gilds the consecrated day,  
     When Britain breathes her annual vow  
 For him, the Guardian of her Laws,  
 For him, who in her sacred cause  
     Bids the red bolt of vengeance glow :

That very sun, when Ganges' stream  
 Redden'd beneath his rising beam,  
     Saw Britain's banners wave  
 In eastern air, with honest pride,  
 O'er vanquish'd forts, which Gallia tried,  
     But tried in vain to save.

That very sun, ere evening dew  
 Has dimm'd his radiant orb, will view,  
 Where Lucia's mountains tower on high,  
 And seem to prop the western sky,  
 That oft-contested island own  
 Allegiance to the British throne.

Like her own oak, the forest's king,  
     Tho' Britain feels the blows around ;  
 Ev'n from the steel's inflictive sting,  
 New force she gains, new scyons spring,  
     And flourish from the wound.

## O D E XXXVIII.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1780.

AND dares insulting France pretend  
 To grasp the trident of the main,  
 And hope the astonish'd world should bend  
 To the mock pageantry assum'd in vain?  
 What, though her fleets the billows load,  
 What, though her mimic thunders roar,  
 She bears the ensigns of the God,  
 But not his delegated power.  
 Ev'n from the birth of Time 'twas Heaven's decree,  
 The Queen of Isles should reign sole empress of the  
 sea.

United Bourbon's giant pride  
 Strains every nerve, each effort tries,  
 With all but Justice on its side,  
 That strength can give, or perfidy devise.  
 Dread they not Him who rules the sky,  
 Whose nod directs the whirlwind's speed,  
 Who bares his red right arm on high  
 For vengeance on the perjurd head,  
 Th' Almighty Power, by whose august decree  
 The Queen of Isles alone is sovereign of the sea?

Vain-

Vain-glorious France ! deluded Spain !  
 Whom even experience warns in vain,  
 Is there a sea that dashing pours  
 Its big waves round your trembling shores,  
 Is there a promontory's brow  
 That does not Britain's vast atchievements know ?  
     Ask Biscay's rolling flood,  
     Ask the proud Celtic steep,  
     How oft her navies rode  
     Triumphant o'er the deep ?  
 Ask Lagos' summits that beheld your fate,  
 Ask Calpe's jutting front, fair cause of endless hate.  
 Yet 'midst the loudest blasts of Fame,  
     When most the admiring nations gaze,  
 What to herself does Britain claim ?  
     —Not to herself she gives the praise,  
 But low in dust her head she bows,  
 And prostrate pays her grateful vows  
 To Him, the Almighty Power, by whose decree  
 She reigns, and still shall reign, sole empress of the  
     sea.

O D E XXXIX.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,

JUNE 4, 1780.

**S**TILL o'er the deep does Britain reign,  
 Her monarch still the trident bears :  
 Vain-glorious France, deluded Spain,  
 Have found their boasted efforts vain ;  
 Vain as the fleeting shades when orient light appears.

As the young eagle to the blaze of day  
 Undazzled and undaunted turns his eyes,  
 So unappall'd, where Glory led the way, [skies,  
 'Midst storms of war, 'midst mingling seas and  
 The genuine offspring of the Brunswick name  
 Prov'd his high birth's hereditary claim,  
 And the applauding nation hail'd with joy  
 Their future hero in the intrepid boy.

Prophetic, as the flame that spread  
 Round the young Iulus' head,  
 Be that blest omen of success. The Muse  
 Catches thence ecstatic views ;  
 Sees new laurels nobly won,  
 As the circling year rolls on ;

Sees



Sees that triumphs of its own  
Each distinguish'd month shall crown;  
And, ere this festive day again  
Returns to wake the grateful strain,  
Sees all that host of foes,  
Both to her glory and repose,  
Bend their proud necks beneath Britannia's yoke,  
And court that peace which their injustice broke.

Still o'er the deep shall Britain reign,  
Her Monarch still the trident bear;  
The warring world is leagu'd in vain  
To conquer those who know not fear.

Grasp'd be the spear by ev'ry hand,  
Let every heart united glow,  
Collected, like the Theban band,  
Can Britain dread a foe?

No! o'er the deep she still shall reign,  
Her Monarch still the trident bear:  
The warring world is leagu'd in vain  
To conquer those who know not fear.

## O D E XL.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1781.

**A**SK round the world, from age to age,  
 Not where alone th' Historian's page  
 Or Poet's song have just attention won :  
 But even the feeblest voice of fame  
 Has learnt to list Britannia's name,  
 Ask of her inborn worth, and deeds of high renown !

What power from Lusitania broke  
 The haughty Spaniard's galling yoke ?  
 Who bade the Belgian mounds with freedom ring ?  
 Who fix'd so oft with strength supreme  
 Unballanc'd Europe's nodding beam,  
 And rais'd the Austrian eagle's drooping wing ?  
 'Twas Britain !—Britain heard the nations groan,  
 As jealous of their freedom as her own !  
 Where'er her valiant troops she led,  
 Check'd and abash'd, and taught to fear,  
 The earth's proud tyrants stopp'd their mad career ;  
 To Britain Gallia bow'd ; from Britain Julius fled.

Why then, when round her fair Protectress' brow  
 The dark clouds gather, and the tempests blow,  
 With folded arms, at ease reclin'd,  
 Does Europe sit ? or, more unkind,

Why

Why fraudulently aid the insidious plan?  
The foes of Britain are the foes of man.

Alas ! her glory soars too high ;  
Her radiant star of Liberty  
Has bid too long th' astonish'd nations gaze ;  
That glory which they once admir'd,  
That glory in their cause acquir'd, [blaze.  
That glory burns too bright, they cannot bear the

Then Britain, by experience wise,  
Court not an envious or a timid friend ;  
Firm in thyself undaunted rise,  
On thy own arm and righteous Heaven depend.

So as in great Eliza's days,  
On self-supported pinions borne,  
Again shalt thou look down with scorn  
On an opposing world, and all its wily ways :  
Grown greater from distress,  
And eager still to bless,

As truly generous as thou'rt truly brave,  
Again shalt crush the proud, again the conquer'd save:

O D E XLI.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,  
JUNE 4, 1781.

STILL does the rage of war prevail,  
Still thirsts for blood th' insatiate spear?  
Wast not, ye winds, th' invidious tale,  
Nor let th' untutor'd nations hear,  
That passion baffles reason's boasted reign,  
And half the peopled world is civilized in vain.  
What are morals, what are laws,  
What religion's sacred name?  
Nor morals soften, nor religion awes:  
Pure tho' the precepts flow, the actions are the same.  
Revenge, and pride, and deadly hate,  
And avarice tainting deep the mind,  
With all the fury fiends that wait,  
As torturing plagues, on human kind,  
When shewn in their own native light,  
In Truth's clear mirrour heavenly bright,  
Like real monsters rise;  
But let illusion's powerful wand  
Transform, arrange, the hideous band,  
They cheat us in disguise;  
We dress their horrid forms in borrow'd rays,  
Then call them Glory, and pursue the blaze.

O blind

O blind to Nature's social plan,  
And Heaven's indulgent end !  
Her kinder laws knit man to man,  
As brother and as friend.  
Nature, intent alone to bless,  
Bids strife and discord cease ;  
" Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
" And all her paths are peace."  
Ev'n this auspicious day would wear  
A brighter face of joy serene ;  
And not one ruffling gale of care  
Disturb the halcyon scene ;  
On lighter wings would zephyr move,  
The sun with added lustre shine,  
Did Peace descending from above,  
Here fix her earthly shrine ;  
Here to the Monarch's fondest prayer  
A just attention yield,  
And let him change the sword of war  
For her protecting shield.



## O D E XLII.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1782.

O WOND'ROUS power of inborn worth,  
 When danger calls its spirit forth,  
 And strong necessity compels  
 The secret springs to burst their narrow cells !  
 Tho' foes unnumber'd gird her round,  
 Tho' not one friend is faithful found,  
 Tho' impious Scorn derides,  
 Yet still unmov'd amidst the band,  
 Like her own rocks, does Britain stand,  
 And braves th' insulting tides.  
 A world in arms assaults her reign,  
 A world in arms assaults in vain.

'Tis Britain calls, ye Nations, hear !  
 Unbrace the corselet, drop the spear,  
 No more th' insidious toil pursue,  
 Nor strive to weaken what you can't subdue.  
 'Tis Britain calls : with fatal speed  
 You urge, by headlong fury led,  
 Your own impending fate.  
 Too late you'll weep, too late you'll find,  
 'Twas for the glory of mankind  
 That Britain should be great.

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In

In Britain's voice-'tis Freedom calls,  
For Freedom dies if Britain falls.

She cannot fall ; the same Almighty hand  
That rais'd her white rocks from the main,  
Does still her arduous cause maintain,  
Still grasps the shield that guards her favour'd lands  
Obedient to his word,  
Not to destroy, but to reclaim,  
Th' avenging angel waves the flaming sword :  
Revere his awful name !  
Repentant in the dust,  
Confess his judgments just ;  
Th' avenging sword shall cease to wave,  
And whom his mercy spares, his power shall save.

## O D E XLIII.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,

JUNE 4, 1782.

**S**TILL does reluctant Peace refuse,  
 Tho' courted by each generous mind,  
 To shed her panacean dues,  
 And heal the madness of mankind !

Must this auspicious day again  
 Be clouded with one anxious care,  
 And powers malignant render vain  
 The Monarch's fondest wish, the people's general pray'r !

O no ! in yonder pregnant sky,  
 Whence all our hopes and blessings spring,  
 New bursting scenes of glory lie,  
 And future joys are on the wing :  
 The ling'ring morn, that coyly sheds  
 On broken clouds and mountain-heads  
 At first a glimmering ray,  
 Now brighter and now brighter glows,  
 Wide and more wide the lustre flows,  
 'Till all is future day,  
 And Earth, rejoicing in ethereal light,  
 Forgets the dreary damps, and live-long the des' of night.

Satiate of war, whose mad excess  
No bound, no kind restriction knows,  
But marks its progress with distress,  
The willing world shall seek repose ;  
And Belgia waking from her dreams  
Of Gallic frauds, illusive schemes,  
Shall add new strength to Concord's chain,  
And know her ancient friends again.

While those, whom nearer ties unite,  
Whom all the charities combine,  
Shall backward turn their trembling fight,  
And deprecate the wrath divine :  
'Midst bleeding heaps of brothers slain,  
'Midst Desolation's horrid reign,  
And all its complicated woes,  
With wild affright in every face,  
Shall strain more close the strict embrace,  
And wonder they could e'er be foes.

O pleasing hope, O blest presage  
Of joys to last from age to age !  
For what Heaven's self commands must Heaven approve,  
Returning amity, and mutual love !

And hark ! on yonder Western main  
Imperious France is taught to know,  
That Britain re-assumes her reign :  
Her thunders only slept to strike the deeper blow.

Ye Nations, hear ! the Gallic star,  
 Shorn of its beams, th' horizon leaves ;  
 That fatal firebrand of the war  
 No longer dazzles and deceives.

Record it in the fairest light  
 Of faithful History's future page,  
 " They only triumph'd, whilst they shunn'd the fight,  
 " We, when we forc'd them to engage."



## O D E XLIV.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1783.

YE Nations, hear th' important tale—  
 Tho' armies press, tho' fleets assail,  
 Tho' vengeful War's collected stores  
 At once united Bourbon pours—  
 Unmov'd amidst th' insulting bands,  
 Emblem of Britain, Calpe stands—  
 Th' all-conquering hosts their baffled efforts mourn,  
 And, tho' the wreath's prepar'd, unwreath'd the chiefs  
 return.

Ye Nations, hear ! nor fondly deem  
 Britannia's ancient spirit fled ;  
 Or glosing weep her setting beam,  
 Whose fierce meridian rays her rivals dread—  
 Her Genius slept—her Genius wakes—  
 Nor strength deserts her, nor high Heaven forsakes.  
 To Heaven she bends, and Heaven alone,  
 Who all her wants, her weakness knows,  
 And supplicates th' eternal Throne  
 To spare her crimes, and heal her woes.  
 Proud man with vengeance still  
 Pursues, and aggravates e'en fancied ill ;  
 Far gentler means offended Heaven employs,  
 With mercy Heaven corrects — chastises, not destroys.  
 When

When hope's last gleam can hardly dare  
To pierce the gloom and soothe despair;  
When flames th' uplifted bolt on high,  
In act to cleave th' offended sky,  
Its issuing wrath can Heaven repress,  
And win to virtue by success.

Then O! to Heaven's protecting hand  
Be praise, be prayer address,  
Whose mercy bids a guilty land  
Be virtuous and be blest!

So shall the rising year regain  
The erring seasons wonted chain;  
The rolling months that gird the sphere,  
Again their wonted liveries wear;  
And health breathe fresh in every gale,  
And plenty clothe each smiling vale  
With all the blessings Nature yields  
To temperate suns from fertile fields.

So shall the proud be taught to bow,  
Pale Envy's fierce contentions cease,  
The sea once more its sovereign know,  
And glory gild the wreath of Peace.

## O D E XLV.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,

JUNE 4, 1783.

**A**T length the troubled waters rest,  
 And, shadowing ocean's calmer breast,  
 Exulting Commerce spreads her woven wings :  
 Free as the winds that waft them o'er,  
 Her issuing vessels glide from shore to shore,  
 And in the bending shrouds the careless sea-boy sings.

Is peace a blessing?—Ask the mind  
 That glows with love of human kind,  
 That knows no guile, no partial weakness knows,  
 Contracted to no narrow sphere,  
 The world, the world at large is umpire here ;  
 They feel, and they enjoy, the blessings peace bestows.

Then, oh ! what bliss his bosom shares,  
 Who, conscious of ingenuous worth,  
 Can nobly scorn inferior cares,  
 And send the generous edict forth ;  
 To distant sighs of modest woe  
 Can lend a pitying list'ning ear,  
 Nor see the meanest sorrows flow  
 Without a sympathising tear.

Tho'

Tho' Rapine with her fury train  
 Rove wide and wild o'er earth and main,  
 In act to strike, tho' Slaughter cleave the air,  
 At his command they drop the sword,  
 And in their midway course his potent word  
 Arrests the shafts of death, of terror, of despair.

When those who have the power to bless,  
 Are readiest to relieve distress,  
 When private virtues dignify a crown,  
 The genuine sons of freedom feel  
 A duty which transcends a subject's zeal,  
 And dread the Man's reproach more than the Monarch's  
 frown.

Then to this day be honours paid  
 The world's proud conqu'rors never knew;  
 Their laurels shrink, their glories fade,  
 Expos'd to Reason's sober view.  
 But Reason, Justice, Truth rejoice,  
 When Discord's baneful triumphs cease,  
 And hail, with one united voice,  
 The Friend of Man, the Friend of Peace.

## O D E XLVI.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1784.

ENOUGH of arms—to happier ends  
Her forward view Britannia bends ;  
The gen'rous hosts, who grasp'd the sword,  
Obedient to her awful word,  
    Tho' martial glory cease,  
Shall now, with equal industry,  
Like Rome's brave sons, when Rome was free,  
    Resume the arts of peace.

O come, ye toil-worn wand'ers, come  
To genial hearths, and social home,  
    The tender housewife's busy care ;  
The board with temperate plenty crown'd ;  
The smiling progeny around,  
    That listen to the tale of war.

Yet be not war the fav'rite theme,  
For what has war with bliss to do ?  
Teach them more justly far to deem,  
    And own experience taught it you.

Teach



Teach them, 'tis in the will of fate,  
Their frugal industry alone  
Can make their Country truly great,  
And in her blifs secure their own.

Be all the songs that soothe their toil,  
And bid the brow of labour smile,  
When thro' the loom the shuttle glides,  
Or shining share the glebe divides,  
Or, bending to the woodman's stroke,  
To waft her commerce, falls the British oak—  
Be all their songs, that soften these,  
Of calm content and future well-earn'd ease ;  
Nor dread lest inborn spirit die :  
One glorious lesson, early taught,  
Will all the boasted powers supply  
Of practis'd rules and studied thought.  
From the first dawn of reason's ray  
On the young bosom's yielding clay,  
Strong be their Country's love impress'd,  
And with your own example fire their breast :  
Tell them 'tis theirs to grasp the sword  
When Britain gives the awful word ;  
To bleed, to die, in Britain's cause,  
And guard, from faction nobly free,  
Their birth-right blessing, Liberty,  
True Liberty, that loves the laws.

O D E

## O D E XLVII.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,

JUNE 4, 1784.

**H**AIL to the day, whose beams, again  
 Returning, claim the choral strain,  
 And bid us breathe our annual vows  
 To the first power that Britain knows ;  
 The power which, though itself restrain'd,  
 And subject to that just control  
 Which, many an arduous conflict gain'd,  
 Connects, unites, and animates the whole.

Yon radiant sun, whose central force  
 Winds back each planet's vagrant course,  
 And thro' the systems holds imperial sway,  
 Bound by the same inherent laws,  
 Ev'n whilst it seems the active cause,  
 Promotes the general good, as much confin'd as they.

That wond'rous plan, through ages fought,  
 Which elder Egypt never taught,  
 Nor Greece with all her letter'd lore,  
 Nor struggling Rome, could e'er explore,

Tho'

Tho' many a form of rule she tried;  
 That wond'rous plan has Britain found,  
 Which curbs licentiousness and pride,  
 Yet leaves true liberty without a wound.

The fierce Plantagenets beheld  
 Its growing strength, and deign'd to yield;  
 Th' imperious Tudors frown'd, and felt aggriev'd;  
 Th' unhappy race, whose faults we mourn,  
 Delay'd awhile its wish'd return,  
 'Till Brunswick perfected what Nassau had atchiev'd.

From that bright æra of renown,  
 Altea walks the world again,  
 Her fabled form the Nations own,  
 With all th' attendant virtues in her train.

Hark! with what general loud acclaim  
 They venerate the British name,  
 When forms of rule are in the balance weigh'd,  
 And pour their torrents of applause  
 On the fair isle, whose equal laws  
 Controul the scepter, and protect the spade.

The triple chain, which binds them fast,  
 Like Homer's golden one, descends from Jove;  
 Long may the sacred union last,  
 And the mixt powers in mutual concert move,  
 Each tempering each, and listening to the call  
 Of genuine public good, blest source and end of all!

## O D E XLVIII.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1785.

**D**ELUSIVE is the Poet's dream,  
 Or does prophetic truth inspire  
 The zeal which prompts the glowing theme,  
 And animates th' according lyre?  
 Trust the Muse : her eye commands  
 Distant times and distant lands ;  
 Thro' bursting clouds, in opening skies,  
 Sees from discord union rise ;  
 And friendship bind unwilling foes  
 In firmer ties than duty knows

Torn rudely from its parent tree,  
 Yon scyon rising in the West  
 Will soon its genuine glory see,  
 And court again the fostering breast,  
 Whose nurture gave its powers to spread,  
 And feel their force, and lift an alien head.

The parent tree, when storms impend,  
 Shall own affection's warmth again ;  
 Again its fostering aid shall lend,  
 Nor hear the suppliant plead in vain ;  
 Shall stretch protecting branches round,  
 Extend the shelter, and forget the wound.

Two Britains through th' admiring world  
Shall wing their way with sails unfurl'd ;  
Each from the other's kindred state  
Avert by turns the bolts of fate ;  
And acts of mutual amity endear  
The Tyre and Carthage of a wider sphere .

When Rome's divided eagles flew,  
And different thrones her empire knew,  
The varying language soon disjoin'd  
The boasted masters of mankind :  
But here, no ills like those we fear,  
No varying language threatens here ;  
Congenial worth, congenial flame,  
Their manners and their arts the same,  
To the same tongue shall glowing themes afford,  
And British Heroes act, and British Bards record .

Fly swift, ye years ! ye minutes haste !  
And in the future lose the past ;  
O'er many a thought-afflicting tale,  
Oblivion, cast thy friendly veil !  
Let not Memory breathe a sigh,  
Or backward turn th' indignant eye ;  
Nor the insidious arts of foes  
Enlarge the breach that longs to close,  
But acts of amity alone inspire  
Firm faith, and cordial love, and wake the willing  
lyre.

P R O-



## P R O L O G U E

T O T H E

R O M A N F A T H E R,

SPOKEN BY MR. BARRY, 1750.

**B**RITONS, to-night in native pomp we come,  
 True heroes all, from virtuous ancient Rome;  
 In those far distant times when Romans knew  
 'The sweets of guarded liberty, like you;  
 And, safe from ills which force or faction brings,  
 Saw freedom reign beneath the smile of kings.

Yet from such times, and such plain chiefs as these,  
 What can we frame a polish'd age to please?  
 Say, can you listen to the artless woes  
 Of an old tale, which every school-boy knows?  
 Where to your hearts alone the scenes apply,  
 No merit their's but pure simplicity.

Our bard has play'd a most adventurous part,  
 And turn'd upon himself the critic's art;  
 Stripp'd each luxuriant plume from Fancy's wings,  
 And torn up similes like vulgar things:  
 Nay ev'n each moral, sentimental, stroke,  
 Where not the character, but poet spoke,

He

PROLOGUE TO THE ROMAN FATHER. 161

He lopp'd, as foreign to his chaste design,  
Nor spar'd an useless, tho' a golden line.

These are his arts ; if these cannot atone  
For all those nameless errors yet unknown ;  
If, shunning faults which nobler bards commit,  
He wants their force to strike th' attentive Pit ;  
Be just, and tell him so ; he asks advice,  
Willing to learn, and would not ask it twice.  
Your kind applause may bid him write—beware !  
Or kinder censure teach him to forbear.

## E P I L O G U E

T O T H E

R O M A N F A T H E R,

SPOKEN BY MRS. FRITCHARD, 1750.

**L**ADIES, by me our courteous author sends  
 His compliments to all his female friends;  
 And thanks them from his soul for every bright  
 Indulgent tear, which they have shed to-night.  
 Sorrow in virtue's cause proclaims a mind,  
 And gives to beauty graces more refin'd.  
 O who could bear the loveliest form of art,  
 A cherub's face, without a feeling heart!  
 'Tis there alone, whatever charms we boast,  
 Tho' men may flatter, and tho' men will toast,  
 'Tis there alone they find the joy sincere;  
 The wife, the parent, and the friend, are there:  
 All else, the veriest rakes themselves must own,  
 Are but the paltry play-things of the town;  
 The painted clouds, which glittering tempt the chace,  
 Then melt in air, and mock the vain embrace.  
 Well then; the private virtues, 'tis confess,  
 Are the soft inmates of the female breast.  
 But then, they fill so full that crouded space,  
 That the poor public seldom finds a place.

And

And I suspect there's many a fair-one here,  
 Who pour'd her sorrows on Horatia's bier,  
 That still retains so much of flesh and blood,  
 She'd fairly hang the brother, if she could.

Why, ladies, to be sure, if that be all,  
 At your tribunal he must stand or fall.  
 Whate'er his country or his sire decreed,  
 You are his judges now, and he must plead.

Like other culprit youths, he wanted grace ;  
 But could have no self-interest in the case.  
 Had she been wife, or mistress, or a friend,  
 It might have answer'd some convenient end :  
 But a mere sister, whom he lov'd—to take  
 Her life away—and for his country's sake !

Faith, ladies, you may pardon him ; indeed  
 There's very little fear the crime should spread.  
 True patriots are but rare among the men,  
 And really might be useful, now and then.

Then do not check, by your disapprobation,  
 A spirit which once rul'd the British nation,  
 And still might rule—would you but set the fashion. }

## P R O L O G U E

T O

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR,

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK, 1751.

CRITICS! your favour is our author's right—  
 The well-known scenes we shall present to-night,  
 Are no weak efforts of a modern pen,  
 But the strong touches of immortal Ben;  
 A rough old bard, whose honest pride disdain'd  
 Applause itself, unless by merit gain'd—  
 And wou'd to-night your loudest praise disclaim,  
 Shou'd his great shade perceive the doubtful fame,  
 Not to his labours granted, but his name. }  
 Boldly he wrote, and boldly told the age,  
 " He dar'd not prostitute the useful stage,  
 " Or purchase their delight at such a rate,  
 " As for it he himself must justly hate;  
 " But rather begg'd they wou'd be pleas'd to see  
 " From him such plays as other plays shou'd be;  
 " Wou'd learn from him to scorn a motley scene,  
 " And leave their monsters, to be pleas'd with men."  
 Thus spoke the bard,—And tho' the times are chang'd,  
 Since his free Muse for fools the city rang'd;

And



PROLOGUE TO EVERY-MAN IN HIS HUMOUR. 165

And satire had not then appear'd in state,  
To lash the finer follies of the great ;  
Yet let not prejudice infect your mind,  
Nor slight the gold, because not quite refin'd ;  
With no false niceness this performance view,  
Nor damn for low, whate'er is just and true :  
Sure to those scenes some honour shou'd be paid,  
Which Camden patroniz'd, and Shakespeare play'd :  
Nature was Nature then, and still survives ;  
The garb may alter, but the substance lives,  
Lives in this play—where each may find complete,  
His pictur'd self——Then favour the deceit—  
Kindly forget the hundred years between ;  
Become old Britons, and admire old Ben.

## P R O L O G U E

T O

C R E U S A,

SPOKEN BY MR. ROSS, 1754.

**P**ROLOGUES of old, the learn'd in language say,  
 Were merely introductions to the play,  
 Spoken by gods, or ghosts, or men who knew  
 Whate'er was previous to the scenes in view;  
 And complaisantly came to lay before ye  
 The several heads and windings of the story.

But modern times and British rules are such,  
 Our bards beforehand must not tell too much;  
 Nor dare we, like the neighb'ring French, admit  
 Ev'n confidants, who might instruct the Pit,  
 By asking questions of the leading few,  
 And hearing secrets, which before they knew.

Yet what we can to help this antique piece  
 We will attempt. — Our scene to-night is Greece,  
 And, by the magic of the poet's rod,  
 This stage the temple of the Delphic god!  
 Where kings, and chiefs, and sages came of old,  
 Like modern fools, to have their fortunes told;

And

PROLOGUE TO CREUSA. 167

And monarchs were enthron'd, or nations freed,  
As an old priest, or wither'd maid, decreed.  
Yet think not all were equally deceiv'd,  
Some knew, more doubted, many more believ'd.  
In short, these oracles and witching rhimes  
Were but the pious frauds of ancient times;  
Wifely contriv'd to keep mankind in awe,  
When faith was wonder, and religion law!

Thus much premis'd, to ev'ry feeling breast  
We leave the scenes themselves to tell the rest.

—Yet something sure was to the critics said,  
Which I forget—some invocation made!

Ye critic bands, like jealous guardians, plac'd  
To watch th' encroachments on the realms of taste,  
From you our author would two boons obtain,  
Not wholly diffident, nor wholly vain:  
Two things he asks; 'tis modest, sure, from you  
Who can do all things, to request but two:  
First to his scenes a kind attention pay,  
Then judge!—with candour judge—and we obey.

E P I L O G U E

TO

C R E U S A,

SPOKEN BY MISS HAUGHTON, WHO ACTED  
THE PYTHIA, 1754.

**A**T length I'm freed from tragical parade,  
No more a Pythian priestess—tho' a maid;  
At once resigning, with my sacred dwelling,  
My wreaths, my wand, my arts of fortune-telling.  
Yet superstitious folks, no doubt, are here,  
Who still regard me with a kind of fear,  
Left to their secret thoughts these prying eyes  
Should boldly pass, and take them by surprize.  
Nay, tho' I disavow the whole deceit,  
And fairly own my science all a cheat,  
Should I declare, in spite of ears and eyes,  
The beaux were handsome, or the critics wise,  
They'd all believe it, and with dear delight  
Say to themselves at least,  
“The girl has taste;” “The woman's in the right.”  
Or, should I tell the ladies, so dispos'd,  
They'd get good matches ere the season clos'd,

They'd

They'd smile, perhaps, with seeming discontent,  
 And, sneering, wonder what the creature meant;  
 But whisper to their friends, with beating heart,  
 "Suppose there should be something in her art!"  
 Grave statesmen too would chuckle, should I say,  
 On such a motion, and by such a day,  
 They would be summon'd from their own affairs  
 To 'tend the nation's more important cares:  
 "Well, if I must—howe'er I dread the load,  
 "I'll undergo it—for my country's good."

All men are bubbles; in a skilful hand,  
 The ruling passion is the conjurer's wand.  
 Whether we praise, foretell, persuade, advise,  
 'Tis that alone confirms us fools or wise.  
 The devil without may spread the tempting sin,  
 But the sure conqueror is—the devil within.

A SECOND



A

## SECOND EPILOGUE

T O

C R E U S A,

SPOKEN BY MRS. PRITCHARD, 1754.

**S**TAY, ladies—Tho' I'm almost tir'd to death  
 With this long part—and am so out of breath—  
 Yet such a lucky thought kind Heaven has sent,  
 That if I die for't, I must give it vent.

\* The men you know are gone. And now suppose,  
 Before our lords and masters are rechose,  
 We take th' advantage of an empty town,  
 And chuse a house of commons of our own.  
 What think ye, cannot we make laws?—and then  
 'Cannot we too unmake them, like the men?  
 'O place us once in good St. Stephen's pews,  
 We'll shew them women have their public use.  
 Imprimis they shall marry; not a man  
 Past twenty-five, but what shall wear the chain.  
 Next we'll in earnest set about reclaiming;  
 For, by my life and soul, we'll put down gaming:  
 We'll spoil their deep destructive midnight play;  
 The laws we make, we'll force them to obey;

\* This Epilogue was spoken at the time of a general election.  
 Unless

A SECOND EPILOGUE TO CREUSA. 171

Unless we let them, when their spirits flag,  
Piddle with us, ye know, at quinze and brag.  
“ I hope, my dearest,” says some well-bred spouse,  
“ When such a bill shall come before your house,  
“ That you’ll consider men are men—at least  
“ That you’ll not speak, my dear.”—Not speak?—  
the beast !

What, would you wound my honour?—Wrongs like  
these—

For this, sir, I shall bring you on your knees.  
—Or, if we’re quite good-natur’d, tell the man,  
We’ll do him all the service that we can.

Then for ourselves, what projects, what designs !  
We’ll tax, and double tax, their nasty wines ;  
But duty-free import our blonds and laces,  
French hoops, French silks, French cambricks, and—  
French faces.

In short, my scheme is not completed quite,  
But I may tell you more another night.  
So come again, come all, and let us raise  
Such glorious trophies to our country’s praise,  
That all true Britons shall with one consent  
Cry out, “ Long live the female parliament !”

P R O.

P R O L O G U E

TO THE

ORPHAN OF CHINA,

SPOKEN BY MR. HOLLAND, 1759.

ENOUGH of Greece and Rome. Th' exhausted  
store

Of either nation now can charm no more :

Ev'n adventitious helps in vain we try,

Our triumphs languish in the public eye ;

And grave processions, musically slow,

Here pass unheeded—as a Lord Mayor's Show.

On eagle wings the Poet of to-night

Soars for fresh virtues to the source of light,

To China's eastern realms ; and boldly bears

Confucius' morals to Britannia's ears.

Accept th' imported boon ; as echoing Greece

Receiv'd from wand'ring chiefs her golden fleece ;

Nor only richer by the spoils become,

But praise th' advent'rous youth who brings them home.

One dubious character, we own, he draws,

A patriot zealous in a monarch's cause !

Nice

PROLOGUE TO THE ORPHAN OF CHINA. 173

Nice is the task the varying hand to guide,  
And teach the blending colours to divide;  
Where, rainbow-like, th' encroaching tints invade  
Each other's bounds, and mingle light with shade.

If then, assiduous to obtain his end,  
You find too far the subject's zeal extend;  
If undistinguish'd loyalty prevails  
Where nature shrinks, and strong affection fails,  
On China's tenets charge the fond mistake,  
And spare his error for his virtue's sake.

From nobler motives our allegiance springs,  
For Britain knows no right divine in kings;  
From Freedom's choice that boasted right arose,  
And thro' each line from Freedom's choice it flows.  
Justice, with mercy join'd, the throne maintains;  
And in his people's hearts — our Monarch reigns.

P R O-

## P R O L O G U E

T O T H E

S C H O O L F O R L O V E R S,

AS IT WAS INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN,  
1762.

**S**UCCESS makes people vain.—The maxim's true,  
We all confess it—and not over new.  
The veriest clown who stumps along the streets,  
And doffs his hat to each grave cit he meets,  
Some twelvemonths hence, bedaub'd with livery lace,  
Shall thrust his saucy flambeau in your face.  
Not so our bard : tho' twice your kind applause  
Has, on this fickle spot, espous'd his cause ;  
He owns, with gratitude, th' obliging debt ;  
Has twice been favour'd, and is modest yet.  
Plain tragedy, his first adventurous care,  
Spoke to your hearts, and found an echo there.  
Plain comedy to-night, with strokes refin'd,  
Would catch the coyest features of the mind ;  
Would play politely with your hopes and fears,  
And sometimes smiles provoke, and sometimes tears.

Your giant wits, like those of old, may climb  
Olympus high, and step o'er space and time ;

May



PROLOGUE TO THE SCHOOL FOR LOVERS. 175

May stride, with seven-leagu'd boots, from shore to shore,  
And, nobly by transgressing, charm you more.  
Alas! our author dares not laugh at schools,  
Plain sense confines his humbler Muse to rules.  
Form'd on the classic scale his structures rise,  
He shifts no scenes to dazzle and surprize.  
In one poor garden's solitary grove,  
Like the primæval pair, his lovers rove ;  
And in due time will each transaction pass,  
—Unless some hasty critic shakes the glass.

P R O-

## P R O L O G U E

T O T H E

## S C H O O L F O R L O V E R S ,

AS SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK, 1762.

**S**UCCESS makes people vain.—The maxim's true—  
We all confess it—and not over new.

The veriest clown, who stumps along the streets;  
And doffs his hat to each grave cit he meets,  
Some twelve months hence, bedaub'd with livery lace,  
Shall thrust his saucy flambeau in your face.

Not so our bard—though twice your kind applause  
Has, on this fickle spot, espous'd his cause:  
He owns, with gratitude, th' obliging debt;  
Has twice been favour'd, and is modest yet.

Your giant wits, like those of old, may climb  
Olympus high, and step o'er space and time;  
May stride, with seven-leagu'd boots, from shore to  
shore,

And, nobly by transgressing, charm you more.

Alas! our author dares not laugh at schools—  
Plain sense confines his humbler Muse to rules:

He shifts no scenes—But here I stopp'd him short—

“Not change your scenes?” said I—“I'm sorry for't:”

My

" My constant friends above, around, below,  
 " Have English tastes, and love both change and show :  
 " Without such aids, ev'n Shakspeare would be flat—  
 " Our crouded pantomimes are proofs of that.  
 " What eager transport stares from every eye,  
 " When pullies rattle, and our Genii fly !  
 " When tin cascades like falling waters gleam ;  
 " Or through the canvas—bursts the real stream,  
 " While thirsty Islington laments in vain  
 " Half her New-River roll'd to Drury-Lane.  
 " Lord, sir," said I, " for gallery, boxes, pit,  
 " I'll back my Harlequin against your wit"—

Yet still the author, anxious for his play,  
 Shook his wise head—"What will the critics say ?"  
 " As usual, sir—abuse you all they can !"—  
 " And what the ladies ?"—" He's a charming man !  
 " A charming piece !—One scarce knows what it means :  
 " But that's no matter—where there's such sweet  
 " scenes !"

Still he persists—and let him—*entre nous*—  
 I know your tastes, and will indulge 'em too.  
 Change you shall have ; so set your hearts at ease :  
 Write as He will, we'll act it as You please.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

SCHOOL FOR LOVERS,

SPOKEN BEFORE THE DANCE, BY MRS. YATES  
AND MR. PALMER, IN THE CHARACTERS OF  
ARAMINTA AND MODEL, 1762.

ARAMINTA.

**W**ELL, ladies, am I right, or am I not?  
Should not this foolish passion be forgot;  
This fluttering something, scarce to be exprest,  
Which pleads for coxcombs in each female breast?  
How mortified he look'd!—and looks so still.

*[Turning to Model,*

He really may repent—perhaps he will.—

MODEL.

Will, Araminta?—Ladies, be so good,  
Man's made of frail materials, flesh and blood.  
We all offend at some unhappy crisis,  
Have whims, caprices, vanities,—and vices.  
Your happier sex by nature was design'd,  
Her last best work, to perfect humankind.

No

EPILOGUE TO THE SCHOOL FOR LOVERS. 79

No spot, no blemish, the fair frame deforms,  
No avarice taints, no naughty passion warms  
Your firmer hearts. No love of change in you  
E'er taught desire to stray.—

ARAMINTA.

All this is true.

Yet stay ; the men, perchance, may call it sneer,  
And some few ladies think you not sincere.  
For your petition, whether wrong or right,  
Whate'er it be, withdraw it for to-night.  
Another time, if I should want a spouse,  
I may myself report it to the house :  
At present, let us strive to mend the age ;  
Let justice reign, at least upon the stage.  
Where the fair dames, who like to live by rule,  
May learn two lessons from the Lovers School ;  
While Cælia's choice instructs them how to chuse,  
And my refusal warns them to refuse.



## P R O L O G U E

T O

A L M I D A,

SPOKEN BY MR. REDDISH, 1771.

C RITICS be dumb—to-night a lady sues,  
 From soft Italia's shores, an English Muse,  
 Tho' fate there binds her in a pleasing chain,  
 Sends to our stage the offspring of her brain:  
 'True to her birth she pants for British bays,  
 And to her country trusts for genuine praise.  
 From infancy well read in tragic lore,  
 She treads the path her father trod before;  
 To the same candid judges trusts her cause,  
 And hopes the same indulgence and applause.  
 No Salic law here bars the female's claim,  
 Who pleads hereditary right to fame.

Of love and arms she sings, the mighty two,  
 Whose powers uniting must the world subdue;  
 Of love and arms! in that heroic age,  
 Which knew no poet's, no historian's page;  
 But war to glory form'd the unletter'd mind,  
 And chivalry alone taught morals to mankind;

Nor

PROLOGUE TO ALMIDA. 181

Nor taught in vain : the youth who dar'd aspire  
 To the nice honours of a lover's fire,  
 Observ'd with duteous care each rigid rule,  
 Each stern command of labour's patient school ;  
 Was early train'd to bear the sultry beams  
 Of burning suns, and winter's fierce extremes ;  
 Was brave, was temperate : to one idol fair  
 His vows he breath'd, his wishes center'd there :  
 Honour alone could gain her kind regard ;  
 Honour was virtue, beauty its reward.  
 And shall not British breasts, in Beauty's cause,  
 Adopt to-night the manners which she draws ?  
 Male writers we confess are lawful prize,  
 Giants and monsters that but rarely rise !  
 With their enormous spoils your triumphs grace,  
 Attack, confound, exterminate the race ;  
 But when a lady tempts the critic war,  
 Be all knights errant, and protect the fair.



THE  
P O E M S

O F

SOAME JENYNS, Esq.

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( 185 )

THE  
ART OF DANCING:  
A P O E M.

INSCRIBED TO THE RT. HON. THE  
LADY FANNY FIELDING\*.

*Incessu patuit Dea.*

VIRG.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1730.

C A N T O I.

**I**N the smooth dance to move with graceful mien,  
Easy with care, and sprightly tho' serene,  
To mark th' instructions echoing strains convey,  
And with just steps each tuneful note obey,  
I teach; be present, all ye sacred choir,  
Blow the soft flute, and strike the sounding lyre:  
When Fielding bids, your kind assistance bring,  
And at her feet the lowly tribute fling;  
Oh may her eyes (to her this verse is due)  
What first themselves inspir'd, vouchsafe to view!

\* Daughter of Basil fourth Earl of Denbigh. She married Daniel Earl of Winchelsea, and died Sept. 27. 1734.

Hail

Hail loveliest art ! that can't all hearts insnare,  
And make the fairest still appear more fair.  
Beauty can little execution do,  
Unless she borrows half her arms from you ;  
Few, like Pygmalion, doat on lifeless charms,  
Or care to clasp a statue in their arms ;  
But breasts of flint must melt with fierce desire,  
When art and motion wake the sleeping fire :  
A Venus drawn by great Apelles' hand,  
May for a while our wond'ring eyes command,  
But still, tho' form'd with all the pow'rs of art,  
The lifeless piece can never warm the heart ;  
So a fair nymph, perhaps, may please the eye,  
Whilst all her beauteous limbs unactive lie,  
But when her charms are in the dance display'd,  
Then ev'ry heart adores the lovely maid :  
This sets her beauty in the fairest light,  
And shews each grace in full perfection bright ;  
Then, as she turns around, from ev'ry part,  
Like porcupines, she sends a piercing dart ;  
In vain, alas ! the fond spectator tries  
To shun the pleasing dangers of her eyes,  
For, Parthian like, she wounds as sure behind,  
With flowing curls, and ivory neck, reclin'd :  
Whether her steps the Minuet's mazes trace,  
Or the slow Louvre's more majestic pace,  
Whether the Rigadoon employs her care,  
Or sprightly Jigg displays the nimble fair,  
At every step new beauties we explore,  
And worship now, what we admir'd before :

So when Æneas in the Tyrian grove  
 Fair Venus met, the charming queen of Love,  
 The beauteous goddess, whilst unmov'd she stood,  
 Seem'd some fair nymph, the guardian of the wood;  
 But when she mov'd, at once her heavenly mien  
 And graceful step confess bright Beauty's queen,  
 New glories o'er her form each moment rise,  
 And all the goddess opens to his eyes.

Now haste, my Muse, pursue thy destin'd way,  
 What dresses best become the dancer, say;  
 The rules of dress forget not to impart,  
 A lesson previous to the dancing art.

The soldier's scarlet glowing from afar,  
 Shews that his bloody occupation's war;  
 Whilst the lawn band, beneath a double chin,  
 As plainly speaks divinity within;  
 The milk-maid safe thro' driving rains and snows,  
 Wrapp'd in her cloak, and propp'd on pattens goes;  
 While the soft Belle immur'd in velvet chair,  
 Needs but the silken shoe, and trusts her bosom bare:  
 The woolly drab, and English broad-cloth warm,  
 Guard well the horseman from the beating storm,  
 But load the dancer with too great a weight,  
 And call from ev'ry pore the dewy sweat;  
 Rather let him his active limbs display  
 In camblet thin, or glossy paduasoy:  
 Let no unwieldy pride his shoulders press,  
 But airy, light, and easy be his dress;  
 Thin be his yielding sole, and low his heel,  
 So shall he nimbly bound, and safely wheel.

But

But let not precepts known my verse prolong,  
 Precepts which use will better teach than song;  
 For why should I the gallant spark command  
 With clean white gloves to fit his ready hand?  
 Or in his fob enlivening spirits wear,  
 And pungent salts to raise the fainting fair?  
 Or hint, the sword that dangles at his side,  
 Should from its silken bondage be unt'y'd?  
 Why should my lays the youthful tribe advise,  
 Lest snowy clouds from out their wigs arise:  
 So shall their partners mourn their laces spoil'd,  
 And shining filks with greasy powder foil'd?  
 Nor need I, sure, bid prudent youths beware,  
 Lest with erected tongues their buckles stare,  
 The pointed steel shall oft their stockings rend,  
 And oft th' approaching petticoat offend.

And now, ye youthful fair, I sing to you,  
 With pleasing smiles my useful labours view;  
 For you the silk-worms fine-wrought webs display,  
 And lab'ring spin their little lives away,  
 For you bright gems with radiant colours glow,  
 Fair as the dies that paint the heavenly bow,  
 For you the sea resigns its pearly store,  
 And earth unlocks her mines of treasur'd ore;  
 In vain yet nature thus her gifts bestows,  
 Unless yourselves with art those gifts dispose.

Yet think not, Nymphs, that in the glitt'ring ball,  
 One form of dress preferib'd can suit with all;  
 One brightest shines when wealth and art combine,  
 To make the finish'd piece completely fine;

When



When least adorn'd, another steals our hearts,  
 And rich in native beauties, wants not arts;  
 In some are such resistless graces found,  
 That in all dresses they are sure to wound;  
 Their perfect forms all foreign aids despise,  
 And gems but borrow lustre from their eyes.

Let the fair nymph in whose plump cheeks are seen  
 A constant blush, be clad in chearful green;  
 In such a dress the sportive sea-nymphs go;  
 So in their grassy bed fresh roses blow:  
 The lass whose skin is like the hazel brown,  
 With brighter yellow should o'ercome her own;  
 While maids grown pale with sickness or despair,  
 The sable's mournful dye should chuse to wear;  
 So the pale moon still shines with purest light,  
 Cloath'd in the dusky mantle of the night.

But far from you be all those treach'rous arts,  
 That wound with painted charms unwary hearts;  
 Dancing's a touchstone that true beauty tries,  
 Nor suffers charms that nature's hand denies:  
 Tho' for a while we may with wonder view  
 The rosy blush, and skin of lovely hue,  
 Yet soon the dance will cause the cheeks to glow,  
 And melt the waxen lips, and neck of snow:  
 So shine the fields in icy fetters bound,  
 Whilst frozen gems bespangle all the ground;  
 Thro' the clear crystal of the glitt'ring snow,  
 With scarlet dye the blushing hawthorns glow;  
 O'er all the plains unnumber'd glories rise,  
 And a new bright creation charms our eyes;

Till



Till Zephyr breathes, then all at once decay  
 The splendid scenes, their glories fade away,  
 The fields resign the beauties not their own,  
 And all their snowy charms run trickling down.

Dare I in such momentous points advise,  
 I should condemn the hoop's enormous size :  
 Of ills I speak by long experience found,  
 Oft' have I trod th' immeasurable round, [wound. }  
 And mourn'd my shins bruis'd black with many a }  
 Nor should the tighten'd stays, too straitly lac'd,  
 In whale-bone bondage gall the slender waist;  
 Nor waving lappets should the dancing fair,  
 Nor ruffles edg'd with dangling fringes wear;  
 Oft will the cobweb ornaments catch hold  
 On the approaching button rough with gold,  
 Nor force nor art can then the bonds divide,  
 When once th' entangled Gordian knot is ty'd.  
 So the unhappy pair, by Hymen's power,  
 Together join'd in some ill-fated hour,  
 The more they strive their freedom to regain,  
 The faster binds th' indissoluble chain.

Let each fair maid, who fears to be disgrac'd,  
 Ever be sure to tie her garters fast,  
 Lest the loos'd string, amidst the public ball,  
 A wish'd-for prize to some proud fop should fall,  
 Who the rich treasure shall triumphant shew,  
 And with warm blushes cause her cheeks to glow.

But yet, (as Fortune by the self-same ways  
 She humbles many, some delights to raise)

It happen'd once, a fair illustrious dame  
By such neglect acquir'd immortal fame.  
And hence the radiant Star and Garter blue  
Britannia's nobles grace, if fame says true :  
Hence still, Plantagenet, thy beauties bloom,  
Tho' long since moulder'd in the dusky tomb,  
Still thy lost Garter is thy sovereign's care,  
And what each royal breast is proud to wear.

But let me now my lovely charge remind,  
Lest they forgetful leave their fans behind ;  
Lay not, ye fair, the pretty toy aside,  
A toy at once display'd for use and pride,  
A wond'rous engine, that by magic charms  
Cools your own breasts, and ev'ry other's warm.  
What daring bard shall e'er attempt to tell  
The pow'rs that in this little weapon dwell ?  
What verse can e'er explain its various parts,  
Its num'rous uses, motions, charms and arts ?  
Its painted folds, that oft extended wide,  
Th' afflicted fair-one's blubber'd beauties hide,  
When secret sorrows her sad bosom fill,  
If Strephon is unkind, or Shock is ill :  
Its sticks, on which her eyes dejected pore,  
And pointing fingers number o'er and o'er,  
When the kind virgin burns with secret shame,  
Dies to consent, yet fears to own her flame ;  
Its shake triumphant, its victorious clap,  
Its angry flutter, and its wanton tap ?

Forbear, my Muse, th' extensive theme to sing,  
Nor trust in such a flight thy tender wing ;

Rather

Rather do you in humble lines proclaim,  
 From whence this engine took its form and name,  
 Say from what cause it first deriv'd its birth,  
 How form'd in heaven, how thence deduc'd to earth.

Once in Arcadia, that fam'd seat of love,  
 There liv'd a nymph the pride of all the grove,  
 A lovely nymph, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,  
 An easy shape, and sweetly-blooming face;  
 Fanny, the damsel's name, as chaste as fair,  
 Each virgin's envy, and each swain's despair;  
 To charm her ear the rival shepherds sing,  
 Blow the soft flute, and wake the trembling string;  
 For her they leave their wand'ring flocks to rove,  
 Whilst Fanny's name resounds thro' ev'ry grove,  
 And spreads on ev'ry tree, inclos'd in knots of love;  
 As Fielding's now, her eyes all hearts inflame,  
 Like her in beauty, as alike in name.

'Twas when the summer sun now mounted high,  
 With fiercer beams had scorch'd the glowing sky,  
 Beneath the covert of a cooling shade,  
 To shun the heat, this lovely nymph was laid;  
 The sultry weather o'er her cheeks had spread  
 A blush, that added to their native red,  
 And her fair breast, as polish'd marble white,  
 Was half conceal'd, and half expos'd to sight:  
 Æolus, the mighty God whom winds obey,  
 Observ'd the beauteous maid, as thus she lay;  
 O'er all her charms he gaz'd with fond delight,  
 And suck'd in poison at the dangerous sight;

He

He sighs, he burns ; at last declares his pain,  
But still he sighs, and still he woos in vain ;  
The cruel nymph, regardless of his moan,  
Minds not his flame, uneasy with her own ;  
But still complains, that he who rul'd the air  
Would not command one Zephyr to repair  
Around her face, nor gentle breeze to play  
Thro' the dark glade, to cool the sultry day :  
By love incited, and the hopes of joy,  
Th' ingenious God contriv'd this pretty toy,  
With gales incessant to relieve her flame ;  
And call'd it Fan, from lovely Fanny's name.

## C A N T O II.

**N**OW see prepar'd to lead the sprightly dance,  
The lovely nymphs and well-dress'd youths  
advance ;

The spacious room receives its jovial guest,  
And the floor shakes with pleasing weight oppress'd :  
Thick rang'd on ev'ry side, with various dyes  
The fair in glossy silks our sight surprize ;  
So in a garden bath'd with genial show'rs,  
A thousand sorts of variegated flow'rs,  
Jonquills, carnations, pinks, and tulips rise,  
And in a gay confusion charm our eyes.  
High o'er their heads, with num'rous candles bright,  
Large sconces shed their sparkling beams of light,  
Their sparkling beams, that still more brightly glow,  
Reflected back from gems, and eyes below :  
Unnumber'd fans to cool the crowded fair,  
With breathing Zephyrs move the circling air ;  
The sprightly fiddle, and the sounding lyre,  
Each youthful breast with gen'rous warmth inspire ;  
Fraught with all joys the blissful moments fly,  
Whilst music melts the ear, and beauty charms the  
eye.

Now let the youth, to whose superior place  
It first belongs the splendid ball to grace,

With



With humble bow, and ready hand, prepare  
 Forth from the crowd to lead his chosen fair ;  
 The fair shall not his kind request deny,  
 But to the pleasing toil with equal ardour fly.

But stay, rash pair, nor yet untaught advance,  
 First hear the Muse, ere you attempt to dance :  
 \* By art directed o'er the foaming tide,  
 Secure from rocks the painted vessels glide ;  
 By art the chariot scours the dusty plain,  
 Springs at the whip, and † hears the strait'ning rein ;  
 To art our bodies must obedient prove,  
 If e'er we hope with graceful ease to move.

Long was the dancing art unfixt, and free,  
 Hence lost in error, and uncertainty ;  
 No precepts did it mind, or rules obey,  
 But ev'ry master taught a different way :  
 Hence ere each new-born dance was fully try'd,  
 The lovely product ev'n in blooming dy'd ;  
 Thro' various hands in wild confusion tost,  
 Its steps were alter'd, and its beauties lost ;  
 Till † Fuillet, the pride of Gallia, rose,  
 And did the dance in characters compose ;

\* *Arte citæ veloque rates remoque moventur,  
 Arte leves currus.*

OVID.

† —Nec audit currus habenas.

VIRG.

† Fuillet wrote the *Art of Dancing by Characters*, in French,  
 since translated by Weaver.

Each lovely grace by certain marks he taught,  
 And ev'ry step in lasting volumes wrote :  
 Hence o'er the world this pleasing art shall spread,  
 And ev'ry dance in ev'ry clime be read,  
 By distant masters shall each step be seen,  
 Tho' mountains rise, and oceans roar between ;  
 Hence, with her sister arts, shall dancing claim  
 An equal right to universal fame ;  
 And Isaac's rigadoon shall live as long  
 As Raphael's painting, or as Virgil's song.

Wise Nature ever, with a prudent hand,  
 Dispenses various gifts to ev'ry land ;  
 To ev'ry nation frugally imparts  
 A genius fit for some peculiar arts ;  
 'To trade the Dutch incline, the Swiss to arms,  
 Music and verse are soft Italia's charms ;  
 Britannia justly glories to have found  
 Lands unexplor'd, and sail'd the globe around ;  
 But none will sure presume to rival France,  
 Whether she forms, or executes the dance ;  
 'To her exalted genius 'tis we owe  
 The sprightly Rigadoon and Louvre flow,  
 The Borée, and Courant unpractis'd long,  
 'Th' immortal Minuet, and smooth Bretagne,  
 With all those dances of illustrious fame,  
 \* Which from their native country take their name :  
 With these let ev'ry ball be first begun,  
 Nor Country-Dance intrude till these are done.

\* French dances.

Each cautious bard, ere he attempts to sing,  
First gently flutt'ring tries his tender wing;  
And if he finds that with uncommon fire  
The Muses all his raptur'd soul inspire,  
At once to heav'n he soars in lofty odes,  
And sings alone of heroes and of gods;  
But if he trembling fears a flight so high,  
He then descends to softer elegy;  
And if in elegy he can't succeed,  
In pastoral he still may tune the oaten reed:  
So should the dancer, ere he tries to move,  
With care his strength, his weight and genius prove;  
Then, if he finds kind Nature's gifts impart  
Endowments proper for the dancing art,  
If in himself he feels together join'd,  
An active body and ambitious mind,  
In nimble Rigadoons he may advance,  
Or in the Louvre's slow majestic dance:  
If these he fears to reach, with easy pace  
Let him the Minuet's circling mazes trace:  
Is this too hard? This too let him forbear,  
And to the Country-Dance confine his care.

Would you in dancing ev'ry fault avoid,  
To keep true time be first your thoughts employ'd;  
All other errors they in vain shall mend,  
Who in this one important point offend;  
For this, when now united hand in hand  
Eager to start the youthful couple stand,  
Let them a while their nimble feet restrain,  
And with soft taps beat time to ev'ry strain:

So for the race prepar'd two courfers stand,  
And with impatient pawings spurn the sand.

In vain a master shall employ his care,  
Where nature has once fix'd a clumsy air;  
Rather let such, to country sports confin'd,  
Pursue the flying hare or tim'rous hind:  
Nor yet, while I the rural 'squire despise,  
A mien effeminate would I advise:  
With equal scorn I would the fop deride,  
Nor let him dance——but on the woman's side.

And you, fair nymphs, avoid with equal care  
A stupid dullness, and a coquet air;  
Neither with eyes, that ever love the ground,  
Asleep, like spinning tops, run round and round,  
Nor yet with giddy looks and wanton pride  
Stare all around, and skip from side to side.

True dancing, like true wit, is best express'd  
By nature only to advantage dress'd;  
'Tis not a nimble bound, or caper high,  
That can pretend to please a curious eye;  
Good judges no such tumblers tricks regard,  
Or think them beautiful, because they're hard.

'Tis not enough that ev'ry stander-by  
No glaring errors in your steps can spy,  
The dance and music must so nicely meet,  
Each note should seem an echo to her feet;  
A nameless grace must in each movement dwell,  
Which words can ne'er express, or precepts tell,  
Not to be taught, but ever to be seen  
In Flavia's air, and Chloe's easy mien;

'Tis



'Tis such an air that makes her thousands fall,  
When Fielding dances at a birth-night ball;  
Smooth as Camilla she skims o'er the plain,  
And flies like her thro' crouds of heroes slain.

Now when the Minuet, oft repeated o'er,  
(Like all terrestrial joys) can please no more,  
And ev'ry nymph, refusing to expand  
Her charms, declines the circulating hand;  
Then let the jovial Country-Dance begin,  
And the loud fiddles call each straggler in:  
But ere they come, permit me to disclose,  
How first, as legends tell, this pastime rose.

In ancient times (such times are now no more)  
When Albion's crown illustrious Arthur wore,  
In some fair op'ning glade, each summer's night,  
Where the pale moon diffus'd her silver light,  
On the soft carpet of a grassy field,  
The sporting fairies their assemblies held:  
Some lightly tripping with their pigmy queen,  
In circling ringlets mark'd the level green,  
Some with soft notes bade mellow pipes resound,  
And music warble thro' the groves around;  
Oft lonely shepherds by the forest side,  
Belated peasants oft their revels spy'd,  
And home returning, o'er their nut-brown ale  
Their guests diverted with the wond'rous tale.  
Instructed hence, throughout the British isle,  
And fond to imitate the pleasing toil,  
Round where the trembling may-pole fix'd on high,  
Uplifts its flow'ry honours to the sky,



The ruddy maids and sun-burnt swains resort,  
 And practise ev'ry night the lovely sport;  
 On ev'ry side Æolian artists stand,  
 Whose active elbows swelling winds command,  
 The swelling winds harmonious pipes inspire,  
 And blow in ev'ry breast a gen'rous fire.

Thus taught, at first the Country-Dance began,  
 And hence to cities and to courts it ran;  
 Succeeding ages did in time impart  
 Various improvements to the lovely art;  
 From fields and groves to palaces remov'd,  
 Great ones the pleasing exercise approv'd:  
 Hence the loud fiddle and shrill trumpet's sounds  
 Are made companions of the dancer's bounds;  
 Hence gems, and silks, brocades, and ribbons join,  
 To make the ball with perfect lustre shine.

So rude at first the Tragic Muse appear'd,  
 Her voice alone by rustic rabble heard;  
 Where twitting trees a cooling harbour made,  
 The pleas'd spectators sat beneath the shade;  
 The homely stage with rushes green was strew'd,  
 And in a cart the strolling actors rode;  
 Till time at length improv'd the great design,  
 And bade the scenes with painted landscapes shine;  
 Then art did all the bright machines dispose,  
 And theatres of Parian marble rose;  
 Then mimic thunder shook the canvas sky,  
 And gods descended from their tow'rs on high.

With caution now let ev'ry youth prepare  
 To chuse a partner from the mingled fair;

Vain

Vain wou'd be here th' instructing Muse's voice,  
 If she pretended to direct his choice :  
 Beauty alone by fancy is exprest,  
 And charms in diff'rent forms each diff'rent breast :  
 A snowy skin this am'rous youth admires,  
 Whilst nut-brown cheeks another's bosom fires ;  
 Small waists and slender limbs some hearts insnare,  
 Whilst others love the more substantial fair.

But let not outward charms your judgment sway,  
 Your reason rather than your eyes obey ;  
 And in the dance, as in the marriage noose,  
 Rather for merit, than for beauty choose :  
 Be her your choice, who knows with perfect skill  
 When she should move, and when she should be still,  
 Who uninstructed can perform her share,  
 And kindly half the pleasing burthen bear.  
 Unhappy is that hopelefs wretch's fate,  
 Who fetter'd in the matrimonial state  
 With a poor, simple, unexperienc'd wife,  
 Is forc'd to lead the tedious dance of life ;  
 And such is his, with such a partner join'd,  
 A moving puppet, but without a mind :  
 Still must his hand be pointing out the way,  
 Yet ne'er can teach so fast as she can stray ;  
 Beneath her follies he must ever groan,  
 And ever blush for errors not his own.

But now behold united hand in hand,  
 Rang'd on each side, the well-pair'd couples stand !  
 Each youthful bosom beating with delight,  
 Waits the brisk signal for the pleasing fight ;

While

While lovely eyes, that flash unusual rays,  
 And snowy bubbies pull'd above the stays,  
 Quick busy hands, and bridling heads declare  
 The fond impatience of the starting fair.  
 And see, the sprightly dance is now begun !  
 Now here, now there the giddy maze they run ;  
 Now with slow steps they pace the circling ring,  
 Now all confus'd, too swift for sight they spring :  
 So in a wheel with rapid fury tost,  
 The undistinguish'd spokes are in the motion lost.

The dancer here no more requires a guide,  
 To no strict steps his nimble feet are ty'd ;  
 The Muse's precepts here would useless be,  
 Where all is fancy'd, unconfin'd, and free ;  
 Let him but to the music's voice attend,  
 By this instructed he can ne'er offend :  
 If to his share it falls the dance to lead,  
 In well-known paths he may be sure to tread ;  
 If others lead, let him their motions view,  
 And in their steps the winding maze pursue.

In every Country-Dance a serious mind,  
 Turn'd for reflection, can a moral find.  
 In Hunt-the-Squirrel thus the nymph we view,  
 Seeks when we fly, but flies when we pursue :  
 Thus in round-dances where our partners change,  
 And unconfin'd from fair to fair we range,  
 As soon as one from his own consort flies,  
 Another seizes on the lovely prize ;  
 A while the fav'rite youth enjoys her charms,  
 Till the next comer steals her from his arms ;

New

New ones succeed, the last is still her care ;  
How true an emblem of th' inconstant fair !

Where can philosophers, and sages wise,  
Who read the curious volumes of the skies,  
A model more exact than dancing name  
Of the creation's universal frame ?  
Where worlds unnumber'd o'er th' ætherial way  
In a bright regular confusion stray ;  
Now here, now there they whirl along the sky,  
Now near approach, and now far distant fly ;  
Now meet in the same order they begun,  
And then the great celestial dance is done.

'Where can the Mor'lif find a juster plan  
Of the vain labours, and the life of man ;  
A while thro' jussling crowds we toil, and sweat,  
And eagerly pursue we know not what ;  
Then when our trifling short-liv'd race is run,  
Quite tir'd sit down, just where we first begun.

Tho' to your arms kind fate's indulgent care  
Has given a partner exquisitely fair,  
Let not her charms so much engage your heart,  
That you neglect the skilful dancer's part ;  
Be not, when you the tuneful notes would hear,  
Still whisp'ring idle prattle in her ear ;  
When you should be employ'd, be not at play,  
Nor for your joys all other steps delay ;  
But when the finish'd dance you once have done,  
And with applause thro' ev'ry couple run,  
There rest a while ; there snatch the fleeting bliss,  
The tender whisper, and the balmy kiss ;

Each



Each secret wish, each softer hope confess,  
 And her moist palm with eager fingers press;  
 With smiles the fair shall hear your warm desires,  
 When music melts her soul, and dancing fires.

Thus mix'd with love, the pleasing toil pursue,  
 Till the unwelcome morn appears in view;  
 Then, when approaching day its beams displays,  
 And the dull candles shine with fainter rays;  
 Then, when the sun just rises o'er the deep,  
 And each bright eye is almost set in sleep;  
 With ready hand, obsequious youths, prepare  
 Safe to her coach to lead each chosen fair,  
 And guard her from the morn's inclement air:  
 Let a warm hood enwrap her lovely head,  
 And o'er her neck a handkerchief be spread;  
 Around her shoulders let this arm be cast,  
 Whilst that from cold defends her slender waist;  
 With kisses warm her balmy lips shall glow,  
 Unchill'd by nightly damps or wint'ry snow;  
 While gen'rous white-wine, mull'd with ginger warm,  
 Safely protects her inward frame from harm.

But ever let my lovely pupils fear  
 To chill their mantling blood with cold small-beer.  
 Ah, thoughtless fair! the tempting draught refuse,  
 When thus fore-warn'd by my experienc'd Muse:  
 Let the sad consequence your thoughts employ,  
 Nor hazard future pains for present joy;  
 Destruction lurks within the pois'nous dose,  
 A fatal fever, or a pimpled nose.

Thus



Thus thro' each precept of the dancing art  
 The Muse has play'd the kind instructor's part ;  
 Thro' ev'ry maze her pupils she has led,  
 And pointed out the surest paths to tread :  
 No more remains ; no more the goddess sings,  
 But drops her pinions, and unfurls her wings.  
 On downy beds the weary'd dancers lie,  
 And sleep's silk cords tie down each drowsy eye ;  
 Delightful dreams their pleasing sports restore,  
 And ev'n in sleep they seem to dance once more.

And now the work completely finish'd lies,  
 Which the devouring teeth of time defies :  
 Whilst birds in air, or fish in streams we find,  
 Or damsels fret with aged partners join'd ;  
 As long as nymphs shall with attentive ear  
 A fiddle rather than a sermon hear ;  
 So long the brightest eyes shall oft peruse  
 These useful lines of my instructive Muse ;  
 Each belle shall wear them wrote upon her fan,  
 And each bright beau shall read them—if he can.

A N  
E P I S T L E  
WRITTEN IN THE COUNTRY,  
TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE  
L O R D L O V E L A C E,  
T H E N I N T O W N.

SEPTEMBER, 1735.

I N days, my Lord, when mother Time,  
'Tho' now grown old, was in her prime,  
When Saturn first began to rule,  
And Jove was hardly come from school,  
How happy was a country life !  
How free from wickedness and strife !  
Then each man liv'd upon his farm,  
And thought and did no mortal harm ;  
On mossy banks fair virgins slept,  
As harmless as the flocks they kept ;  
Then love was all they had to do,  
And nymphs were chaste, and swains were true.

But now, whatever poets write,  
'Tis sure the case is alter'd quite :  
Virtue no more in rural plains,  
Or innocence, or peace remains ;

But

But vice is in the cottage found,  
 And country girls are oft unsound ;  
 Fierce party rage each village fires,  
 With wars of justices and 'squires ;  
 Attorneys, for a barley straw,  
 Whole ages hamper folks in law,  
 And ev'ry neighbour's in a flame  
 About their rates, or tythes, or game :  
 Some quarrel for their hares and pigeons,  
 And some for diff'rence in religions :  
 Some hold their parson the best preacher,  
 The tinker some a better teacher ;  
 These to the Church they fight for strangers,  
 Have faith in nothing but her dangers ;  
 While those, a more believing people,  
 Can swallow all things—but a steeple.

But I, my Lord, who, as you know,  
 Care little how these matters go,  
 And equally detest the strife  
 And usual joys of country life,  
 Have by good fortune little share  
 Of its diversions, or its care ;  
 For seldom I with 'squires unite,  
 Who hunt all day and drink all night ;  
 Nor reckon wonderful inviting,  
 A quarter-sessions, or cock-fighting :  
 But then no farm I occupy  
 With sheep to rot, and cows to die ;  
 Nor rage I much, or much despair,  
 Tho' in my hedge I find a snare ;

Nor

Nor view I, with due admiration,  
 All the high honours here in fashion;  
 The great commissions of the quorum,  
 Terrors to all who come before 'em;  
 Militia scarlet edg'd with gold,  
 Or the white staff high-sheriffs hold;  
 'The representative's careſſing,  
 'The judge's bow, the biſhop's bleſſing;  
 Nor can I for my ſoul delight  
 In the dull feaſt of neighb'ring knight,  
 Who, if you ſend three days before,  
 In white gloves meets you at the door,  
 With ſuperfluity of breeding  
 Firſt makes you ſick, and then with feeding:  
 Or if with ceremony cloy'd,  
 You wou'd next time ſuch plagues avoid,  
 And viſit without previous notice,  
 " John, John, a coach!—I can't think who 'tis,"  
 My lady cries, who ſpies your coach,  
 Ere you the avenue approach:  
 " Lord, how unlucky!—waſhing-day!  
 " And all the men are in the hay!"  
 Entrance to gain is ſomething hard,  
 The dogs all bark, the gates are barr'd;  
 'The yard's with lines of linen croſs'd,  
 'The hall-door's lock'd, the key is loſt:  
 Theſe difficulties all o'ercome,  
 We reach at length the drawing-room;  
 Then there's ſuch trampling over-head,  
 Madam you'd ſwear was brought-to-bed;

Miss in a hurry bursts her lock,  
To get clean sleeves to hide her smock;  
The servants run, the pewter clatters,  
My lady dresses, calls and chatters;  
The cook-maid raves for want of butter,  
Pigs squeak, fowls scream, and green geese flutter.  
Now after three hours tedious waiting,  
On all our neighbours faults debating,  
And having nine times view'd the garden,  
In which there's nothing worth a farthing,  
In comes my lady, and the pudden:  
"You will excuse, sir,—on a sudden"—  
Then, that we may have four and four,  
The bacon, fowls, and cauliflow'r  
Their ancient unity divide,  
The top one graces, one each side;  
And by and by, the second course  
Comes lagging like a distanc'd horse;  
A salver then to church and king,  
The butler sweats, the glasses ring:  
The cloth remov'd, the toasts go round,  
Bawdy and politics abound;  
And as the knight more tipsy waxes,  
We damn all ministers and taxes.  
At last the ruddy sun quite sunk,  
The coachman tolerably drunk,  
Whirling o'er hillocks, ruts, and stones,  
Enough to dislocate one's bones,  
We home return, a wond'rous token  
Of Heaven's kind care, with limbs unbroken.



Afflict us not, ye gods, tho' sinners,  
With many days like this, or dinners !

But if civilities thus teaze me,  
Nor business, nor diversions please me ;  
You'll ask, my Lord, how time I spend ?  
I answer, with a book or friend :  
The circulating hours dividing  
'Twixt reading, walking, eating, riding :  
But books are still my highest joy,  
These earliest please, and latest cloy.  
Sometimes o'er distant climes I stray,  
By guides experienc'd taught the way ;  
The wonders of each region view,  
From frozen Lapland to Peru ;  
Bound o'er rough seas, and mountains bare,  
Yet ne'er forsake my elbow chair.  
Sometimes some fam'd historian's pen  
Recalls past ages back agen ;  
Where all I see, thro' ev'ry page,  
Is but how men, with senseless rage,  
Each other rob, destroy, and burn,  
'To serve a priest's, a statesman's turn ;  
'Tho' loaded with a diff'rent aim,  
Yet always asses much the same.  
Sometimes I view with much delight,  
Divines their holy game-cocks fight ;  
Here faith and works at variance set,  
Strive hard who shall the vict'ry get ;  
Presbytery and episcopacy  
'They fight so long, it would amaze ye :

Here

Here free-will holds a fierce dispute  
With reprobation absolute ;  
There sense kicks transubstantiation,  
And reason pecks at revelation.  
With learned Newton now I fly  
O'er all the rolling orbs on high,  
Visit new worlds, and for a minute  
This old one scorn, and all that's in it :  
And now with lab'ring Boyle I trace  
Nature through ev'ry winding maze ;  
The latent qualities admire  
Of vapours, water, air, and fire ;  
With pleasing admiration see  
Matter's surprising subtilty ;  
As how the smallest lamp displays,  
For miles around, its scatter'd rays ;  
Or how (the case still more t' explain)  
A \* fart, that weighs not half a grain,  
The atmosphere will oft perfume  
Of a whole spacious drawing-room.

Sometimes I pass a whole long day  
In happy indolence away,  
In fondly meditating o'er  
Past pleasures, and in hoping more ;  
Or wander thro' the fields and woods,  
And gardens bath'd in circling floods ;  
There blooming flowers with rapture view,  
And sparkling gems of morning dew,

\* See Boyle's experiments.

Whence in my mind ideas rise  
Of Cælia's cheeks, and Chloe's eyes.

'Tis thus, my Lord, I free from strife  
Spend an inglorious country life ;  
These are the joys I still pursue,  
When absent from the town and you ;  
Thus pass long summer suns away,  
Busily idle, calmly gay :  
Nor great, nor mean, nor rich, nor poor,  
Not having much, nor wishing more ;  
Except that you, when weary grown  
Of all the follies of the town,  
And seeing in all public places  
The same vain fops and painted faces,  
Wou'd sometimes kindly condescend  
To visit a dull country friend :  
Here you'll be ever sure to meet  
A hearty welcome, tho' no treat ;  
One who has nothing else to do,  
But to divert himself and you ;  
A house, where quiet guards the door,  
No rural wits smoak, drink, and roar ;  
Choice books, safe horses, wholesome liquor,  
Clean girls, backgammon, and the vicar.

AN  
ESSAY  
ON  
VIRTUE.

*Atque ipsa utilitas justæ prope mater & æqui.* HOR.

TO THE HONOURABLE  
PHILIP YORKE, ESQ\*.

THOU, whom nor honours, wealth, nor youth  
can spoil

With the least vice of each luxuriant foil,  
Say, Yorke, (for sure, if any, thou can'st tell)  
What Virtue is, who practise it so well;  
Say, where inhabits this Sultana queen;  
Prais'd and ador'd by all, but rarely seen:  
By what sure mark her essence can we trace,  
When each religion, faction, age, and place  
Sets up some fancy'd idol of its own,  
A vain pretender to her sacred throne?

\* Now Earl of Hardwicke.

In man too oft a well dissembled part,  
 A self-denying pride in woman's heart;  
 In synods faith, and in the fields of fame  
 Valour usurps her honours, and her name.  
 Whoe'er their sense of Virtue wou'd express,  
 'Tis still by something they themselves possess.  
 Hence youth good-humour, frugal craft old-age,  
 Warm politicians term it party-rage,  
 True churchmen zeal right orthodox; and hence  
 Fools think it gravity, and wits pretence;  
 To constancy alone fond lovers join it,  
 And maids unask'd to chastity confine it.

But have we then no law besides our will?  
 No just criterion fix'd to good and ill?  
 As well at noon we may obstruct our sight,  
 Then doubt if such a thing exists as light;  
 For no less plain would nature's law appear  
 As the meridian sun unchang'd, and clear,  
 Wou'd we but search for what we were design'd,  
 And for what end th' Almighty form'd mankind;  
 A rule of life we then should plainly see,  
 For to pursue that end must virtue be.

Then what is that? Not want of power, or fame,  
 Or worlds unnumber'd to applaud his name,  
 But a desire his blessings to diffuse,  
 And fear lest millions should existence lose;  
 His goodness only cou'd his power employ,  
 And an eternal warmth to propagate his joy.

Hence soul and sense diffus'd thro' ev'ry place,  
 Make happiness as infinite as space;

Thousands



Thousands of suns beyond each other blaze,  
 Orbs roll o'er orbs, and glow with mutual rays ;  
 Each is a world, where, form'd with wond'rous art,  
 Unnumber'd species live thro' ev'ry part :  
 In ev'ry tract of ocean, earth, and skies,  
 Myriads of creatures still successive rise :  
 Scarce buds a leaf, or springs the vilest weed,  
 But little flocks upon its verdure feed :  
 No fruit our palate courts, or flow'r our smell,  
 But on its fragrant bosom nations dwell,  
 All form'd with proper faculties to share  
 The daily bounties of their Maker's care :  
 The great Creator from his heav'nly throne  
 Pleas'd on the wide-expanded joy looks down,  
 And his eternal law is only this,  
 That all contribute to the general bliss.

Nature so plain this primal law displays,  
 Each living creature sees it, and obeys ;  
 Each, form'd for all, promotes thro' private care  
 The public good, and justly tastes its share.  
 All understand their great Creator's will,  
 Strive to be happy, and in that fulfill ;  
 Mankind excepted, lord of all beside,  
 But only slave to folly, vice, and pride ;  
 'Tis he that's deaf to this command alone,  
 Delights in others woe, and courts his own ;  
 Racks and destroys with tort'ring steel and flame,  
 For luxury brutes, and man himself for fame ;  
 Sets Superstition high on Virtue's throne,  
 Then thinks his Maker's temper like his own :

Hence are his altars stain'd with reeking gore,  
 As if he cou'd atone for crimes by more :  
 Hence whilst offended Heav'n he strives in vain  
 T' appease by fasts and voluntary pain,  
 Ev'n in repenting he provokes again.

How easy is our yoke ! how light our load !  
 Did we not strive to mend the laws of God :  
 For his own sake no duty he can ask,  
 The common welfare is our only task :  
 For this sole end his precepts, kind as just,  
 Forbid intemperance, murder, theft, and lust,  
 With ev'ry act injurious to our own  
 Or others good, for such are crimes alone :  
 For this are peace, love, charity enjoin'd,  
 With all that can secure and bless mankind.  
 Thus is the public safety Virtue's cause,  
 And happiness the end of all her laws ;  
 For such by nature is the human frame,  
 Our duty and our interest are the same.

“ But hold,” cries out some Puritan divine,  
 Whose well-stuff'd cheeks with ease and plenty shine,  
 “ Is this to fast, to mortify, refrain ?  
 “ And work salvation out with fear and pain ? ”  
 We own the rigid lessons of their schools  
 Are widely diff'rent from these easy rules :  
 Virtue, with them, is only to abstain  
 From all that nature asks, and covet pain ;  
 Pleasure and vice are ever near a-kin,  
 And, if we thirst, cold water is a sin :

Heaven's

Heaven's path is rough and intricate, they say,  
Yet all are damn'd that trip, or miss their way ;  
God is a Being cruel and severe,  
And man a wretch by his command plac'd here,  
In sun-shine for a while to take a turn,  
Only to dry and make him fit to burn.

Mistaken men, too piously severe !  
Thro' craft misleading, or misled by fear ;  
How little they God's counsels comprehend,  
Our universal parent, guardian, friend !  
Who, forming by degrees to bliss mankind,  
This globe our sportive nursery assign'd,  
Where for a while his fond paternal care  
Feasts us with ev'ry joy our state can bear :  
Each sense, touch, taste, and smell dispense delight,  
Music our hearing, beauty charms our sight ;  
Trees, herbs, and flow'rs to us their spoils resign,  
Its pearl the rock presents, its gold the mine ;  
Beasts, fowl, and fish their daily tribute give  
Of food and cloaths, and die that we may live :  
Seasons but change, new pleasures to produce,  
And elements contend to serve our use :  
Love's gentle shafts, ambition's tow'ring wings,  
The pomps of senates, churches, courts, and kings,  
All that our rev'rence, joy, or hope create,  
Are the gay play-things of this infant state.  
Scarcely an ill to human life belongs,  
But what our follies cause, or mutual wrongs ;  
Or if some stripes from Providence we feel,  
He strikes with pity, and but wounds to heal ;

Kindly

Kindly perhaps sometimes afflicts us here,  
 To guide our views to a sublimer sphere,  
 In more exalted joys to fix our taste,  
 And wean us from delights that cannot last.  
 Our present good the easy task is made,  
 To earn superior bliss, when this shall fade;  
 For, soon as e'er these mortal pleasures cloy,  
 His hand shall lead us to sublimer joy;  
 Snatch us from all our little sorrows here,  
 Calm ev'ry grief, and dry each childish tear;  
 Waft us to regions of eternal peace,  
 Where bliss and virtue grow with like increase;  
 From strength to strength our souls for ever guide  
 Thro' wond'rous scenes of Being yet untry'd,  
 Where in each stage we shall more perfect grow,  
 And new perfections, new delights bestow.

Oh! would mankind but make these truths their  
 guide,

And force the helm from prejudice and pride;  
 Were once these maxims fix'd, that God's our friend,  
 Virtue our good, and happiness our end,  
 How soon must reason o'er the world prevail,  
 And error, fraud, and superstition fail!  
 None wou'd hereafter then with groundless fear  
 Describe th' Almighty cruel and severe,  
 Predestinating some without pretence  
 To Heav'n, and some to Hell for no offence;  
 Inflicting endless pains for transient crimes,  
 And favouring sects or nations, men or times.



To please him none would foolishly forbear  
 Or food, or rest, or itch in shirts of hair,  
 Or deem it merit to believe or teach  
 What reason contradicts, or cannot reach \*;  
 None would fierce zeal for piety mistake,  
 Or malice for whatever tenets sake,  
 Or think salvation to one sect confin'd,  
 And heaven too narrow to contain mankind.

No more then nymphs, by long neglect grown nice,  
 Wou'd in one female frailty sum up vice,  
 And censure those, who, nearer to the right,  
 Think virtue is but to dispense delight †.

No servile tenets would admittance find,  
 Destructive of the rights of human kind;  
 Of power divine, hereditary right,  
 And non-resistance to a tyrant's might:  
 For sure that all shou'd thus for one be curs'd,  
 Is but great nature's edict just revers'd.

No moralists then, righteous to excess,  
 Wou'd shew fair Virtue in so black a dress,  
 That they, like boys, who some feign'd spright array,  
 First from the spectre fly themselves away:  
 No preachers in the terrible delight,  
 But chuse to win by reason, not affright;

\* It is apprehended, that genuine Christianity requires not the belief of any such propositions.

† These lines mean only, that censoriousness is a vice more odious than unchastity; this always proceeding from malevolence, that sometimes from too much good-nature and compliance.



Not, conjurers like, in fire and brimstone dwell,  
And draw each moving argument from hell.

No more our sage interpreters of laws  
Wou'd fatten on obscurities and flaws,  
But rather, nobly careful of their trust,  
Strive to wipe off the long contracted dust,  
And be, like Hardwicke, guardians of the just.

No more applause would on ambition wait,  
And laying waste the world be counted great,  
But one good-natur'd act more praises gain  
Than armies overthrown, and thousands slain;  
No more would brutal rage disturb our peace,  
But envy, hatred, war, and discord cease;  
Our own and others good each hour employ,  
And all things smile with universal joy;  
Virtue with Happiness her consort join'd,  
Wou'd regulate and bless each human mind,  
And man be what his Maker first design'd.

T H E  
MODERN FINE GENTLEMAN.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1746.

*Quale portentum neque militaris  
Daunia in latis alit esculetis,  
Nec Jubbæ tellus generat, leonum  
Arida nutrix.*

JUST broke from school, pert, impudent, and raw,  
Expert in Latin, more expert in taw,  
His Honour posts o'er Italy and France,  
Measures St. Peter's dome, and learns to dance.  
Thence, having quick through various countries flown,  
Glean'd all their follies and expos'd his own,  
He back returns, a thing so strange all o'er,  
As never ages past produc'd before ;  
A monster of such complicated worth,  
As no one single clime cou'd e'er bring forth ;  
Half atheist, papist, gamester, bubble, rook,  
Half fiddler, coachman, dancer, groom, and cook.  
Next, because business is now all the vogue,  
And who'd be quite polite must be a rogue,

In

In parliament he purchases a seat,  
 To make th' accomplish'd gentleman compleat.  
 There safe in self-sufficient impudence,  
 Without experience, honesty, or sense,  
 Unknowing in her int'rest, trade, or laws,  
 He vainly undertakes his Country's cause :  
 Forth from his lips, prepar'd at all to rail,  
 Torrents of nonsense burst, like bottled ale,  
 \* Tho' shallow, muddy ; brisk, tho' mighty dull ;  
 Fierce without strength ; o'erflowing, tho' not full.

Now quite a Frenchman in his garb and air,  
 His neck yok'd down with bag and solitaire,  
 The liberties of Britain he supports,  
 And storms at place-men, ministers, and courts ;  
 Now in cropt greasy hair, and leather breeches,  
 He loudly bellows out his patriot speeches ;  
 King, lords, and commons ventures to abuse,  
 Yet dares to shew those ears he ought to lose.  
 From hence to White's our virtuous Cato flies,  
 There sits with countenance erect and wise,  
 And talks of games of whist, and pig-tail pies ;  
 Plays all the night, nor doubts each law to break,  
 Himself unknowingly has help'd to make ;  
 Trembling and anxious, stakes his utmost groat,  
 Peeps o'er his cards, and looks as if he thought ;

\* Parody on these lines of Sir John Denham :

Tho' deep yet clear, tho' gentle yet not dull,  
 Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

Next

Next morn disowns the losses of the night,  
Because the fool would fain be thought a bite.

Devoted thus to politics and cards,  
Nor mirth, nor wine, nor women, he regards ;  
So far is ev'ry virtue from his heart,  
That not a gen'rous vice can claim a part ;  
Nay, lest one human passion e'er should move  
His soul to friendship, tenderness, or love,  
To Figg and Broughton \* he commits his breast,  
To steel it to the fashionable test.

Thus poor in wealth, he labours to no end,  
Wretched alone, in crowds without a friend ;  
Insensible to all that's good or kind,  
Deaf to all merit, to all beauty blind ;  
For love too busy, and for wit too grave,  
A harden'd, sober, proud, luxurious knave ;  
By little actions striving to be great,  
And proud to be, and to be thought a cheat.

And yet in this so bad is his success,  
That as his fame improves, his rents grow less ;  
On parchment wings his acres take their flight,  
And his unpeopled groves admit the light ;  
With his estate his int'rest too is done,  
His honest borough seeks a warmer sun :  
For him, now cash and liquor flows no more,  
His independent voters cease to roar ;  
And Britain soon must want the great defence  
Of all his honesty and eloquence,

\* One, a celebrated prize-fighter ; the other, a no less famous boxer.

But

But that the gen'rous youth, more anxious grown  
 For public liberty than for his own,  
 Marries some jointur'd antiquated crone;  
 And boldly, when his country is at stake,  
 Braves the deep yawning gulph, like Curtius, for its  
 stake.

Quickly again distress'd for want of coin,  
 He digs no longer in th' exhausted mine,  
 But seeks preferment, as the last resort,  
 Cringes each morn at levées, bows at court,  
 And, from the hand he hates, implores support.  
 The minister, well pleas'd at small expence  
 To silence so much rude impertinence,  
 With squeeze and whisper yields to his demands,  
 And on the venal list enroll'd he stands;  
 A ribband and a pension buy the slave:  
 This bribes the fool about him; That the knave.  
 And now arriv'd at his meridian glory,  
 He sinks apace, despis'd by Whig and Tory;  
 Of independence now he talks no more,  
 Nor shakes the senate with his patriot roar;  
 But silent votes, and with court-trappings hung,  
 Eyes his own glitt'ring star, and holds his tongue.  
 In craft political a bankrupt made,  
 He sticks to gaming, as the surer trade;  
 Turns downright sharper, lives by sucking blood,  
 And grows, in short, the very thing he wou'd:  
 Hunts out young heirs who have their fortunes spent,  
 And lends them ready cash at cent. per cent.

Lays



Lays wagers on his own, and others lives,  
Fights uncles, fathers, grandmothers, and wives ;  
Till Death at length, indignant to be made  
The daily subject of his sport and trade,  
Veils with his fable hand the wretch's eyes,  
And, groaning for the betts he loses by't, he dies.

THE  
MODERN FINE LADY.

————— *Miseri quibus*  
*Intentata nites.*

HOR.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1750.

S KILL'D in each art that can adorn the fair,  
The sprightly dance, the soft Italian air,  
The tofs of quality and high-bred fleer,  
Now Lady Harriot reach'd her fifteenth year :  
Wing'd with diversions all her moments flew,  
Each, as it pass'd, presenting something new ;  
Breakfasts and auctions wear the morn away,  
Each evening gives an opera, or a play ;  
Then Brag's eternal joys all night remain,  
And kindly usher in the morn again.

For love no time has she, or inclination,  
Yet must coquet it for the sake of fashion ;

For

For this she listens to each fop that's near,  
 Th' embroider'd colonel flatters with a sneer,  
 And the cropt ensign nuzzles in her ear.  
 But with most warmth her dress and airs inspire  
 Th' ambitious bosom of the landed 'squire,  
 Who fain would quit plump Dolly's softer charms  
 For wither'd lean Right Honourable arms ;  
 He bows with reverence at her sacred shrine,  
 And treats her as if sprung from race divine,  
 Which she returns with insolence and scorn,  
 Nor deigns to smile on a plebeian born.

Ere long by friends, by cards, and lovers cross'd,  
 Her fortune, health, and reputation lost ;  
 Her money gone, yet not a tradesman paid,  
 Her fame, yet she still damn'd to be a maid ;  
 Her spirits sink, her nerves are so unstrung,  
 \* She weeps, if but a handsome thief is hung.  
 By mercers, lacemen, mantua-makers prest,  
 But most for ready cash for play distressed,  
 Where can she turn !—The 'squire must all repair,  
 She condescends to listen to his pray'r,  
 And marries him at length in mere despair.

But soon th' en dearments of a husband cloy,  
 Her soul, her frame incapable of joy :  
 She feels no transports in the bridal bed,  
 Of which so oft sh' has heard, so much has read ;

\* Some of the brightest eyes were at this time in tears for one Maclean, condemned for a robbery on the highway.

Then vex'd, that she should be condemn'd alone  
 To seek in vain this philosophic stone,  
 To abler tutors she resolves t' apply,  
 A prostitute from curiosity :

Hence men of ev'ry sort, and ev'ry size,  
 \* Impatient for heaven's cordial drop, she tries ;  
 The fribbling beau, the rough unwieldy clown,  
 The ruddy templar newly on the town,  
 'The Hibernian captain of gigantic make,  
 The brimful parson, and th' exhausted rake.

But still malignant fate her wish denies,  
 Cards yield superior joys, to cards she flies ;  
 All night from rout to rout her chairmen run,  
 Again she plays, and is again undone.

Behold her now in ruin's frightful jaws !  
 Bonds, judgments, executions ope their paws ;  
 Seize jewels, furniture, and plate, nor spare  
 'The gilded chariot, or the tassell'd chair ;  
 For lonely feat she's forc'd to quit the town,  
 And † Tubbs conveys the wretched exile down.

Now rumbling o'er the stones of Tyburn-road,  
 Ne'er prest with a more griev'd or guilty load,  
 She bids adieu to all the well-known streets,  
 And envies ev'ry cinder-wench she meets :

\* The cordial drop heav'n in our cup has thrown,  
 To make the nauseous draught of life go down.    ROCH.

† A person well known for supplying people of quality with  
 hired equipages.

And

And now the dreaded country first appears,  
 With sighs unfeign'd the dying noise she hears  
 Of distant coaches fainter by degrees,  
 Then starts and trembles at the sight of trees.  
 Silent and sullen, like some captive queen,  
 She's drawn along unwilling to be seen,  
 Until at length appears the ruin'd Hall  
 Within the grass green moat and ivy'd wall,  
 The doleful prison where for ever she,  
 But not, alas! her griefs, must bury'd be.

Her coach the curate and the tradesmen meet,  
 Great-coated tenants her arrival greet,  
 And boys with stubble bonfires light the street,  
 While bells her ears with tongues discordant grate,  
 Types of the nuptial ties they celebrate:  
 But no rejoicings can unbend her brow,  
 Nor deigns she to return one awkward bow,  
 But bounces in, disdainingly once to speak,  
 And wipes the trickling tear from off her cheek.

Now see her in the sad decline of life,  
 A pcevish mistress, and a sulky wife;  
 Her nerves unbrac'd, her faded cheek grown pale  
 With many a real, and many a fancy'd ail;  
 Of cards, admirers, equipage bereft,  
 Her insolence and title only left;  
 Severely humbled to her one-hor'd chair,  
 And the low pastimes of a country fair:  
 Too wretched to endure one lonely day,  
 Too proud one friendly visit to repay,  
 Too indolent to read, too criminal to pray,



At length half dead, half mad, and quite confin'd,  
Shunning, and shunn'd by all of human kind,  
Ev'n robb'd of the last comfort of her life,  
Insulting the poor curate's callous wife,  
Pride, disappointed pride, now stops her breath,  
And with true scorpion rage she stings herself to death.

A D V E R.

## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

**T**HE following piece is a burlesque imitation: a species of poetry, whose chief excellence consists in a lucky and humourous application of the words and sentiments of any author to a new subject totally different from the original. This is what is usually forgot both by the writers and readers of these kind of compositions; the first of whom are apt to strike out new and independent thoughts of their own, and the latter to admire such injudicious excrescencies: these immediately lose sight of their original, and those scarce ever cast an eye towards him at all. It is thought proper therefore to advertise the reader, that in the following Epistle he is to expect nothing more than an apposite conversion of the serious sentiments of Horace on the Roman poetry, into more ludicrous ones on the subject of English politics; and if he thinks it not worth while to compare it line for line with the original, he will find in it neither wit, humour, nor even common sense; all the little merit it can pretend to consisting solely in the closeness of so long, and uninterrupted an imitation.

H O R A T I I

E P. I.    L I B. II.

A D   A U G U S T U M.

• CUM tot.sustineas & tanta negotia solus,  
Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,  
Legibus emendes ; in publica commoda peccem,  
Si longo sermone morer tua tempora, Cæsar.  
• Romulus, & Liber pater, & cum Castore Pollux,  
Post ingentia facta, deorum in templa recepti,  
Dum terras, hominumque colunt genus, aspera bella  
Componunt, agros assignant, oppida condunt ;

Ploravere

THE  
FIRST EPISTLE

OF THE  
SECOND BOOK OF HORACE,  
IMITATED.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
PHILIP, LORD HARDWICKE,  
LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF GREAT-BRITAIN.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1748.

WHILST you, my Lord, such various toils  
sustain,

Preside o'er Britain's Peers, her laws explain,  
With ev'ry virtue ev'ry heart engage,  
And live the bright example of the age,  
With tedious verse to trespass on your time,  
Is sure impertinence, if not a crime.

    All the fam'd heroes, statesmen, admirals,  
Who after death within the sacred walls  
Of Westminster with kings have been receiv'd,  
Met with but sorry treatment, while they liv'd;  
And tho' they labour'd in their country's cause,  
With arms defended her, and form'd with laws,

Yet

Ploravere suis non respondere favorem  
 Speratum meritis : <sup>c</sup> diram qui contudit hydram,  
 Notaque fatali portenta labore subegit,

Comperit invidiam supremo fine domari.

<sup>d</sup> Urit enim fulgore suo, qui prægravat artes  
 Infra se positas : extinctus amabitur idem.

<sup>e</sup> Præsenti tibi maturos largimur honores,  
 Jurandasque tuum per nomen ponimus aras,

<sup>f</sup> Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes.

<sup>g</sup> Sed tuus hic populus sapiens & justus in uno,

Te nostris ducibus, te Graiis anteferendo,

Cætera nequaquam simili ratione modoque

Æstimat ; & nisi quæ terris semota suisque  
 Temporibus defuncta videt, fastidit & odit.

<sup>h</sup> Sic fautor veterum, ut tabulas peccare vetantes,

Quas bis quinque viri sanxerunt ; fœdera regum

Vel Gabiis, vel cum rigidis æquata Sabinis,

Pontificum libros, annosa volumina vatum,

Dictitet Albano Musas in monte locutas.

<sup>i</sup> Si, quia Græcorum sunt antiquissima quæque

Scripta, vel optima, Romani pensantur eâdem

Scriptores



Yet ever mourn'd they till'd a barren soil,  
 And left the world ungrateful to their toil.  
 Ev'n \* He, who long the House of Commons led,  
 That Hydra dire, with many a gaping head,  
 Found by experience to his latest breath,  
 Envy could only be subdu'd by death.  
 Great men whilst living must expect disgraces,  
 Dead they're ador'd—when none desire their places.

\* This common fate, my Lord, attends not you,  
 Above all equal, and all envy too ;  
 With such unrivall'd eminence you shine,  
 That in this truth alone all parties join,  
 The seat of justice in no former reign  
 Was e'er so greatly fill'd, nor ever can again.

\* But tho' the people are so just to you,  
 To none besides will they allow their due,  
 No minister approve, who is not dead,  
 Nor till h' has lost it, own he had a head ;  
 Yet such respect they bear to ancient things,  
 They've some for former ministers and kings ;  
 And, with a kind of superstitious awe,  
 Deem Magna Charta still a sacred law.

\* But if because the government was best  
 Of old in France, when freedom she possess'd,

\* Sir Robert Walpole.

Scriptores trutinâ ; non est quod multa loquamur :  
Nil intra est oleam, nil extrâ est in nuce duri :

<sup>k</sup> Venimus ad summum fortunæ : pingimus atque

<sup>l</sup> Pfallimus, & luctamur Achivis doctius unctis.

<sup>m</sup> Si meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit,  
Scire velim, pretium chartis quotus arroget annus ?  
Scriptor abhinc annos centum qui decidit, inter  
Perfectos veteresque referri debet, an inter  
Viles atque novos ? excludat jurgia finis.

<sup>n</sup> Est vetus atque probus centum qui perficit annos ?

Quid, qui deperit minor uno mense vel anno,

Inter quos referendus erit ? veteresne poetas,

An quos & præsens & postera respuet ætas ?

Iste quidem veteres inter ponetur honestè,

Qui vel mense brevi, vel toto est junior anno.

Utor permissio, caudæque pilos ut equinæ

<sup>o</sup> Paulatim vello ; & demo unum, demo etiam unum,

Dum cadat elusus ratione ruentis acervi,

Qui redit ad fastos, & virtutem æstimet annis,

Miraturque nihil, nisi quod Libitina sacravit.

<sup>p</sup> Ennius & sapiens & fortis & alter Homerus,  
Ut critici dicunt, leviter curare videtur

Quòd promissa cadant, & somnia Pythagorea.

<sup>q</sup> Nævius in manibus non est, & mentibus hæret

Penè recens : adeò sanctum est vetus omne poema.

<sup>r</sup> Ambigitur quoties, uter utro sit prior ; aufert  
Pacuvius docti famam senis, Accius alti :

Dicitur

In the same scale resolv'd to weigh our own,  
 England's we judge was so, who then had none ;  
 Into most strange absurdities we fall,  
 Unworthy to be reason'd with at all.  
 \* Brought to perfection in these days we see  
 All arts, and their great parent Liberty ;  
 ' With skill profound we sing, eat, dress, and dance,  
 And in each goût polite, excel ev'n France.

10 If age of ministers is then the test,  
 And, as of wines, the oldest are the best,  
 Let's try and fix some æra, if we can,  
 When good ones were extinct, and bad began :  
 " Are they all wicked since Eliza's days ?  
 Did none in Charles' or James's merit praise ?  
 Or are they knaves but since the Revolution ?  
 If none of these are facts, then all's confusion ;  
 And by the self-same rule one cannot fail  
 \* To pluck each hair out singly from the tail.

' Wise Cecil, lov'd by people and by prince,  
 As often broke his word as any since :  
 ' Of Arthur's days we almost nothing know,  
 Yet sing their praise, because they're long ago.

' Oft as 'tis doubted in their several ways  
 Which of past orators best merit praise,  
 We find it to decide extremely hard,  
 If Harley's head deserv'd the most regard,

Or

Dicitur Afranî toga convenisse Menandro ;  
 Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi ;  
 \* Vincere Cæcilius gravitate, Terentius arte.  
 \* Hos ediscit, & hos arcto stipata theatro,  
 Spectat Roma potens : habet hos numeratque poetas  
 Ad nostrum tempus, Livii scriptoris ab ævo.  
 \* Interdum vulgus rectum videt ; est ubi peccat.  
 \* Si veteres ita miratur laudatque poetas,  
 Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet ; errat.  
 \* Si quædam nimis antiquè, si pleraque durè  
 Dicere credet eos, ignavè, multa fatetur ;  
 Et sapit, & mecum facit, & Jove judicat æquo.

\* Non equidem infector, delendaque carmina Livii  
 Esse reor, memini quæ plagosum mihi parvo  
 \* Orbilium dictare ; sed emendata videri,  
 Pulchraque, & exactis minimùm distantia, miror.  
 \* Inter quæ verbum emicuit si fortè decorum, &  
 Si versus paullò concinnior unus & alter ;  
 Injustè totum ducit venditque poema.  
 \* Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia crassè  
 Compositum illepidève putetur, sed quia nuper ;  
 Nec veniam antiquis, sed honorem & præmia posci.

Rectè

Or Windham's tongue, or Jekyl's patriot heart,  
 Old Shippen's gravity, or Walpole's art.  
 These were ador'd by all with whom they voted,  
 And in the fullest Houses still are quoted ;  
 These have been fam'd from Anna's days till ours,  
 When Pelham has improv'd, with unknown pow'rs,  
 The art of ministerial eloquence,  
 By adding honest truth to nervous sense.  
 Oft are the vulgar wrong, yet sometimes right ;  
 The late rebellion in the truest light  
 By chance they saw ; but were not once so wise,  
 Unknown, unheard, in damning the excise :  
 If former reigns they fancy had no fault,  
 I think their judgment is not worth a groat :  
 But if they frankly own their politicks,  
 Like ours, might have some blunders, and some tricks,  
 With such impartial sentiments I join,  
 And their opinions tally just with mine.

I would by no means church or king destroy,  
 And yet the doctrines taught me when a boy  
 By Crab the curate, now seem wond'rous odd,  
 That either came immediately from God :  
 In all the writings of those high-flown ages,  
 You meet with now and then some scatter'd pages  
 Wrote with some spirit and with sense enough ;  
 These sell the book, the rest is wretched stuff :  
 I'm quite provok'd, when principles, tho' true,  
 Must stand impeach'd by fools, because they're new.  
Show'd



\* Rectè necne crocum floresque perambulet Attæ  
 Fabula, si dubitem ; clament periisse pudorem  
 Cuncti penè patres : ea cùm reprehendere conor,  
 Quæ gravis Æsopus, quæ doctus Roscius egit.  
 Vel quia nil rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt,  
 † Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, & quæ  
 Imberbes didicere, senes perdenda fateri.

\* Jam Saliare Numæ carmen qui laudat, & illud  
 Quod mecum ignorat, solus vult scire videri ;  
 Ingeniis non ille favet, plauditque sepultis ;  
 Nostra sed. impugnat : nos nostraque lividus odit.  
 † Quod si tam Græcis novitas invisa fuisset  
 Quàm nobis, quid nunc esset vetus ? aut quid haberet  
 Quod legeret tereretque viritim publicus usus ?

\* Ut primum positis nugari Græciâ bellis  
 Cœpit, & in vitium fortunâ labier æquâ,  
 † Nunc athletarum studiis, nunc arsit equorum ;  
 ‡ Marmoris aut eboris fabros aut æris amavit :  
 Suspendit pictâ vultum mentemque tabellâ :  
 \* Nunc tibicinibus, nunc est gavisa tragœdis :  
 † Sub nutrice puella velut si luderet infans,  
 Quod cupidè petiit, maturè plena reliquit.  
 Quid placet, aut odio est, quod non mutabile credas ?  
 ‡ Hoc paces habuere bonæ ventique secundi.

Romæ

c Shou'd I but question, only for a joke,  
 If all was flow'rs, when pompous Hanmer spoke,  
 If things went right, when St. John trod the stage,  
 How the old Tories all would storm and rage!  
 d They shun conviction, or because a truth  
 Confess'd in age implies they err'd in youth;  
 Or that they scorn to learn of junior wits:  
 What!—to be taught by Lytteltons and Pitts.

e When angry patriots or in prose or rhymes  
 Extol the virtuous deeds of former times,  
 They only mean the present to disgrace,  
 And look with envious hate on all in place:  
 f But had the patriots of those ancient days  
 Play'd the same game for profit, or for praise,  
 The trade, tho' now so flourishing and new,  
 Had long been ruin'd and the nation too.

g England, when once of peace and wealth possess'd,  
 Began to think frugality a jest,  
 So grew polite; hence all her well-bred heirs  
 h Gamesters and jockeys turn'd, and cricket-play'rs;  
 i Pictures and busts in ev'ry house were seen;  
 What shou'd have paid the butcher, bought Pouffin;  
 k Now operas, now plays were all the fashion,  
 Then whist became the business of the nation,  
 l That, like a froward child, in wanton play  
 Now cries for toys, then tosses them away;  
 Each hour we chang'd our pleasures, dress, and diet;  
 m These were the blest effects of being quiet.

• Romæ dulce diu fuit & solemne reclusa  
 Manè domo vigilare, clienti promere jura,  
 Cautos nominibus certis expendere nummos,  
 • Majores audire, minori dicere, per quæ  
 Crescere res posset, minui damnosa libido.

• Mutavit mentem populus levis, & calet uno  
 Scribendi studio, pueri patresque severi  
 • Fronde comas vincti cœnant, & carmina dictant.  
 • Ipse ego, qui nullos me affirmo scribere versus,  
 Invenior Parthis mendacior, & prius orto  
 Sole vigil calamum & chartas & scrinia posco.

• Navem agere ignarus navis timet; abrotonum  
 ægro  
 Non audet, nisi qui didicit, dare. Quod medicorum est,  
 Promittunt medici. Tractant fabrilia fabri.  
 Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim.

• Hic error tamen & levis, hæc infania quantas  
 Virtutes habeat, sic collige : vatis avarus

Non

• Not thus behav'd the true old English 'squire,  
 He smoak'd his pipe each morn by his own fire,  
 There justice to dispense was ever willing,  
 And for his warrants pick'd up many a shilling :  
 • To teach his younger neighbours always glad,  
 Where for their corn best markets might be had,  
 And from experienc'd age as glad to learn,  
 How to defraud unseen the parson's barn.

• But now the world's quite alter'd ; all are bent  
 To leave their seats, and fly to parliament :  
 Old men and boys in this alone agree,  
 And vainly courting popularity,  
 Ply their obstrep'rous voters all night long  
 • With bumpers, toasts, and now and then a song :  
 • Ev'n I, who swear these follies I despise,  
 Than statesmen, or their porters, tell more lies ;  
 And, for the fashion-sake, in spite of nature,  
 Commence sometimes a most important creature,  
 Busy as Car—w. rave for ink and quills,  
 And stuff my head and pockets full of bills.

• Few landmen go to sea unless they're prest,  
 And quacks in all professions are a jest ;  
 None dare to kill, except most learn'd physicians,  
 Learn'd, or unlearn'd, we all are politicians :  
 There's not a soul but thinks, cou'd he be sent,  
 H' has parts enough to shine in parliament.

• Tho' many ills this modern taste produces,  
 Yet still, my Lord, 'tis not without its uses ;

\* Non temerè est animus; versus amat, hoc studet  
unum;

• Detrimenta, fugas servorum, incendia ridet:

• Non fraudem socio puerove incogitat ullam  
Pupillo; † vivit filiquis & pane secundo;

• Militiæ quanquam piger & malus, utilis urbi.

• Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari,

• Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat;

• Torquet ab obscænis jam nunc sermonibus aurem:

• Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis,  
Asperitatis & invidiæ corrector & iræ;

• Rectè facta refert; orientia tempora notis  
Instruit exemplis; † inopem solatur & ægrum.

• Castis cum pueris ignara puella mariti

Disceret unde preces, vatem ni Musa dedisset?

Poscit opem chorus, & præsentia numina sentit;

• Cœlestes implorat aquas doctâ prece blandus,

Avertit



• These minor politicians are a kind  
 Not much to selfish avarice inclin'd ;  
 Do but allow them with applause to speak,  
 • They little care, tho' all their tenants break ;  
 • They form intrigues with no man's wife or daughter,  
 • And live on pudden, chicken-broth, and water ;  
 • Fierce Jacobites, as far as blust'ring words,  
 But loth in any cause to draw their swords.

• Were smaller matters worthy of attention,  
 A thousand other uses I could mention ;  
 For instance, in each monthly magazine  
 Their essays and orations still are seen,  
 • And magazines teach boys and girls to read,  
 And are the canons of each tradesman's creed ;  
 Apprentices they serve to entertain,  
 • Instead of smutty tales, and plays profane ;  
 • Instruct them how their passions to command,  
 And to hate none—but those who rule the land :  
 • Facts they record, births, marriages, and deaths,  
 • Sometimes receipts for claps, and stinking breaths.

• When with her brothers miss comes up to town,  
 How for each play can she afford a crown ;  
 Where find diversions gratis, and yet pretty,  
 Unless she goes to church, or a committee ;  
 And sure committees better entertain,  
 Than hearing a dull parson pray for rain,

- <sup>i</sup> Avertit morbos, metuenda pericula pellit,  
<sup>k</sup> Impetrat & pacem, & locupletem frugibus annum.  
<sup>l</sup> Carmine Dî superi placantur, carmine Manes.

- <sup>m</sup> Agricolæ prisci, fortes, parvoque beati,  
<sup>n</sup> Condita post frumenta, levantes tempore festo  
 Corpus, & ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentem,  
 Cum sociis operum, & pueris & conjuge fidâ;  
 Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant,  
 Floribus & vino Genium memorem brevis ævi.  
<sup>o</sup> Fescennina per hunc inventa licentia morem  
 Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit;  
<sup>p</sup> Libertasque recurrentes accepta per annos  
 Lufit amabiliter; donec jam sævus apertam  
<sup>q</sup> In rabiem verti cœpit jocus, & per honestas  
 Ire minax impunè domos: dóluerè cruento  
<sup>r</sup> Dente laceffiti: fuit intactis quoque cura  
 Conditione super communi: quin etiam lex,  
<sup>s</sup> Pœnaque lata, malo quæ nollet carmine quenquam  
 Describi: vertère modum, formidine fustis  
 Ad benè dicendum delectandumque redacti.  
<sup>t</sup> Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, & artes  
 Intulit agresti Latio: sic horridus ille  
<sup>u</sup> Defluxit numerus Saturnius; & grave virus  
 Munditiæ pepulere: sed in longum tamen ævum  
<sup>w</sup> Manferunt hodieque manent vestigia ruris.

Serus

<sup>1</sup> Or whining beg deliverance from battle,  
 Dangers, and sins, and sickness amongst cattle ;  
 At church she hears with unattentive ear  
<sup>2</sup> The pray'rs for peace, and for a plenteous year,  
 But here quite charm'd with so much wit and sense,  
 She falls a victim soon to eloquence :  
 Well may she fall ; since eloquence has power  
<sup>3</sup> To govern both the Upper House and Lower.

<sup>4</sup> Our ancient gentry, frugal, bold, and rough,  
 Were farmers, yet liv'd happily enough ;  
<sup>5</sup> They, when in barns their corn was safely lay'd,  
 For harvest-homes great entertainments made,  
 The well-rubb'd tables crack'd with beef and pork,  
 And all the supper shar'd who shar'd the work :  
<sup>6</sup> This gave freeholders first a taste for eating,  
 And was the source of all election-treating ;  
<sup>7</sup> A while their jests, tho' merry, yet were wise,  
 And they took none but decent liberties.  
 Brandy and punch at length such riots bred,  
<sup>8</sup> No sober family cou'd sleep in bed :  
<sup>9</sup> All were alarm'd, ev'n those who had no hurt  
<sup>10</sup> Call'd in the law, to stop such dang'rous sport.  
<sup>11</sup> Rich citizens at length new arts brought down  
 With ready cash, to win each country town ;  
<sup>12</sup> This less disorders caus'd than downright drink,  
 Freemen grew civil, and began to think ;  
<sup>13</sup> But still all canvassing produc'd confusion,  
 The reliëts of its rustic institution.

<sup>x</sup> Serus enim Græcis admovit acumina chartis,  
 Et post Punica bella quietus, quærere cœpit,  
 Quid Sophocles, & Thespis, & Æschylus utile ferrent,  
 Tentavit quoque rem si dignè vertere posset :  
<sup>y</sup> Et placuit sibi, naturâ sublimis & acer,  
 Nam spirat tragicum fatis, & feliciter audet :  
<sup>z</sup> Sed turpem putat in scriptis metuitque lituram.  
<sup>a</sup> Creditur, ex medio quia res arcessit, habere  
<sup>b</sup> Sudoris minimùm ; sed habet comœdia tanto  
 Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus : <sup>c</sup> adspice Plautus  
<sup>d</sup> Quo pacto partes tutetur amantis ephebi,  
<sup>e</sup> Ut patris attenti, <sup>f</sup> lenonis ut insidiosus :  
 Quantus sit Dorfennus <sup>g</sup> edacibus in parasitis :  
<sup>h</sup> Quàm non adstricto percurrat pulpita socco.  
<sup>i</sup> Gestit enim nummum in loculos demittere ; post hoc  
 Securus, cadat, an recto stet fabula talo.  
<sup>k</sup> Quem tulit ad scenam ventoso gloria curru,  
 Exanimat lentus spectator : sedulus inflat.

Sic



\* 'Tis but of late, since thirty years of peace  
 To useful sciences have giv'n increase,  
 That w' have inquir'd how Rome's lost sons of old  
 Barter'd their liberties for feasts and gold ;  
 What treats proud Sylla, Cæsar, Crassus gave,  
 And try'd, like them, to buy each hungry knave :  
 Nor try'd in vain ; y too fortunately bold,  
 Many have purchas'd votes, and many sold ;  
 No laws can now amend this venal land,  
 † That dreads the touch of a reforming hand.

Some think an int'rest may be form'd with ease,  
 † Because the vulgar we must chiefly please ;  
 † But for that reason 'tis the harder task,  
 For such will neither pardon grant, nor ask.  
 † See how Sir W ———, master of this art,  
 By different methods wins each C ——— n heart.  
 † He tells raw youths, that whoring is no harm,  
 † And teaches their attentive fires to farm ;  
 To his own table lovingly invites  
 † Insidious pimps, and † hungry parasites :  
 † Sometimes in slippers, and a morning gown,  
 He pays his early visits round a town,  
 At every house relates his stories over,  
 Of place-bills, taxes, turneps, and Hanover ;  
 † If tales will money save, and business do,  
 It matters little, are they false or true.

\* Whoe'er prefers a clam'rous mob's applause  
 To his own conscience, or his country's cause,



<sup>1</sup> Sic leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis avarum  
Subruit aut reficit : <sup>m</sup> valeat res ludicra, si me  
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.

<sup>n</sup> Sæpe etiam audacem fugat hoc terretque poetam,  
Quod numero plures, virtute & honore minores,  
Indocti, stolidique, & depugnare parati,  
Si discordet eques, media inter carmina poscunt

• Aut ursum, aut pugiles : his nam plebecula gaudet.

<sup>p</sup> Verùm equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas

Omnis ad incertos oculos & gaudia vana,  
Quatuor aut plures aulæa premuntur in horas,

<sup>q</sup> Dum fugiunt equitum turmæ, peditumque catervæ.

Mox trahitur manibus regum fortuna retortis ;  
Effeda festinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves :

<sup>r</sup> Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.

Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus, seu

Diversum confusa genus panthera camelo,

Sive elephas albus vulgi converteret ora.

Spectaret populum ludis attentius ipsis.

Ut sibi præbentem mimo spectacula plura :

Scriptores autem narrare putaret afello

<sup>s</sup> Fabellam furdo : nam quæ pervincere voces

Evaluere sonum, referunt quem nostra theatra ?

Garganum mugire putes nemus, aut mare Thuscum :

Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, & artes

Divitiæque peregrinæ ; <sup>t</sup> quibus oblitus actor

Cùm stetit in scenâ, concurrat dextera lævæ.

<sup>u</sup> Dixit adhuc aliquid ? Nil sane. Quod placet ergo ?

Lana

Is soon elated, and as soon cast down  
 By every drunken cöbler's smile or frown ;  
 ' So small a matter can depress or raise  
 A mind that's meanly covetous of praise :  
 But if my quiet must dependent be  
 On the vain breath of popularity,  
 A wind each hour to diff'rent quarters veering,  
 " Adieu, say I, to all Electioneering.

" The boldest orator it disconcerts,  
 To find the many, tho' of meanest parts,  
 Illit'rate, squabbling, discontented prigs,  
 Fitter t' attend a boxing-match at Figg's,  
 To all good sense and reason shut their ears,  
 Yet take delight in S—d—m's ° bulls and bears.

" Young knights now sent from many a distant shire  
 Are better pleas'd with what they see than hear ;  
 Their joy's to view his majesty approach,  
 Drawn by eight milk-white steeds in gilded coach,  
 The pageant show and bustle to behold,  
 " The guards both horse and foot lac'd o'er with gold,  
 The rich insignia from the Tower brought down,  
 " The iv'ry scepter and the radiant crown.  
 The mob huzza, the thund'ring cannons roar,  
 And business is delay'd at least an hour ;  
 The Speaker calls indeed to mind what passes,  
 But might as well read orders to deaf asses.

" But now see honest V—— rise to joke !  
 The House all laugh : " " What says he? Has he spoke?"

No

Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.

<sup>w</sup> Ac ne fortè putes me, quæ facere ipse recufem,  
Cùm rectè tractant alii, laudare malignè ;

<sup>x</sup> Ille per extantum funem mihi posse videtur  
Ire poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,

<sup>y</sup> Irritat, mulcet, <sup>z</sup> falsis terroribus implet,

<sup>a</sup> Ut magus ; & <sup>b</sup> modò me Thebis, modò ponit Athenis.

<sup>c</sup> Verùm age, & his qui se lectori credere malunt,  
Quam spectatoris fastidia ferre superbi,  
Curam redde brevem ; <sup>d</sup> si munus Apolline dignum  
Vis complere libris, <sup>e</sup> & vatibus addere calcar,  
Ut studio majore petant Helicon virentem.

<sup>f</sup> Multa quidem nobis facimus mala sæpe poetæ,

<sup>g</sup> (Ut vineta egomet cædam mea) cùm tibi librum

<sup>h</sup> Sollicito damus, aut fesso ; cùm lædimur, unum

<sup>i</sup> Si quis amicorum est ausus reprehendere versum,

<sup>k</sup> Cùm loca jam recitata revolvimus irrevocati ;

<sup>l</sup> Cùm lamentamur non apparere labores

Nostros, & tenui deducta poemata filo :

Cùm

No not a word ; then whence this sudden mirth ?  
His phiz foretells some jest's approaching birth.

    \* But lest I seem these orators to wrong,  
Envious because I share no gift of tongue,  
    \* Is there a Man whose eloquence has pow'r  
To clear the fullest House in half an hour,  
Who now appears to rave and now to weep,  
    \* Who sometimes makes us swear, and sometimes sleep,  
    \* Now fills our heads with false alarms from France,  
    \* Then conjurer-like   \* to India bids us dance,  
All eulogies on him we own are true,  
For surely he does all that man can do.

    \* But whilst, my Lord, these makers of our laws  
Thus speak themselves into the world's applause,  
    \* Let bards for such attempts too modest share  
What more they prize, your patronage and care,  
    \* If you would spur them up the Muses' hill,  
Or ask their aid your library to fill.  
    \* We poets are in ev'ry age, and nation,  
A most absurd, wrong-headed generation ;  
This in a thousand instances is shewn  
    \* (Myself as guilty as the rest I own) ;  
As when on you our nonsense we impose,  
    \* Tir'd with the nonsense you have heard in prose ;  
    \* When w' are offended, if some honest friend  
Presumes one unharmonious verse to mend ;  
    \* When undesir'd our labours we repeat,  
    \* Grieve they're no more regarded by the Great,

And



• Cùm speramus eo rem venturam, ut simul atque  
Carmina rescieris nos fingere, commodus ultrò  
Arceffas, & egere vetes, & scribere cogas.

• Sed tamen est operæ pretium cognoscere, quales  
Ædituos habeat belli spectata domique  
Virtus, indigno non committenda poetæ.

• Gratus Alexandro regi magno fuit ille  
Chœrilus, incultis qui versibus & malè natis  
Rettulit acceptos, regale numisma, Philippos.  
Sed veluti tractata notam labemque remittunt  
Atramenta, ferè scriptores carmine fædo  
Splendida facta linunt. Idem rex ille poema,  
Qui tam ridiculum tam carè prodigus emit,  
Edicto vetuit ne quis se, præter Apellem,  
Pingeret, aut alius. Lysippo duceret æra

• Fortis Alexandri vultum simulantia : quod si  
Judicium subtile videndis artibus illud  
Ad libros & ad hæc Musarum dona vocares ;  
• Bœotum in crasso jurares aëre natum.

• At neque dedecorant tua de se judicia, atque  
Munera quæ multâ dantis cum laude tulerunt,  
Dilecti tibi Virgilius Variusque poetæ.

• Nec magis expressi vultus per ahenea signa,  
Quàm per vatis opus mores animique virorum  
Clarorum apparent : • nec sermones ego mallet  
Repentes per humum, quàm res componere gestas,  
Terrarumque situs, & flumina dicere, & arces  
Montibus impositas, & barbara regna, tuisque

Auspiciis



And fancy, shou'd You once but see our faces,  
You'd bid us write, and pay us all with places.

'Tis your's, my Lord, to form the soul to verse,  
Who have such num'rous virtues to rehearse;  
Great Alexander once, in ancient days,  
Pay'd Chœrilus for daubing him with praise;  
And yet the same fam'd hero made a law,  
None but Apelles shou'd his picture draw;  
None but Lyfippus cast his royal head  
In brass: it had been treason if in lead;  
A prince he was in valour ne'er surpass'd,  
And had in painting too perhaps some taste;  
But as to verse, undoubted is the matter,  
He must be dull, as a Dutch commentator.

But you, my Lord, a fav'rite of the Muse,  
Wou'd chuse good poets, were there good to chuse;  
'You know they paint the great man's soul as like,  
As can his features Kneller or Vandyke.  
'Had I such pow'r, I never wou'd compose  
Such creeping lines as these, nor verse, nor prose;  
But rather try to celebrate your praise,  
And with your just encomiums swell my lays:  
Had I a genius equal to my will,  
Gladly would I exert my utmost skill  
To consecrate to fame Britannia's land  
Receiving law from your impartial hand;  
By your wise councils once more pow'rful made,  
Her fleets rever'd, and flourishing her trade;

Ex-

\* Auspiciis totum confecta duella per orbem :  
 Claustraque custodem pacis cohibentia Janum,  
 \* Et formidatam Parthis te principe Romam ;  
 † Si, quantum cuperem, possem quoque \* sed neque  
 parvum

Carmen majestas recipit tua ; nec meus audet  
 Rem tentare pudor, quam vires ferre recusent.  
 \* Sedulitas autem stultè quem diligit, urget ;  
 Præcipuè cùm se numeris commendat & arte.  
 Discit enim citiùs meminitque libentiùs illud  
 Quod quis deridet, quàm quod probat & veneratur.  
 Nil moror officium quod me gravat : ac neque ficto  
 In pejus vultu proponi cereus usquam,  
 Nec prave factis decorari versibus opto :  
 Ne rubeam pingui donatus munere ; & unà  
 Cum scriptore meo, capsâ porrectus apertâ,  
 \* Deferar in vicum vendentem thus & odores,  
 Et piper, & quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

▪ Exhausted nations trembling at her sword,  
▪ And \* Peace long wish'd-for to the world restor'd.

▪ But your true greatness suffers no such praise,  
▪ My verse would sink the theme it meant to raise;  
Unequal to the task wou'd surely meet  
Deserv'd contempt, and each presumptuous sheet  
Could serve for nothing, scrawl'd with lines so simple,  
▪ Unless to wrap up sugar-loaves for Wimple †.

\* A general peace was at this time just concluded at Aix la Chapelle.

† Lord Hardwicke's seat in Cambridgeshire.

TO THE RT. HON. THE  
**EARL OF CHESTERFIELD,**  
 ON HIS BEING INSTALLED KNIGHT OF  
 THE GARTER \*.

**T**HESE trophies, Stanhope, of a lovely dame,  
 Once the bright object of a monarch's flame,  
 Who with such just propriety can wear,  
 As thou, the darling of the gay and fair ?  
 See ev'ry friend to wit, politeness, love,  
 With one consent thy Sovereign's choice approve !  
 And liv'd Plantagenet her voice to join,  
 Herself and Garter both were surely thine.

\* He was installed at Windsor on the 18th of June 1730, at the same time with the Duke of Cumberland and the Earl of Burlington.

T O

## A L A D Y I N T O W N,

SOON AFTER HER LEAVING THE COUNTRY.

**W**HILST you, dear maid, o'er thousands born  
to reign,

For the gay town exchange the rural plain,  
The cooling breeze and ev'ning walk forsake  
For stifling crowds, which your own beauties make;  
Thro' circling joys while you incessant stray,  
Charm in the Mall, and sparkle at the play;  
Think (if successive vanities can spare  
One thought to love) what cruel pangs I bear,  
Left in these plains all wretched, and alone,  
To weep with fountains, and with echos groan,  
And mourn incessantly that fatal day,  
That all my bliss with Chloe snatch'd away.

Say by what arts I can relieve my pain,  
Music, verse, all I try, but try in vain;  
In vain the breathing flute my hand employs,  
Late the companion of my Chloe's voice,  
Nor Handel's nor Corelli's tuneful airs  
Can harmonize my soul, or soothe my cares;  
Those once-lov'd med'cines unsuccessful prove,  
Music, alas, is but the voice of love!

S 2

In



In vain I oft harmonious lines peruse,  
 And seek for aid from Pope's and Prior's muse;  
 Their treach'rous numbers but assist the foe,  
 And call forth scenes of sympathizing woe:  
 Here Heloise mourns her absent lover's charms,  
 There parting Emma sighs in Henry's arms;  
 Their loves like mine ill-fated I bemoan,  
 And in their tender sorrows read my own.

Restless sometimes, as oft the mournful dove  
 Forsakes her nest forsaken by her love,  
 I fly from home, and seek the sacred fields  
 Where Cam's old urn its silver current yields,  
 Where solemn tow'rs o'erlook each mossy grove,  
 As if to guard it from th' assaults of love;  
 Yet guard in vain, for there my Chloe's eyes  
 But lately made whole colleges her prize;  
 Her sons, tho' few, not Pallas cou'd defend,  
 Nor Dullness succour to her thousands lend;  
 Love like a fever with infectious rage  
 Scorch'd up the young, and thaw'd the frost of age:  
 To gaze at her, ev'n Dons were seen to run,  
 And leave unfinish'd pipes, and authors—scarce begun.

\* So Helen look'd, and mov'd with such a grace,  
 When the grave seniors of the Trojan race  
 Were forc'd those fatal beauties to admire,  
 That all their youth consum'd, and set their town on fire.

At fam'd Newmarket oft I spend the day,  
 An unconcern'd spectator of the play;

\* Vid. Hom. Il. lib. III. ver. 150.

There pitiless observe the ruin'd heir  
 With anger fir'd, or melting with despair;  
 For how shou'd I his trivial loss bemoan,  
 Who feel one, so much greater, of my own?  
 There while the golden heaps, a glorious prize,  
 Wait the decision of two rival dice,  
 Whilst long disputes 'twixt *seven* and *five* remain,  
 And each, like parties, have their friends for gain,  
 Without one wish I see the guineas shine,  
 "Fate, keep your gold, I cry, make Chloe mine."  
 Now see, prepar'd their utmost speed to try,  
 O'er the smooth turf the bounding racers fly!  
 Now more and more their slender limbs they strain,  
 And foaming stretch along the velvet plain!  
 Ah stay! swift steeds, your rapid flight delay,  
 No more the jockey's smarting lash obey:  
 But rather let my hand direct the rein,  
 And guide your steps a nobler prize to gain;  
 Then swift as eagles cut the yielding air,  
 Bear me, oh bear me to the absent fair.

Now when the winds are hush'd, the air serene,  
 And chearful sun-beams gild the beauteous scene,  
 Pensive o'er all the neighb'ring fields I stray,  
 Where'er or choice or chance directs the way:  
 Or view the op'ning lawns, or private woods,  
 Or distant bluish hills, or silver floods:  
 Now harmless birds in silken nets insnare,  
 Now with swift dogs pursue the flying hare:  
 Dull sports! for oh my Chloe is not there!

}

Fatigu'd at length I willingly retire  
To a small study, and a chearful fire,  
There o'er some folio pore ; I pore 'tis true,  
But oh my thoughts are fled, and fled to you !  
I hear you, see you, feast upon your eyes,  
And clasp with eager arms the lovely prize ;  
Here for a while I cou'd forget my pain,  
Whilst I by dear affliction live again :  
But ev'n these joys are too sublime to last,  
And quickly fade, like all the real ones past ;  
For just when now beneath some silent grove  
I hear you talk—and talk perhaps of love,  
Or charm with thrilling notes the list'ning ear,  
Sweeter than angels sing, or angels hear,  
My treach'rous hand its weighty charge lets go,  
The book falls thund'ring on the floor below,  
The pleasing vision in a moment's gone,  
And I once more am wretched, and alone.

So when glad Orpheus from th' infernal shade  
Had just recall'd his long-lamented maid,  
Soon as her charms had reach'd his eager eyes,  
Lost in eternal night—again she dies.

T O

A L A D Y.

SENT WITH A PRESENT OF SHELLS AND STONES  
DESIGNED FOR A GROTTO.

WITH gifts like these, the spoils of neighb'ring  
shores,

The Indian swain his fable love adores.

Off'rings well suited to the dusky shrine

Of his rude goddess, but unworthy mine :

And yet they seem not such a worthless prize,

If nicely view'd by philosophic eyes ;

And such are yours, that nature's works admire

With warmth like that, which they themselves inspire.

To such how fair appears each grain of sand,

Or humblest weed as wrought by Nature's hand !

How far superior to all human pow'r

Springs the green blade, or buds the painted flow'r !

In all her births, tho' of the meanest kinds,

A just observer entertainment finds,

With fond delight her low productions fees,

And how she gently rises by degrees ;

A shell or stone he can with pleasure view,

Hence trace her noblest works, the heav'ns—and you.



Behold, how bright these gaudy trifles shine,  
 The lovely sportings of a hand divine !  
 See with what art each curious shell is made,  
 Here carv'd in fretwork, there with pearl inlaid !  
 What vivid streaks th' enamell'd stones adorn,  
 Fair as the paintings of the purple morn !  
 Yet still not half their charms can reach our eyes,  
 While thus confus'd the sparkling chaos lies ;  
 Doubly they'll please, when in your grotto plac'd,  
 They plainly speak their fair disposer's taste ;  
 Then glories yet unseen shall o'er them rise,  
 New order from your hand, new lustre from your eyes.

How sweet, how charming will appear this grot,  
 When by your art to full perfection brought ;  
 Here verdant plants and blooming flow'rs will grow,  
 There bubbling currents thro' the shell-work flow ;  
 Here coral mixt with shells of various dyes,  
 There polish'd stones will charm our wand'ring eyes ;  
 Delightful bower of bliss ! secure retreat !  
 Fit for the Muses, and Statira's feat.

But still how good must be that fair-one's mind,  
 Who thus in solitude can pleasure find !  
 The Muse her company, good sense her guide,  
 Resistless charms her pow'r, but not her pride ;  
 Who thus forsakes the town, the park, and play,  
 In silent shades to pass her hours away ;  
 Who better likes to breathe fresh country air,  
 Than ride imprison'd in a velvet chair ;  
 And makes the warbling nightingale her choice,  
 Before the thrills of Farinelli's voice ;

Prefers



TO A LADY, WITH SHELLS, &c. 265

Prefers her books, and conscience void of ill,  
To concerts, balls, assemblies, and quadrille :  
Sweet bow'rs more pleas'd than gilded chariot sees,  
For groves the playhouse quits, and beaus for trees.

Blest is the man, whom heav'n shall grant one hour  
With such a lovely nymph, in such a lovely bow'r !

TO

T O

A L A D Y.

IN ANSWER TO A LETTER WROTE IN A VERY  
FINE HAND.

**W**HILST well-wrote lines our wond'ring eyes  
command,

The beauteous work of Chloe's artful hand,  
Throughout the finish'd piece we see display'd  
Th' exactest image of the lovely maid;  
Such is her wit, and such her form divine,  
This pure, as flows the style thro' ev'ry line,  
That like each letter, exquisitely fine.

See with what art the fable currents stain  
In wand'ring mazes all the-milk-white plain!  
Thus o'er the meadows wrapp'd in silver snow  
Unfrozen brooks in dark meanders flow;  
Thus jetty curls in shining ringlets deck  
The ivory plain of lovely Chloe's neck:  
See, like some virgin, whose unmeaning charms  
Receive new lustre from a lover's arms,  
The yielding paper's pure but vacant breast,  
By her fair hand and flowing pen impress'd,  
At ev'ry touch more animated grows,  
And with new life and new ideas glows,

Fresh

Fresh beauties from the kind defiler gains,  
And shines each moment brighter from its stains.

Let mighty Love no longer boast his darts,  
That strike unerring, aim'd at mortal hearts ;  
Chloe, your quill can equal wonders do,  
Wound full as sure, and at a distance too :  
Arm'd with your feather'd weapons in your hands,  
From pole to pole you send your great commands ;  
To distant climes in vain the lover flies,  
Your pen o'ertakes him, if he 'scapes your eyes ;  
So those who from the sword in battle run,  
But perish victims to the distant gun.

Beauty's a short-liv'd blaze, a fading flow'r,  
But these are charms no ages can devour ;  
These, far superior to the brightest face,  
Triumph alike o'er time as well as space.  
When that fair form, which thousands now adore,  
By years decay'd, shall tyrannize no more,  
These lovely lines shall future ages view,  
And eyes unborn, like ours, be charm'd by you.

How oft do I admire with fond delight  
The curious piece, and wish like you to write !  
Alas, vain hope ! that might as well aspire  
To copy Paulo's stroke, or Titian's fire :  
Ev'n now your splendid lines before me lie,  
And I in vain to imitate them try :  
Believe me, fair, I'm practising this art,  
To steal your hand, in hopes to steal your heart.

TO THE RT. HON. THE  
LADY MARGARET CAVENDISH HARLEY\*,

PRESENTED WITH A COLLECTION OF POEMS.

THE tuneful throng was ever Beauty's care,  
And verse a tribute sacred to the fair;  
Hence in each age the loveliest nymph has been,  
By undisputed right, the Muses Queen;  
Her smiles have all poetic bosoms fir'd,  
And patroniz'd the verse themselves inspir'd:  
Lesbia presided thus in Roman times,  
Thus Sacharissa reign'd o'er British rhymes,  
And present bards to Margaretta bow,  
For what they were of old, is Harley now.

From Oxford's house, in these dull busy days,  
Alone we hope for patronage, or praise;  
He to our slightest labours still is kind,  
Beneath his roof w' are ever sure to find  
(Reward sufficient for the world's neglect)  
Charms to inspire, and goodness to protect;

\* Only daughter and heir of Edward Earl of Oxford and Mortimer, by Lady Henrietta Cavendish, only daughter and heir of John Holles, Duke of Newcastle. She was afterwards Duchess of Portland, and died July 17, 1785.

Your

TO LADY MARG. CAVENDISH HARLEY. 269

Your eyes with rapture animate our lays,  
Your fire's kind hand uprears our drooping bays ;  
Form'd for our glory and support, ye seem,  
Our constant patron he, and you our theme.  
Where shou'd poetic homage then be pay'd ?  
Where ev'ry verse, but at your feet, be lay'd ?  
A double right you to this empire bear,  
As first in beauty, and as Oxford's heir.

Illustrious maid ! in whose sole person join'd  
Ev'ry perfection of the fair we find ;  
Charms that might warrant all her sex's pride,  
Without one foible of her sex to hide ;  
Good-nature artless as the bloom that dyes  
Her cheeks, and wit as piercing as her eyes.  
Oh Harley ! cou'd but you these lines approve,  
These children sprung from idleness and love,  
Cou'd they, (but ah how vain is the design !)  
Hope to amuse your hours, as once they've mine,  
Th' ill-judging world's applause, and critics blame,  
Alike I'd scorn : Your approbation's fame.

H O R A T I I



## H O R A T I I,

## L I B. II. O D. XVI.

1. **O**TIUM Divos rogat in patenti  
 Prensus Ægæo, simul atra nubes  
 Condidit Lunam, neque certa fulgent  
 Sidera nautis :

2. Otium bello furiosa Thrace,  
 Otium Medi pharetrâ decori,  
 Grophe, non gemmis, neque purpurâ venale, nec  
 auro.

3. Non enim gazæ, neque consularis  
 Summovet licet miseris tumultus  
 Mentis, & curas laqueata circum  
 Tecta volantes.

4. Vivitur parvo benè, cui paternum  
 Splendet in mensâ tenui falinum ;  
 Nec leves fomnos timor, aut Cupido  
 Sordidus aufert.

Quid

H O R A C E,

BOOK II. ODE XVI.

I M I T A T E D.

TO THE HONOURABLE

P H I L I P Y O R K E, E s q.

SOON AFTER THE GENERAL ELECTION IN 1747.

1. **F**OR quiet, Yorke, the sailor cries,  
When gathering storms obscure the skies,  
The stars no more appearing ;
2. The candidate for quiet prays,  
Sick of the bumpers and huzzas.  
Of blest electioneering.
3. Who thinks, that from the Speaker's chair  
The Serjeant's mace can keep off care,  
Is wond'rously mistaken :
4. Alas ! he is not half so blest  
As those wh' have liberty, and rest,  
And dine on beans and bacon.
5. Why

Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo  
 Multa ? Quid terras aliæ calentes.

5. Sole mutamus ? Patriæ quis exul  
 Se quoque fugit ?

6. Scandit æratas vitiosa naves  
 Cura : nec equitum turmas relinquit,  
 Ocyor cervis, & agente nimbos  
 Ocyor Euro.

7. Lætus in præsens animus, quod ultra est,  
 Oderit curare ; & amara lento  
 Temperet risu. Nihil est ab omni

8. Parte beatum.

9. Abstulit clarum cita mors Achillem :

10. Longa Tithonum minuit senectus :

Et mihi forsan, tibi quod negâit,  
 Porriget hora.

11. Te

5. Why should we then to London run,  
And quit our chearful country sun  
For businefs, dirt, and smoke?  
Can we, by changing place, and air,  
Ourselves get rid of, or our care?  
In troth 'tis all a joke.
6. Care climbs proud ships of mightiest force,  
And mounts behind the general's horse,  
Outstrips hussars, and pandours;  
Far swifter than the bounding hind,  
Swifter than clouds before the wind,  
Or ——— before the Highlanders.
7. A man, when once he's safely chose,  
Shou'd laugh at all his threat'ning foes,  
Nor think of future evil:  
Each good has its attendant ill;
8. A seat is no bad thing, but still  
Elections are the devil.
9. Its gifts with hand impartial Heav'n  
Divides: to Oxford it was giv'n  
To die in full-blown glory;
10. To ——— indeed a longer date,  
But then with unrelenting hate  
Pursu'd by Whig and Tory.

11. Te greges centum, Siculæque circum  
Mugiunt vaccæ : tibi tollit hinnitum  
Apta quadrigis equa : te bis Afro  
Mûrice tinctæ

- Vestiunt lanæ : 13. mihi parva rura, &  
14. Spiritum Graiæ tenuem Camœnæ  
Parca non mendax dedit & malignum  
Spernere vulgus.

HORATII,



11. The gods to you with bounteous hand  
Have granted seats, and parks, and land ;  
Brocades and filks you wear ;  
With claret and ragouts you treat,
12. Six neighing steeds with nimble feet  
Whirl on your gilded car :
  
13. To me they've given a small retreat,  
Good port and mutton, best of meat,  
With broad-cloth on my shoulders,  
A soul that scorns a dirty job,
14. Loves a good rhyme, and hates a mob,  
I mean who a'n't freeholders.

## H O R A T I I,

## L I B. IV. O D. VIII.

1. **D**ONAREM pateras gratâque commodus,  
Cenforine, meis æra fodalibus :

Donarem tripodas, præmia fortium  
Graiorum : 2. neque tu pessima munerum  
Ferres ; divite me scilicet artium,  
Quas aut Parrhasius protulit, aut Scopas ;

3. Hic faxo, liquidis ille coloribus  
Solers nunc hominem ponere, nunc Deum,

4. Sed

H O R A C E,

B O O K IV. O D E VIII.

I M I T A T E D.

T O T H E S A M E.

1. **D** ID but kind fate to me impart  
Wealth equal to my gen'rous heart,  
Some curious gift to ev'ry friend,  
A token of my love, I'd send ;  
2. But still the choicest and the best  
Shou'd be consign'd to friends at Wrest \*.

- An organ, which, if right I guess,  
Wou'd best please Lady Marchioness,  
Shou'd first be sent by my command,  
Worthy of her inspiring hand :  
To Lady Bell of nicest mould  
A coral set in burnish'd gold :  
To you, well knowing what you like,  
3. Portraits by Lely or Vandyke,  
A curious bronze, or bust antique.

}

\* The seat of the Marchioness of Kent, wife of Lord Hardwicke.

4. Sed non hæc mihi vis, non tibi talium  
Res est aut animus deliciarum egens.  
Gaudes carminibus : carmina possumus.  
Donare, 5. & pretium dicere muneris.

6. Non incisa notis marmora publicis,  
Per quæ spiritus & vita redit bonis  
Post mortem ducibus : non celeres fugæ,  
Rejectæque retrorsum Annibalis minæ,  
Non incendia Carthaginis impia,  
Ejus qui domitâ nomen ab Africâ  
Lucratus rediit, clariùs indicant  
Laudes, quàm Calabræ Pierides : neque  
7. Si chartæ fileant quod benè feceris,  
Mercedem tuleris. 8. Quid foret Iliæ  
Mavortisque puer, si taciturnitas  
Obstaret meritis invida Romuli ?  
Ereptum Stygiis fluctibus Æacum  
Virtus, & favor, & lingua potentium  
Vatum divitibus consecrat insulis.

9. Dignum

4. But since these gifts exceed my power,  
And you, who need not wish for more,  
Already blest with all that's fine,  
Are pleas'd with verse, tho' such as mine ;  
As poets us'd in ancient times,  
I'll make my presents all in rhymes ;
5. And lest you should forget their worth,  
Like them I'll set their value forth,
6. Not monumental brass or stones,  
The guardians of heroic bones,  
Not victories won by Marlbro's sword,  
Nor titles which these feats record,  
Such glories o'er the dead diffuse,  
As can the labours of the Muse.
7. But if she shou'd her aid deny,  
With you your virtues all must die,  
Nor tongues unborn shall ever say  
How wise, how good, was Lady Grey.
8. What now had been th' ignoble doom  
Of him who built imperial Rome ?  
Or him deserving ten times more,  
Who fed the hungry, cloth'd the poor,  
Clear'd streams, and bridges laid across,  
And built the little church of Rofs ?  
Did not th' eternal powers of verse  
From age to age their deeds rehearse.



9. Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori :  
 Cælo Musa beat. 10. Sic Jovis interest  
 Optatis epulis impiger Hercules :  
 Clarum Tyndaridæ fidus ab infimis  
 Quassas eripiunt æquoribus rates :  
 Ornatus viridi tempora pampino  
 Liber vota bonos ducit ad exitus.

9. The Muse forbids the brave to die,  
Bestowing immortality ;
10. Still by her aid in blest abodes  
Alcides feasts among the gods ;  
And royal Arthur still is able  
To fill his hospitable table  
With English beef, and English knights,  
And looks with pity down on White's.

TO THE  
HONOURABLE MISS YORKE,  
ON HER  
MARRIAGE TO LORD ANSON,

APRIL 25, 1748.

**V**ICTORIOUS Anson see returns  
From the subjected main !  
With joy each British bosom burns,  
Fearless of France and Spain.

Honours his grateful Sovereign's hand,  
Conquest his own bestows,  
Applause unfeign'd his native land,  
Unenvy'd wealth her foes.

“ But still, my son,” Britannia cries,  
“ Still more thy merits claim ;  
“ Thy deeds deserve a richer prize  
“ Than titles, wealth, or fame :

“ Twice wafted safe from pole to pole  
“ Th’ hast sail’d the globe around ;  
“ Contains it aught can charm thy soul ?  
“ Thy fondest wishes bound ?

TO THE HON. MISS YORKE. 283

" Is there a treasure worth thy care  
    " Within th' incircling Line ?  
" Say, and I'll weary Heav'n with pray'r,  
    " To make that treasure thine."

Heav'n listen'd to Britannia's voice,  
    Agreed that more was due :  
He chose ——— the gods approv'd his choice,  
    And paid him all in You.

CHLOE

## CHLOE TO STREPHON.

## A S O N G.

**T**OO plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes  
 My heart your own declare;  
 But for heav'n's sake let it suffice,  
 You reign triumphant there.

Forbear your utmost pow'r to try,  
 Nor farther urge your sway;  
 Prefs not for what I must deny,  
 For fear I should obey.

Could all your arts successful prove,  
 Wou'd you a maid undo,  
 Whose greatest failing is her love,  
 And that her love for you?

Say, would you use that very pow'r  
 You from her fondness claim,  
 To ruin, in one fatal hour,  
 A life of spotless fame?

Ah! cease, my dear, to do an ill,  
 Because perhaps you may;  
 But rather try your utmost skill  
 To save me than betray.

Be you yourself my virtue's guard,  
 Defend, and not pursue;  
 Since 'tis a task for me too hard,  
 To fight with Love and you.



A S O N G.

C E A S E, Sally, thy charms to expand,  
All thy arts and thy witchcraft forbear,  
Hide those eyes, hide that neck and that hand,  
And those sweet flowing tresses of hair.

Oh! torture me not, for Love's sake,  
With the smirk of those delicate lips,  
With that head's dear significant shake,  
And the tofs of the hoop and the hips.

Oh! fight still more fatal! look there,  
O'er her tucker what murderers peep!  
So — now there's an end of my care,  
I shall never more eat, drink, or sleep.

Do you sing too? Ah mischievous thought!  
Touch me, touch me not there any more;  
Who the devil can 'scape being caught  
In a trap that's thus baited all o'er?

But why to advise should I try?  
What Nature ordains we must prove;  
You no more can help charming, than I  
Can help being charm'd, and in love.

A S O N G.

## A S O N G.

**W**HEN first I sought fair Cælia's love,  
 And ev'ry charm was new,  
 I swore by all the gods above,  
 To be for ever true.

But long in vain did I adore,  
 Long wept and sigh'd in vain,  
 She still protested, vow'd, and swore,  
 She ne'er would ease my pain.

At last o'ercome she made me blest,  
 And yielded all her charms,  
 And I forsook her when possess'd,  
 And fled to others arms.

But let not this, dear Cælia, now  
 To rage thy breast incline ;  
 For why, since you forget your vow,  
 Shou'd I remember mine ?

## THE CHOICE.

**H**AD I, Pigmalion-like, the pow'r  
 To make the nymph I wou'd adore,  
 The model should be thus design'd,  
 Like this her form, like this her mind.

Her skin should be as lilies fair,  
 With rosy cheeks and jetty hair ;  
 Her lips with pure vermilion spread,  
 And soft and moist, as well as red ;  
 Her eyes shou'd shine with vivid light,  
 At once both languishing and bright ;  
 Her shape shou'd be exact and small,  
 Her stature rather low than tall ;  
 Her limbs well turn'd, her air and mien  
 At once both sprightly and serene ;  
 Besides all this, a nameless grace  
 Shou'd be diffus'd all o'er her face ;  
 To make the lovely piece complete,  
 Not only beautiful, but sweet.

This for her form ; now for her mind ;  
 I'd have it open, gen'rous, kind,  
 Void of all coquettish arts,  
 And vain designs of conquering hearts,

Not

Not sway'd by any views of gain,  
 Nor fond of giving others pain;  
 But soft, tho' bright, like her own eyes,  
 Discreetly witty, gayly wise.

I'd have her skill'd in ev'ry art  
 That can engage a wand'ring heart;  
 Know all the sciences of love,  
 Yet ever willing to improve;  
 To press the hand, and roll the eye,  
 And drop sometimes an amorous sigh,  
 To lengthen out the balmy kifs,  
 And heighten ev'ry tender blifs;  
 And yet I'd have the charmer be  
 By Nature only taught,—or me.

I'd have her to strict honour ty'd;  
 And yet without one spark of pride;  
 In company well-dress'd and fine,  
 Yet not ambitious to outshine;  
 In private always neat and clean,  
 And quite a stranger to the spleen;  
 Well-pleas'd to grace the park and play,  
 And dance sometimes the night away,  
 But oft'ner fond to spend her hours  
 In solitude and shady bow'rs,  
 And there beneath some silent grove,  
 Delight in poetry and love.

Some sparks of the poetic fire  
I fain would have her soul inspire,  
Enough, at least, to let her know  
What joys from love and virtue flow;  
Enough, at least, to make her wise,  
And fops and fopperies despise;  
Prefer her books, and her own muse,  
To visits, scandal, chat, and news;  
Above her sex exalt her mind,  
And make her more than woman-kind.



## TO A YOUNG LADY,

GOING TO THE WEST-INDIES.

**F**OR universal sway design'd,  
 'To distant realms Clorinda flies,  
 And scorns, in one small isle confin'd,  
 To bound the conquests of her eyes.  
 From our cold climes to India's shore  
 With cruel haste she wings her way,  
 To scorch their sultry plains still more,  
 And rob us of our only day.  
 Whilst ev'ry streaming eye o'erflows  
 With tender floods of parting tears,  
 Thy breast, dear cause of all our woes,  
 Alone unmov'd, and gay appears.  
 But still, if right the Muses tell,  
 The fated point of time is nigh,  
 When grief shall that fair bosom swell,  
 And trickle from thy lovely eye.  
 Tho' now, like Philip's son, whose arms  
 Did once the vassal world command,  
 You rove with unresist'd charms,  
 And conquer both by sea and land;  
 Yet when (as soon they must) mankind  
 Shall all be doom'd to wear your chain,  
 You too, like him, will weep to find  
 No more unconquer'd worlds remain.

C H L O E.

CHLOE ANGLING.

ON yon fair brook's enamell'd side  
Behold my Chloe stands !  
Her angle trembles o'er the tide,  
As conscious of her hands.

Calm as the gentle waves appear,  
Her thoughts serenely flow,  
Calm as the softly breathing air  
That curls the brook below.

Such charms her sparkling eyes disclose,  
With such soft pow'r endu'd,  
She seems a new-born Venus 'rose  
From the transparent flood.

From each green bank, and mossy cave,  
The scaly race repair,  
They sport beneath the crystal wave,  
And kiss her image there.

Here the bright silver eel enroll'd  
In shining volumes lies,  
There basks the carp bedropt with gold  
In the sunshine of her eyes.

With hungry pikes in wanton play  
 The tim'rous trouts appear,  
 The hungry pikes forget to prey,  
 The tim'rous trouts to fear.

With equal haste the thoughtless crew  
 To the fair tempter fly,  
 Nor grieve they, whilst her eyes they view,  
 That by her hand they die.

Thus I too view'd the nymph of late,  
 Ah simple fish, beware!  
 Soon will you find my wretched fate,  
 And struggle in the snare.

But, fair-one, tho' these toils succeed,  
 Of conquest be not vain,  
 Nor think o'er all the scaly breed  
 Unpunish'd thus to reign;

Remember, in a wat'ry glass  
 His charms Narcissus spy'd,  
 When for his own bewitching face  
 The youth despair'd and dy'd.

No more then harmless fish insnare,  
 No more such wiles pursue;  
 Left, whilst you baits for them prepare,  
 Love finds out one for you.

CHLOE

CHLOE HUNTING.

**W**HILST thousands court fair Chloe's love,  
She fears the dang'rous joy,  
But, Cynthia-like, frequents the grove,  
As lovely, and as coy.

With the same speed she seeks the hind,  
Or hunts the flying hare ;  
She leaves pursuing swains behind,  
To languish and despair.

Oh strange caprice in thy dear breast !  
Whence first this whim began ;  
To follow thus each worthless beast,  
And shun their sovereign Man !

Consider, fair, what 'tis you do,  
How thus they both must die,  
Not surer they, when you pursue,  
Than we whene'er you fly.

ON  
LUCINDA'S RECOVERY  
FROM THE  
SMALL-POX.

**B**RIGHT Venus long with envious eyes  
The fair Lucinda's charms had seen,  
" And shall she still," the goddess cries,  
" Thus dare to rival Beauty's Queen !"

She spoke, and to th' infernal plains  
With cruel haste indignant goes,  
Where Death the prince of terrors reigns  
Amidst diseases, pains, and woes.

To him her pray'rs she thus applies :  
" O sole in whom my hopes confide !  
" To blast my rival's potent eyes,  
" And in her fate all mortal pride ;

" Let her but feel thy chilling dart ;  
" I will forgive, tremendous god,  
" Ev'n that which pierc'd Adonis' heart :"  
He hears, and gives th' assenting nod.

Then



Then calling forth a fierce Disease  
Impatient for the beauteous prey,  
Bids him the loveliest fabric seize  
The gods e'er form'd of human clay.

Affur'd he meant Lucinda's charms,  
To her th' infectious Dæmon flies,  
Her neck, her cheeks, her lips disarms,  
And of their lightning robs her eyes.

The Cyprian queen with cruel joy  
Beholds her rival's charms o'erthrown,  
Nor doubts, like mortal fair, t' employ  
Their ruins to augment her own.

From out the spoils of ev'ry grace  
The goddess picks some glorious prize,  
Transplants the roses from her face,  
And arms young Cupids from her eyes.

Now Death (ah veil the mournful scene!)  
Had in one moment pierc'd her heart,  
Had kinder Fate not stept between,  
And turn'd aside th' uplifted dart.

"What phrenzy bids thy hand essay,"  
He cries, "to wound thy surest friend,  
"Whose beauties to thy realms each day  
"Such num'rous crowds of victims send?"

“ Are not her eyes, where-e'er they aim,  
 “ As thine own silent arrows sure ?  
 “ Or who that once has felt their flame,  
 “ Dar'd e'er indulge one hope of cure ?”

Death thus reprov'd his hand restrains,  
 And bids the dire distemper fly ;  
 The cruel beauty lives, and reigns,  
 That thousands may adore, and die.

WRITTEN

WRITTEN IN  
 MR. LOCKE'S ESSAY  
 ON  
 HUMAN UNDERSTANDING.

LONG had the mind of man with curious art  
 Search'd Nature's wond'rous plan thro' ev'ry part,  
 Measur'd each tract of ocean, earth, and sky,  
 And number'd all the rolling orbs on high;  
 Yet still, so learn'd, herself she little knew,  
 'Till Locke's unerring pen the portrait drew.

So beauteous Eve a while in Eden stray'd,  
 And all her great Creator's works survey'd;  
 By sun, and moon, she knew to mark the hour;  
 She knew the genus of each plant and flow'r;  
 She knew, when sporting on the verdant lawn,  
 The tender lambkin, and the nimble fawn:  
 But still a stranger to her own bright face,  
 She guess'd not at its form, nor what she was;  
 'Till led at length to some clear fountain's side,  
 She view'd her beauties in the crystal tide;  
 The shining mirror all her charms displays,  
 And her eyes catch their own rebounded rays.

W R I T -

WRITTEN IN  
A LADY'S VOLUME  
OF  
TRAGEDIES.

**S**INCE thou, relentless maid, can'st daily hear  
Thy slave's complaints without one sigh or tear,  
Why beats thy breast, or thy bright eyes o'erflow  
At these imaginary scenes of woe?  
Rather teach these to weep, and that to heave,  
At real pains themselves to thousands give;  
And if such pity to feign'd love is due,  
Consider how much more you owe to true.

CUPID

C U P I D   R E L I E V E D .

**A**S once young Cupid went astray,  
The little god I found ;  
I took his bow and shafts away,  
And fast his pinions bound.

At Chloe's feet my spoils I cast,  
My conquest proud to shew ;  
She saw his godship fetter'd fast,  
And smil'd to see him so.

But ah ! that smile such fresh supplies  
Of arms resistless gave !  
I'm forc'd again to yield my prize,  
And fall again his slave.

T H E



THE  
WAY TO BE WISE.

IMITATED FROM LA FONTAINE.

**P**OOR Jenny, am'rous, young, and gay,  
Having by man been led astray,  
To nunn'ry dark retir'd ;  
There liv'd and look'd so like a maid,  
So seldom eat, so often pray'd,  
She was by all admir'd.

The lady Abbess oft would cry,  
If any sister trod awry,  
Or prov'd an idle flattern ;  
“ See wife and pious Mrs. Jane !  
“ A life so strict, so grave a mien  
“ Is sure a worthy pattern.”

A pert young slut at length replies,  
“ Experience, madam, makes folks wise,  
“ 'Tis that has made her such ;  
“ And we, poor souls, no doubt, shou'd be  
“ As pious, and as wise, as she,  
“ If we had seen as much.”

THE

THE  
S N O W - B A L L.

FROM PETRONIUS AFRANIUS.

WHITE as her hand fair Julia threw  
A ball of silver snow;  
The frozen globe fir'd as it flew,  
My bosom felt it glow.

Strange pow'r of love! whose great command  
Can thus a snow-ball arm;  
When sent, fair Julia, from thine hand,  
Ev'n ice itself can warm.

How should we then secure our hearts?  
Love's pow'r we all must feel,  
Who thus can, by strange magic arts,  
In ice his flames conceal.

'Tis thou alone, fair Julia, know,  
Can'st quench my fierce desire;  
But not with water, ice, or snow,  
But with an equal fire.

ANACREON

## ANACREON, ODE XX.

**A** ROCK on Phrygian plains we see  
 That once was beauteous Niobe :  
 And Progne, too revengeful fair !  
 Now flits a wand'ring bird in air :  
 Thus I a looking-glass wou'd be,  
 That you, dear maid, might gaze on me ;  
 Be chang'd to stays, that straitly lac'd,  
 I might embrace thy slender waist ;  
 A silver stream I'd bathe thee, fair,  
 Or shine pomatum on thy hair ;  
 In a soft sable's tippet's form  
 I'd kiss thy snowy bubbles warm ;  
 In shape of pearl thy bosom deck,  
 And hang for ever round thy neck :  
 Pleas'd to be aught that touches you,  
 Your glove, your garter, or your shoe.

A T R A N S.

## A

## TRANSLATION OF SOME LATIN VERSES

## O N T H E

## C A M E R A O B S C U R A.

**T**HE various pow'rs of blended shade and light,  
 The skilful Zeuxis of the dusky night;  
 The lovely forms that paint the snowy plain  
 Free from the pencil's violating stain;  
 In tuneful lines, harmonious Phœbus, sing,  
 At once of light and verse celestial king.

Divine Apollo ! let thy sacred fire  
 Thy youthful bard's unskilful breast inspire,  
 Like the fair empty sheet he hangs to view,  
 Void, and unfurnish'd, till inspir'd by you;  
 O let one beam, one kind enlight'ning ray  
 At once upon his mind and paper play !  
 Hence shall his breast with bright ideas glow,  
 Hence num'rous forms the silver field shall strew.

But now the Muse's useful precepts view,  
 And with just care the pleasing work pursue.  
 First chuse a window that convenient lyes,  
 And to the north directs the wand'ring eyes ;

Dark

Dark be the room ; let not a straggling ray  
 Intrude, to chase the shadowy forms away,  
 Except one bright refulgent blaze convey'd  
 Thro' a strait passage in the shutter made,  
 In which th' ingenious artist first must place  
 A little, convex, round, transparent glass,  
 And just behind th' extended paper lay,  
 On which his art shall all its pow'r display :  
 There rays reflected from all parts shall meet,  
 And paint their objects on the silver sheet ;  
 A thousand forms shall in a moment rise,  
 And magic landscapes charm our wand'ring eyes ;  
 'Tis thus from ev'ry object that we view,  
 If Epicurus' doctrine teaches true,  
 The subtle parts upon our organs play,  
 And to our minds th' external forms convey.

But from what causes all these wonders flow,  
 'Tis not permitted idle bards to know,  
 How thro' the center of the convex glass,  
 The piercing rays together twisted pass,  
 Or why revers'd the lovely scenes appear,  
 Or why the sun's approaching light they fear ;  
 Let grave philosophers the cause enquire,  
 Enough for us to see, and to admire.

See then what forms with various colours stain  
 The painted surface of the paper plain !  
 Now bright and gay, as shines the heavenly bow,  
 So late a wide, unpeopled waste of snow :

Here



Here verdant groves, there golden crops of corn  
 The new uncultivated fields adorn;  
 Here gardens deckt with flow'rs of various dyes,  
 There slender tow'rs, and little cities rise:  
 But all with tops inverted downward bend,  
 Earth mounts aloft, and skies and clouds descend:  
 Thus the wise vulgar on a pendent land  
 Imagine our antipodes to stand,  
 And wonder much, how they securely go,  
 And not fall headlong on the heav'ns below.

The charms of motion here exalt each part  
 Above the reach of great Apelles' art;  
 Zephyrs the waving harvests gently blow,  
 The waters curl, and brooks incessant flow;  
 Men, beasts, and birds in fair confusion stray,  
 Some rise to fight, whilst others pass away.

On all we seize that comes within our reach,  
 The rolling coach we stop, the horse-man catch;  
 Compel the posting traveller to stay;  
 But the short visit causes no delay.

Again, behold what lovely prospects rise!  
 Now with the loveliest feast your longing eyes.  
 Nor let strict modesty be here afraid,  
 To view upon her head a beauteous maid:  
 See in small folds her waving garments flow,  
 And all her slender limbs still slenderer grow;  
 Contracted in one little orb is found  
 The spacious hoop, once five vast ells around:  
 But think not to embrace the flying fair,  
 Soon will she quit your arms unseen as air,

In this resembling too a tender maid,  
Coy to the lover's touch, and of his hand afraid.

Enough w' have seen ; now let th' intruding day  
Chase all the lovely magic scenes away ;  
Again th' unpeopled snowy waste returns,  
And the lone plain its faded glories mourns ;  
The bright creation in a moment flies,  
And all the pigmy generation dies.

Thus, when still night her gloomy mantle spreads,  
The fairies dance around the flow'ry meads !  
But when the day returns, they wing their flight  
To distant lands, and shun th' unwelcome light.

T H E  
T E M P L E O F V E N U S .

**I**N her own isle's remotest grove  
 Stands Venus' lovely shrine,  
 Sacred to beauty, joy, and love,  
 And built by hands divine.

The polish'd structure, fair and bright  
 As her own ivory skin,  
 Without is alabaster white,  
 And ruby all within.

Above, a cupola charms the view,  
 White as unfully'd snow ;  
 Two columns of the same fair hue  
 Support the dome below.

Its walls a trickling fountain laves,  
 In which such virtue reigns,  
 That, bath'd in its balsamic waves,  
 No lover feels his pains.

Before th' unfolding gates there spreads  
 A fragrant spicy grove,  
 That with its curling branches shades  
 The labyrinths of Love.

308 SOAME JENYNS's POEMS.

Bright Beauty here her captives holds,  
Who kifs their easy chains,  
And in the softest closest folds  
Her willing slaves detains.

Would'st thou, who ne'er these seas hast try'd,  
Find where this island lies,  
Let pilot Love the rudder guide,  
And steer by Chloe's eyes.

ON  
A N O S E G A Y  
IN THE  
COUNTESS OF COVENTRY'S BREAST.

IN IMITATION OF WALLER.

**D**ELIGHTFUL scene ! in which appear  
At once all beauties of the year !  
See how the zephyrs of her breath  
Fan gently all the flow'rs beneath !  
See the gay flow'rs, how bright they glow,  
Tho' planted in a bed of snow !  
Yet see how soon they fade, and die,  
Scorch'd by the sunshine of her eye !  
No wonder if, o'ercome with blifs,  
They droop their heads to steal a kifs ;  
Who would not die on that dear breast ?  
Who would not die to be so blest ?



THE  
 'SQUIRE AND THE PARSON.  
 AN ECLOGUE.

WRITTEN ON THE CONCLUSION OF THE PEACE,  
 1748.

**B**Y his hall chimney, where in ruffy grate  
 Green faggots wept their own untimely fate,  
 In elbow-chair the pensive 'Squire reclin'd,  
 Revolving debts and taxes in his mind :  
 A pipe just fill'd upon a table near  
 Lay by the London-Evening stain'd with beer,  
 With half a bible, on whose remnants torn  
 Each parish round was annually forsworn.  
 The gate now claps, as ev'ning just grew dark,  
 Tray starts, and with a growl prepares to bark;  
 But soon discerning with sagacious nose  
 The well-known flavour of the parson's toes,  
 Lays down his head, and sinks in soft repose.  
 The doctor ent'ring, to the tankard ran,  
 Takes a good hearty pull, and thus began :

PARSON.

THE 'SQUIRE AND THE PARSON. 311

PARSON.

Why sitt'st thou thus forlorn and dull, my friend,  
Now war's rapacious reign is at an end?  
Hark, how the distant bells inspire delight!  
See bonfires spangle o'er the veil of night!

'SQUIRE.

What peace, alas! in foreign parts to me?  
At home, nor peace nor plenty can I see;  
Joyless I hear drums, bells, and fiddles sound,  
'Tis all the same—Four shillings in the pound.  
My wheels, tho' old, are clogg'd with a new tax;  
My oaks, tho' young, must groan beneath the axe:  
My barns are half unthatch'd, untill'd my house;  
Lost by this fatal sickness all my cows:  
See there's the bill my late damn'd lawsuit cost!  
Long as the land contended for,—and lost:  
Ev'n Ormond's head I can frequent no more,  
So short my pocket is, so long the score;  
At shops all round I owe for fifty things.—  
This comes of fetching Hanoverian kings.

PARSON.

I must confess the times are bad indeed;  
No wonder, when we scarce believe our creed;  
When purblind Reason's deem'd the surest guide,  
And heav'n-born Faith at her tribunal try'd;  
When all church-pow'r is thought to make men slaves,  
Saints, Martyrs, Fathers, all call'd fools and knaves.

X 4

'SQUIRE.

'SQUIRE.

Come, preach no more, but drink, and hold your  
tongue :  
I'm for the church ;—but think the parson's wrong.

PARSON.

See there ! free-thinking now so rank is grown,  
It spreads infection thro' each country town ;  
Deistic scoffs fly round at rural boards,  
'Squires, and their tenants too, profane as lords,  
Vent impious jokes on every sacred thing.

'SQUIRE.

Come drink ;—

PARSON.

—Here's to you then, to church and king.

'SQUIRE.

Here's church and king ; I hate the glass should  
stand,  
Tho' one takes tythes, and t' other taxes land.

PARSON.

Heav'n with new plagues will scourge this sinful }  
Unless we soon repeal the toleration, [nation, }  
And to the church restore the Convocation :

'SQUIRE.

Plagues we shou'd feel sufficient, on my word,  
Starv'd by two Houses, priest-rid by a third.  
For better days we lately had a chance,  
Had not the honest Plaids been trick'd by France.

PARSON.

PARSON.

Is not most gracious George our faith's defender?  
You love the church, yet wish for the Pretender!

'SQUIRE.

Preferment, I suppose, is what you mean;  
Turn Whig, and you, perhaps, may be a dean:  
But you must first learn how to treat your betters.  
What's here? sure some strange news! a boy with letters:  
Oh, ho! here's one, I see, from parson Sly:  
"My rev'rend neighbour Squab being like to die,  
"I hope, if heav'n should please to take him hence,  
"To ask the living wou'd be no offence."

PARSON.

Have you not sworn that I shou'd Squab succeed?  
Think how for this I taught your sons to read;  
How oft discover'd puffs on new-plow'd land;  
How oft supported you with friendly hand, [stand. }  
When I cou'd scarcely go, nor cou'd your worship }

'SQUIRE.

'Twas yours, had you been honest, wise, or civil;  
Now ev'n go court the bishops or the devil.

PARSON.

If I meant any thing, now let me die;  
I'm blunt, and cannot fawn and cant, not I, }  
Like that old Presbyterian rascal Sly. }  
I am, you know, a right true hearted Tory,  
Love a good glass, a merry song, or story.

'SQUIRE.

## 'SQUIRE.

Thou art an honest dog, that's truth indeed—  
 Talk no more nonsense then about the creed.  
 I can't, I think, deny thy first request;  
 'Tis thine; but first a bumper to the best.

## PARSON.

Most noble 'Squire, more gen'rous than your wine,  
 How pleasing's the condition you assign!  
 Give me the sparkling glass, and here, d'ye see,  
 With joy I drink it on my bended knee:  
 Great queen! who governest this earthly ball,  
 And mak'st both kings and kingdoms rise and fall;  
 Whose wond'rous pow'r in secret all things rules,  
 Makes fools of mighty peers, and peers of fools;  
 Dispenses mitres, coronets, and stars;  
 Involves far distant realms in bloody wars,  
 Then bids the snaky tresses cease to hiss,  
 And gives them peace again \* nay gav'st us this;  
 Whose health does health to all mankind impart,  
 Here's to thy much-lov'd health:—

'SQUIRE, *rubbing his hands.*

—With all my heart.

\* Madam de P—mp—dour.



ON THE  
IMMORTALITY  
OF THE  
S O U L.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF  
ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE, ESQ.

BOOK I.

TO all inferior animals 'tis giv'n  
T' enjoy the state allotted them by Heav'n;  
No vain researches e'er disturb their rest,  
No fears of dark futurity molest.  
Man, only Man, solicitous to know  
The springs whence Nature's operations flow,  
Plods thro' a dreary waste with toil and pain,  
And reasons, hopes, and thinks, and lives in vain;  
For sable Death still hovering o'er his head,  
Cuts short his progress, with his vital thread.  
Wherefore, since Nature errs not, do we find,  
These seeds of Science in the human mind,  
If no congenial fruits are predesign'd ?

}  
For

For what avails to man this pow'r to roam  
 Thro' ages past, and ages yet to come,  
 T' explore new worlds o'er all th' ætherial way,  
 Chain'd to a spot, and living but a day?  
 Since all must perish in one common grave,  
 Nor can these long laborious searches save,  
 Were it not wiser far, supinely laid,  
 To sport with Phillis in the noontide shade?  
 Or at thy jovial festivals appear,  
 Great Bacchus, who alone the soul can clear  
 From all that it has felt, and all that it can fear?

Come on then, let us feast; let Chloe sing,  
 And soft Neæra touch the trembling string;  
 Enjoy the present hour, nor seek to know  
 What good or ill to-morrow may bestow.  
 But these delights soon pall upon the taste;  
 Let's try then if more serious cannot last:  
 Wealth let us heap on wealth, or fame pursue,  
 Let pow'r and glory be our points in view;  
 In courts, in camps, in senates let us live,  
 Our levees crowded like the buzzing hive:  
 Each weak attempt the same sad lesson brings!  
 Alas! what vanity in human things!

What means then shall we try? where hope to find  
 A friendly harbour for the restless mind?  
 Who still, you see, impatient to obtain  
 Knowledge immense, (so Nature's laws ordain)  
 Ev'n now, tho' fetter'd in corporeal clay,  
 Climbs step by step the prospect to survey,  
 And seeks unwearied Truth's eternal ray.

No fleeting joys she asks which must depend  
On the frail senses, and with them must end ;  
But such as suit her own immortal fame,  
Free from all change, eternally the same.

Take courage then, these joys we shall attain ;  
Almighty wisdom never acts in vain ;  
Nor shall the soul, on which it has bestow'd  
Such pow'rs, e'er perish like an earthly clod ;  
But purg'd at length from foul corruption's stain,  
Freed from her prison and unbound her chain,  
She shall her native strength and native skies regain ;  
To heav'n an old inhabitant return,  
And draw nectareous streams from truth's perpetual urn.

Whilst life remains, (if life it can be call'd  
T' exist in fleshly bondage thus enthrall'd)  
Tir'd with the dull pursuit of worldly things,  
The soul scarce wakes, or opes her gladsome wings,  
Yet still the godlike exile in disgrace  
Retains some marks of her celestial race ;  
Else whence from mem'ry's store can she produce  
Such various thoughts, or range them so for use ?  
Can matter these contain, dispose, apply ?  
Can in her cells such mighty treasures lye ?  
Or can her native force produce them to the eye ?

Whence is this pow'r, this foundress of all arts,  
Serving, adorning life, thro' all its parts,  
Which names impos'd, by letters mark'd those names,  
Adjusted properly by legal claims,  
From woods and wilds collected rude mankind,  
And cities, laws, and governments design'd ?

What

What can this be, but some bright ray from heav'n  
Some emanation from Omniscience given?

When now the rapid stream of eloquence  
Bears all before it, passion, reason, sense,  
Can its dread thunder, or its lightning's force  
Derive their essence from a mortal source?  
What think you of the bard's enchanting art,  
Which, whether he attempts to warm the heart  
With fabled scenes, or charm the ear with rhyme,  
Breathes all pathetic, lovely, and sublime?  
Whilst things on earth roll round from age to age,  
The same dull farce repeated on the stage,  
The poet gives us a creation new,  
More pleasing, and more perfect than the true;  
The mind, who always to perfection hastes,  
Perfection such as here she never tastes,  
With gratitude accepts the kind deceit,  
And thence foresees a system more compleat.  
Of those what think you, who the circling race  
Of suns, and their revolving planets trace,  
And comets journeying thro' unbounded space? }  
Say, can you doubt, but that th' all-searching soul,  
That now can traverse heav'n from pole to pole,  
From thence descending visits but this earth,  
And shall once more regain the regions of her birth?

Cou'd she thus act, unless some Power unknown,  
From matter quite distinct and all her own,  
Supported, and impell'd her? She approves  
Self-conscious, and condemns; she hates and loves,  
Mourns



Mourns and rejoices, hopes and is afraid,  
 Without the body's unrequested aid :  
 Her own internal strength her reason guides,  
 By this she now compares things, now divides ;  
 Truth's scatter'd fragments piece by piece collects,  
 Rejoins, and thence her edifice erects ;  
 Piles arts on arts, effects to causes ties,  
 And rears th' aspiring fabric to the skies ;  
 From whence, as on a distant plain below,  
 She sees from causes consequences flow,  
 And the whole chain distinctly comprehends,  
 Which from the Almighty's throne to earth descends :  
 And lastly, turning inwardly her eyes,  
 Perceives how all her own ideas rise,  
 Contemplates what she is, and whence she came,  
 And almost comprehends her own amazing frame.  
 Can mere machines be with such pow'rs endu'd,  
 Or conscious of those pow'rs, suppose they cou'd ?  
 For body is but a machine alone  
 Mov'd by external force, and impulse not its own.

Rate not th' extension of the human mind  
 By the plebeian standard of mankind,  
 But by the size of those gigantic few  
 Whom Greece and Rome still offer to our view,  
 Or Britain, well-deserving equal praise,  
 Parent of heroes too in better days.  
 Why shou'd I try her numerous sons to name,  
 By verse, law, eloquence consign'd to fame ;  
 Or who have forc'd fair Science into fight,  
 Long lost in darkness, and afraid of light ?

O'er



O'er all superior. like the solar ray,  
 First Bacon usher'd in the dawning day,  
 And drove the mists of sophistry away;  
 Pervaded nature with amazing force,  
 Following experience still throughout his course,  
 And finishing at length his destin'd way,  
 To Newton he bequeath'd the radiant lamp of day.

Illustrious souls! if any tender cares  
 Affect angelic breasts for Man's affairs,  
 If in your present happy heav'nly state,  
 You're not regardless quite of Britain's fate,  
 Let this degenerate land again be blest  
 With that true vigour which she once possess;  
 Compel us to unfold our slumb'ring eyes,  
 And to our ancient dignity to rise.  
 Such wond'rous pow'rs as these must sure be giv'n  
 For most important purposes by Heav'n;  
 Who bids these stars as bright examples shine,  
 Besprinkled thinly by the hand divine,  
 To form to virtue each degenerate time,  
 And point out to the soul its origin sublime.  
 That there's a self which after death shall live,  
 All are concern'd about, and all believe;  
 That something's ours, when we from life depart,  
 This all conceive, all feel it at the heart;  
 The wise of learn'd antiquity proclaim  
 This truth, the public voice declares the same;  
 No land so rude but looks beyond the tomb  
 For future prospects in a world to come.

Hence

Hence, without hopes to be in life repaid,  
 We plant slow oaks posterity to shade;  
 And hence vast pyramids aspiring high  
 Lift their proud heads aloft, and time defy.  
 Hence is our love of fame; a love so strong,  
 We think no dangers great, or labours long,  
 By which we hope our beings to extend,  
 And to remotest times in glory to descend.

For fame the wretch beneath the gallows lies,  
 Disowning ev'ry crime for which he dies;  
 Of life profuse, tenacious of a name,  
 Fearless of death, and yet afraid of shame.  
 Nature has wove into the human mind  
 This anxious care for names we leave behind,  
 T' extend our narrow views beyond the tomb,  
 And give an earnest of a life to come:  
 For if when dead we are but dust or clay,  
 Why think of what posterity shall say?  
 Her praise or censure cannot us concern,  
 Nor ever penetrate the silent urn.

What mean the nodding plumes, the fun'ral train,  
 And marble monument that speaks in vain,  
 With all those cares which ev'ry nation pays  
 To their unfeeling dead in diff'rent ways!  
 Some in the flower-strewn grave the corpse have lay'd,  
 And annual obsequies around it pay'd,  
 As if to please the poor departed shade;  
 Others on blazing piles the body burn,  
 And store their ashes in the faithful urn;

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But all in one great principle agree,  
 To give a fancy'd immortality.  
 Why shou'd I mention those, whose ouzy soil  
 Is render'd fertile by the o'erflowing Nile?  
 Their dead they bury not, nor burn with fires,  
 No graves they dig, erect no fun'ral pires,  
 But washing first th' embowel'd body clean,  
 Gums, spice, and melted pitch they pour within;  
 Then with strong fillets bind it round and round,  
 To make each flaccid part compact and sound;  
 And lastly paint the varnish'd surface o'er  
 With the same features which in life it wore:  
 So strong their presage of a future state,  
 And that our nobler part survives the body's fate.

Nations behold, remote from Reason's beams,  
 Where Indian Ganges rolls his sandy streams,  
 Of life impatient rush into the fire,  
 And willing victims to their gods expire!  
 Persuaded the loos'd soul to regions flies,  
 Blest with eternal spring, and cloudless skies.

Nor is less fam'd the oriental wife  
 For stedfast virtue, and contempt of life:  
 These heroines mourn not with loud female cries  
 Their husbands lost, or with o'erflowing eyes;  
 But, strange to tell! their funeral piles ascend,  
 And in the same sad flames their sorrows end;  
 In hopes with them beneath the shades to rove,  
 And there renew their interrupted love.

In climes where Boreas breathes eternal cold,  
 See num'rous nations, warlike, fierce, and bold,

To

To battle all unanimously run,  
 Nor fire, nor sword, nor instant death they shun.  
 Whence this disdain of life in ev'ry breast,  
 But from a notion on their minds imprest,  
 That all who for their country die, are blest?  
 Add too to these the once-prevailing dreams  
 Of sweet Elysian groves, and Stygian streams;  
 All shew with what consent mankind agree  
 In the firm hope of immortality.

}

Grant these inventions of the crafty priest,  
 Yet such inventions never cou'd subsist,  
 Unless some glimmerings of a future state  
 Were with the mind coæval, and innate;  
 For ev'ry fiction which can long persuade,  
 In truth must have its first foundations laid.

Because we are unable to conceive  
 How unembodiy'd souls can act, and live,  
 The vulgar give them forms, and limbs, and faces,  
 And habitations in peculiar places:  
 Hence reas'ners more refin'd, but not more wise,  
 Struck with the glare of such absurdities,  
 Their whole existence fabulous suspect,  
 And truth and falsehood in a lump reject;  
 Too indolent to learn what may be known,  
 Or else too proud that ignorance to own.  
 For hard's the task the daubing to pervade  
 Folly and Fraud on Truth's fair form have laid:  
 Yet let that task be our's; for great the prize;  
 Nor let us Truth's celestial charms despise,  
 Because that priests or poets may disguise.

}



That there's a God, from Nature's voice is clear;  
 And yet what errors to this truth adhere?  
 How have the fears and follies of mankind  
 Now multiply'd their gods, and now subjoin'd  
 To each the frailties of the human mind?  
 Nay superstition spread at length so wide,  
 Beasts, birds, and onions too were deify'd.

Th' Athenian sage, revolving in his mind  
 This weakness, blindness, madness of mankind,  
 Foretold, that in maturer days, tho' late,  
 When Time should ripen the decrees of Fate,  
 Some God would light us, like the rising day,  
 Thro' error's maze, and chase these clouds away.  
 Long since has time fulfill'd this great decree,  
 And brought us aid from this Divinity.

Well worth our search discoveries may be made  
 By Nature, void of this celestial aid:  
 Let's try what her conjectures then can reach,  
 Nor scorn plain Reason, when she deigns to teach.

That mind and body often sympathize,  
 Is plain; such is this union Nature ties:  
 But then as often too they disagree,  
 Which proves the soul's superior progeny.  
 Sometimes the body in full strength we find,  
 Whilst various ails debilitate the mind;  
 At others, whilst the mind its force retains,  
 The body sinks with sickness and with pains:  
 Now did one common fate their beings end,  
 Alike they'd sicken, and alike they'd mend.

But



ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL. 325

But sure experience, on the slightest view,  
Shews us, that the reverse of this is true ;  
For when the body oft expiring lies,  
Its limbs quite senseless, and half clos'd its eyes,  
The mind new force and eloquence acquires,  
And with prophetic voice the dying lips inspires.

Of like materials were they both compos'd,  
How comes it that the mind, when sleep has clos'd  
Each avenue of sense, expatiates wide,  
Her liberty restor'd, her bonds unty'd ?  
And like some bird who from its prison flies,  
Claps her exulting wings, and mounts the skies.

Grant that corporeal is the human mind,  
It must have parts *in infinitum* join'd ;  
And each of these must will, perceive, design,  
And draw confus'dly in a diff'rent line ;  
Which then can claim dominion o'er the rest,  
Or stamp the ruling passion in the breast ?

Perhaps the mind is form'd by various arts  
Of modelling and figuring these parts ;  
Just as if circles wiser were than squares :  
But surely common sense aloud declares  
That site and figure are as foreign quite  
From mental pow'rs, as colours black or white.

Allow that motion is the cause of thought,  
With what strange pow'rs must motion then be  
fraught ?

Reason, sense, science, must derive their source  
From the wheel's rapid whirl, or pulley's force ;

Tops whipp'd by school-boys sages must commence,  
 Their hoops, like them, be cudgel'd into sense,  
 And boiling pots o'erflow with eloquence. }

Whence can this very motion take its birth?  
 Not sure from matter, from dull clods of earth;  
 But from a living spirit lodg'd within,  
 Which governs all the bodily machine:  
 Just as th' Almighty Universal Soul  
 Informs, directs, and animates the whole.

Cease then to wonder how th' immortal mind  
 Can live, when from the body quite disjoin'd;  
 But rather wonder, if she e'er cou'd die,  
 So fram'd, so fashion'd for eternity;  
 Self-mov'd, not form'd of parts together ty'd,  
 Which time can dissipate, and force divide;  
 For beings of this make can never die, [lie.  
 Whose pow'rs within themselves and their own essence

If to conceive how any thing can be  
 From shape extracted and locality  
 Is hard; what think you of the Deity? }  
 His Being not the least relation bears,  
 As far as to the human mind appears,  
 To shape or size, similitude or place,  
 Cloath'd in no form, and bounded by no space.  
 Such then is God, a Spirit pure, refin'd  
 From all material dross; and such the human mind.  
 For in what part of essence can we see  
 More certain marks of Immortality?  
 Ev'n from this dark confinement with delight  
 She looks abroad, and prunes herself for flight;

Like

Like an unwilling inmate longs to roam  
From this dull earth, and seek her native home.

Go then, forgetful of its toil and strife,  
Pursue the joys of this fallacious life ;  
Like some poor fly, who lives but for a day,  
Sip the fresh dews, and in the sunshine play,  
And into nothing then dissolve away.

Are these our great pursuits ? Is this to live ?  
These all the hopes this much-lov'd world can give ?  
How much more worthy envy is their fate,  
Who search for truth in a superior state ?  
Not groping step by step, as we pursue,  
And following Reason's much-entangled clue,  
But with one great and instantaneous view.

But how can sense remain, perhaps you'll say,  
Corporeal organs if we take away ? [decay.  
Since it from them proceeds, and with them must  
Why not ? or why may not the soul receive  
New organs, since ev'n art can these retrieve ?  
The silver trumpet aids th' obstructed ear,  
And optic glasses the dim eye can clear ;  
These in mankind new faculties create,  
And lift him far above his native state ;  
Call down revolving planets from the sky,  
Earth's secret treasures open to his eye,  
The whole minute creation make his own,  
With all the wonders of a world unknown.

How cou'd the mind, did she alone depend  
On sense, the errors of those senses mend ?

Yet oft, we see, those senses she corrects,  
 And oft their information quite rejects.  
 In distances of things, their shapes, and size,  
 Our reason judges better than our eyes.  
 Declares not this the soul's pre-eminence  
 Superior to, and quite distinct from sense?  
 For sure 'tis likely, that, since now so high  
 Clogg'd and unfledg'd she dares her wings to try,  
 Loos'd and mature she shall her strength display,  
 And soar at length to Truth's refulgent ray.

Inquire you how these pow'rs we shall attain,  
 'Tis not for us to know; our search is vain:  
 Can any now remember or relate  
 How he existed in the embryo state?  
 Or one from birth insensible of day  
 Conceive ideas of the solar ray?  
 That light's deny'd to him, which others see,  
 He knows, perhaps you'll say,—and so do we.

The mind contemplative finds nothing here  
 On earth that's worthy of a wish or fear:  
 He whose sublime pursuit is God and truth,  
 Burns, like some absent and impatient youth,  
 To join the object of his warm desires;  
 Thence to sequester'd shades and streams retires,  
 And there delights his passion to rehearse  
 In Wisdom's sacred voice, or in harmonious verse.

To me most happy therefore he appears,  
 Who having once, unmov'd by hopes or fears,  
 Survey'd this sun, earth, ocean, clouds, and flame,  
 Well satisfy'd returns from whence he came.



Is life an hundred years, or e'er so few,  
 'Tis repetition all, and nothing new;  
 A fair, where thousands meet, but none can stay;  
 An inn, where travellers bait, then post away;  
 A sea, where man perpetually is tost,  
 Now plung'd in business, now in trifles lost:  
 Who leave it first, the peaceful port first gain;  
 Hold then! nor farther launch into the main:  
 Contract your sails; life nothing can bestow  
 By long continuance, but continued woe;  
 The wretched privilege daily to deplore  
 The fun'rals of our friends, who go before;  
 Diseases, pains, anxieties, and cares,  
 And age surrounded with a thousand snares.

But whither, hurry'd by a gen'rous scorn  
 Of this vain world, ah whither am I borne?  
 Let's not unbid th' Almighty's standard quit;  
 Howe'er severe our post, we must submit.

Cou'd I a firm persuasion once attain,  
 That after death no Being would remain;  
 To those dark shades I'd willingly descend,  
 Where all must sleep, this drama at an end,  
 Nor life accept, altho' renew'd by Fate  
 Ev'n from its earliest and its happiest state.

Might I from Fortune's bounteous hand receive  
 Each boon, each blessing in her pow'r to give,  
 Genius and science, morals and good sense,  
 Unenvy'd honours, wit, and eloquence;

A num'rous



A num'rous offspring to the world well known  
 Both for paternal virtues, and their own;  
 Ev'n at this mighty price I'd not be bound  
 To tread the same dull circle round and round;  
 The soul requires enjoyments more sublime,  
 By space unbounded, undestroy'd by time.

## B O O K II.

**G**OD then thro' all creation gives, we find,  
 Sufficient marks of an indulgent mind,  
 Excepting in ourselves ; ourselves of all  
 His works the chief on this terrestrial ball,  
 His own bright image, who alone unblest  
 Feel ills perpetual, happy all the rest.  
 But hold, presumptuous ! charge not Heav'n's decree  
 With such injustice, such partiality.

Yet true it is, survey we life around,  
 Whole hosts of ills on ev'ry side are found ;  
 Who wound not here and there by chance a foe,  
 But at the species meditate the blow.  
 What millions perish by each other's hands  
 In War's fierce rage ? or by the dread commands  
 Of tyrants languish out their lives in chains,  
 Or lose them in variety of pains ?  
 What numbers pinch'd by want and hunger die,  
 In spite of Nature's liberality ?  
 (Those, still more num'rous, I to name disdain,  
 By lewdness and intemperance justly slain)  
 What numbers guiltless of their own disease  
 Are snatch'd by sudden death, or waste by slow degrees ?  
 Where then is Virtue's well-deserv'd reward ?—  
 Let's pay to Virtue ev'ry due regard ;

That

That she enables man, let us confess,  
 To bear those evils which she can't redress,  
 Gives hope, and conscious peace, and can assuage  
 Th' impetuous tempests both of lust and rage;  
 Yet she's a guard so far from being sure,  
 That oft her friends peculiar ills endure:  
 Where vice prevails severest is their fate,  
 Tyrants pursue them with a three-fold hate;  
 How many struggling in their country's cause,  
 And from their country meriting applause,  
 Have fall'n by wretches fond to be enslav'd,  
 And perish'd by the hands themselves had sav'd?

Soon as superior worth appears in view,  
 See knaves and fools united to pursue!  
 The man so form'd they all conspire to blame,  
 And envy's pois'nous tooth attacks his fame:  
 Shou'd he at length, so truly good and great,  
 Prevail, and rule with honest views the state,  
 Then must he toil for an ungrateful race,  
 Submit to clamour, libels, and disgrace,  
 Threaten'd, oppos'd, defeated in his ends,  
 By foes seditious, and aspiring friends.  
 Hear this, and tremble! all who would be great,  
 Yet know not what attends that dang'rous wretched  
 state.

Is private life from all these evils free?  
 Vice of all kinds, rage, envy there we see,  
 Deceit, that Friendship's mask insidious wears,  
 Quarrels, and feuds, and law's entangling snares.

But

But there are pleasures still in human life,  
 Domestic ease, a tender loving wife,  
 Children whose dawning smiles your heart engage,  
 The grace and comfort of soft-stealing age :  
 If happiness exists, 'tis surely here ;  
 But are these joys exempt from care and fear ?  
 Need I the miseries of that state declare,  
 When diff'rent passions draw the wedded pair ?  
 Or say how hard those passions to discern,  
 Ere the dye's cast, and 'tis too late to learn ?  
 Who can insure, that what is right, and good,  
 These children shall pursue ? or if they shou'd,  
 Death comes when least you fear so black a day,  
 And all your blooming hopes are snatch'd away.

We say not that these ills from Virtue flow ;  
 Did her wise precepts rule the world, we know  
 The golden ages would again begin ;  
 But 'tis our lot in this to suffer, and to sin.

Observing this, some sages have decreed,  
 That all things from two causes must proceed ;  
 Two principles with equal pow'r endu'd,  
 This wholly evil, that supremely good.  
 From this arise the miseries we endure,  
 Whilst that administers a friendly cure ;  
 Hence life is chequer'd still with bliss and woe,  
 Hence tares with golden crops promiscuous grow,  
 And pois'nous serpents make their dread repose  
 Beneath the covert of the fragrant rose.

Can such a system satisfy the mind ?  
 Are both these Gods in equal pow'r conjoin'd,

Or



Or one superior ? Equal if you say,  
 Chaos returns, since neither will obey :  
 Is one superior ? good or ill must reign,  
 Eternal joy or everlasting pain :  
 Whiche'er is conquer'd must entirely yield,  
 And the victorious God enjoy the field :  
 Hence with these fictions of the Magi's brain !  
 Hence ouzy Nile, with all her monstrous train !

Or comes the Stoic nearer to the right ?  
 He holds, that whatsoever yields delight,  
 Wealth, fame, externals all, are useless things ;  
 Himself half-starving happier far than kings.  
 'Tis fine indeed to be so wond'rous wise !  
 By the same reasoning too he pain denies ;  
 Roast him, or slay him, break him on the wheel,  
 Retract he will not, tho' he can't but feel :  
 Pain's not an ill, he utters with a groan ;  
 What then ? An inconvenience 'tis, he'll own :  
 What vigour, health, and beauty ? are these good ?  
 No ; they may be accepted, not pursued :  
 Absurd to squabble thus about a name,  
 Quibbling with diff'rent words that mean the same.  
 Stoic, were you not fram'd of flesh and blood,  
 You might be blest without external good ;  
 But know, be self-sufficient as you can,  
 You are not spirit quite, but frail and mortal man.

But since these sages, so absurdly wise,  
 Vainly pretend enjoyments to despise,  
 Because externals, and in Fortune's pow'r,  
 Now mine, now thine, the blessings of an hour ;

Why



Why value, then, that strength of mind they boast,  
As often varying, and as quickly lost?  
A head-ach hurts it, or a rainy day,  
And a slow fever wipes it quite away.

See \* one whose councils, one † whose conqu'ring  
hand

Once fav'd Britannia's almost sinking land,  
Examples of the mind's extensive pow'r;  
Examples too how quickly fades that flow'r.  
Him let me add, whom late we saw excel  
‡ In each politer kind of writing well;  
Whether he strove our follies to expose  
In easy verse, or droll and hum'rous prose;  
Few years, alas! compel his throne to quit  
This mighty monarch o'er the realms of wit:  
See self-surviving he's an idiot grown!  
A melancholy proof our parts are not our own.

Thy tenets, Stoic, yet we may forgive,  
If in a future state we cease to live.  
For here the virtuous suffer much, 'tis plain;  
If pain is evil, this must God arraign;  
And on this principle confess we must,  
Pain can no evil be, or God must be unjust.

Blind man! whose reason such strait bounds confine,  
That ere it touches Truth's extremest line,  
It stops amaz'd, and quits the great design.  
Own you not, Stoic, God is just and true?  
Dare to proceed; secure this path pursue:

\* Lord Somers.

† Duke of Marlborough.

‡ Dean Swift.

'Twill

'Twill soon conduct you far beyond the tomb,  
 To future justice, and a life to come.  
 This path, you say, is hid in endless night ;  
 'Tis self-conceit alone obstructs your sight ;  
 You stop ere half your destin'd course is run,  
 And triumph when the conquest is not won :  
 By this the Sophists were of old misled ;  
 See what a monstrous race from one mistake is bred !

Hear then my argument :— Confess we must,  
 A God there is, supremely wise and just :  
 If so, however things affect our sight,  
 As sings our bard, *whatever is, is right*.  
 But is it right, what here so oft appears,  
 That Vice shou'd triumph, Virtue sink in tears ?  
 The inference then that closes this debate,  
 Is, that there must exist a future state.  
 The wise, extending their enquiries wide,  
 See how both states are by connection ty'd ;  
 Fools view but part, and not the whole survey,  
 So crowd existence all into a day.  
 Hence are they led to hope, but hope in vain,  
 That Justice never will resume her reign ;  
 On this vain hope adulterers, thieves rely,  
 And to this altar vile assassins fly.  
 “ But rules not God by general laws divine :  
 “ Man's vice or virtue change not the design : ”  
 What laws are these ? Instruct us if you can :—  
 There's one design'd for brutes, and one for man :  
 Another guides inactive matter's course,  
 Attracting, and attracted by its force :

Hence

Hence mutual gravity subsists between  
Far distant worlds, and ties the vast machine.

The laws of life, why need I call to mind,  
Obey'd by birds and beasts of ev'ry kind ?  
By all the sandy desert's savage brood,  
And all the num'rous offspring of the flood ;  
Of these none uncontroul'd, and lawless rove,  
But to some destin'd end spontaneous move :  
Led by that instinct Heav'n itself inspires,  
Or so much reason as their state requires :  
See all with skill acquire their daily food,  
All use those arms, which Nature has bestow'd ;  
Produce their tender progeny, and feed  
With care parental, whilst that care they need ;  
In these lov'd offices completely blest,  
No hopes beyond them, nor vain fears molest.

Man o'er a wider field extends his views ;  
God thro' the wonders of his works pursues ;  
Exploring thence his attributes, and laws,  
Adores, loves, imitates th' Eternal Cause ;  
For sure in nothing we approach so nigh  
The great example of Divinity,  
As in benevolence : the patriot's soul  
Knows not self-center'd for itself to roll,  
But warms, enlightens, animates the whole :  
Its mighty orb embraces first his friends,  
His country next, then man ; nor here it ends,  
But to the meanest animal descends.

Wise Nature has this social law confirm'd  
By forming man so helpless, and unarm'd ;

His want of others' aid, and pow'r of speech  
 T' implore that aid, this lesson daily teach :  
 Mankind with other animals compare,  
 Single, how weak and impotent they are !  
 But view them in their complicated state, [great,  
 Their pow'rs how wond'rous, and their strength how  
 When social virtue individuals joins,  
 And in one solid mass, like gravity, combines !  
 This then's the first great law by Nature giv'n,  
 Stamp'd on our souls, and ratify'd by Heav'n ;  
 All from utility this law approve,  
 As ev'ry private blifs must spring from social love.

Why deviate then so many from this law ?  
 See passions, custom, vice and folly draw !  
 Survey the rolling globe from East to West,  
 How few, alas ! how very few are blest !  
 Beneath the frozen Poles, and burning Line,  
 What poverty and indolence combine  
 To cloud with Error's mists the human mind ?  
 No trace of man, but in the form we find.

And are we free from error and distress,  
 Whom Heav'n with clearer light has pleas'd to bless ?  
 Whom true Religion leads ? (for she but leads  
 By soft persuasion, not by force proceeds ;)  
 Behold how we avoid this radiant sun,  
 This proffer'd guide how obstinately shun,  
 And after Sophistry's vain systems run !  
 For these as for essentials we engage  
 In wars and massacres with holy rage ;

Brothers.



ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL. 339

Brothers by brothers' impious hands are slain,  
Mistaken Zeal, how savage is thy reign!  
Unpunish'd vices here so much abound,  
All right and wrong, all order they confound;  
These are the giants who the gods defy,  
And mountains heap on mountains to the sky:  
Sees this th' Almighty Judge, or seeing spares,  
And deems the crimes of Man beneath his cares?  
He sees; and will at last rewards bestow,  
And punishments, not less assur'd for being slow.

Nor doubt I, tho' this state confus'd appears,  
That ev'n in this God sometimes interferes;  
Sometimes, lest man shou'd quite his pow'r disown,  
He makes that pow'r to trembling nations known:  
But rarely this; not for each vulgar end,  
As Superstition's idle tales pretend,  
Who thinks all foes to God who are her own,  
Directs his thunder, and usurps his throne.

Nor know I not how much a conscious mind  
Avails to punish, or reward mankind;  
Ev'n in this life thou, impious wretch, must feel  
The Fury's scourges, and th' infernal wheel;  
From man's tribunal tho' thou hop'st to run,  
Thyself thou can'st not, nor thy conscience shun:  
What must thou suffer when each dire disease,  
The progeny of Vice, thy fabric seize?  
Consumption, fever, and the racking pain  
Of spasms, and gout, and stone, a frightful train!  
When life new tortures can alone supply,  
Life thy sole hope thou'lt hate, yet dread to die.



Shou'd such a wretch to num'rous years arrive,  
 It can be little worth his while to live :  
 No honours, no regards his age attend,  
 Companions fly ; he ne'er could have a friend :  
 His flatterers leave him, and with wild affright  
 He looks within, and shudders at the sight :  
 When threat'ning Death uplifts his pointed dart,  
 With what impatience he applies to art,  
 Life to prolong amidst disease and pains !  
 Why this, if after it no sense remains ?  
 Why shou'd he chuse these miseries to endure,  
 If Death cou'd grant an everlasting cure ?  
 'Tis plain there's something whispers in his ear,  
 (Tho' fain he'd hide it) he has much to fear.

See the reverse, how happy those we find,  
 Who know by merit to engage mankind ?  
 Prais'd by each tongue, by ev'ry heart belov'd,  
 For virtues practis'd, and for arts improv'd ;  
 Their easy aspects shine with smiles serene,  
 And all is peace and happiness within :  
 Their sleep is ne'er disturb'd by fears or strife,  
 Nor lust, nor wine, impair the springs of life.

Him fortune cannot sink, nor much elate,  
 Whose views extend beyond this mortal state ;  
 By age when summon'd to resign his breath,  
 Calm, and serene, he sees approaching death,  
 As the safe port, the peaceful silent shore,  
 Where he may rest, life's tedious voyage o'er :  
 He, and he only, is of death afraid,  
 Whom his own conscience has a coward made ;

Whilst

Whilst he who Virtue's radiant course has run,  
 Descends like a serenely-setting sun,  
 His thoughts triumphant Heav'n alone employs,  
 And hope anticipates his future joys.

So good, so blest th' illustrious \* Hough we find,  
 Whose image dwells with pleasure on my mind ;  
 The Mitre's glory, Freedom's constant friend,  
 In times which ask'd a champion to defend ;  
 Who after near an hundred virtuous years,  
 His senses perfect, free from pains and fears,  
 Replete with life, with honours, and with age,  
 Like an applauded actor left the stage ;  
 Or like some victor in th' Olympic games,  
 Who, having run his course, the crown of Glory claims.

From this just contrast plainly it appears,  
 How conscience can inspire both hopes and fears :  
 But whence proceed these hopes, or whence this dread,  
 If nothing really can affect the dead ?  
 See all things join to promise, and presage  
 The sure arrival of a future age !  
 Whate'er their lot is here, the good and wise  
 Nor doat on life, nor peevishly despise.  
 An honest man, when Fortune's storms begin,  
 Has consolation always sure within ;  
 And if she sends a more propitious gale,  
 He's pleas'd, but not forgetful it may fail.  
 Nor fear that he who sits so loose to life,  
 Shou'd too much shun its labours, and its strife ;

\* Bishop of Worcester.

And scorning wealth, contented to be mean,  
 Shrink from the duties of this bustling scene ;  
 Or, when his country's safety claims his aid,  
 Avoid the fight, inglorious and afraid :  
 Who scorns life most must surely be most brave,  
 And he who pow'r contemns, be least a slave :  
 Virtue will lead him to Ambition's ends,  
 And prompt him to defend his country and his friends.

But still his merit you can not regard,  
 Who thus pursues a posthumous reward ;  
 His soul, you cry, is uncorrupt and great,  
 Who, quite uninfluenc'd by a future state,  
 Embraces Virtue from a nobler sense  
 Of her abstracted, native excellence,  
 From the self-conscious joy her essence brings,  
 The beauty, fitness, harmony of things.  
 It may be so : yet he deserves applause,  
 Who follows where instructive Nature draws ;  
 Aims at rewards by her indulgence giv'n,  
 And soars triumphant on her wings to heav'n.

Say what this venal virtuous man pursues ;  
 No mean rewards, no mercenary views ;  
 Not wealth usurious, or a num'rous train,  
 Not fame by fraud acquir'd, or title vain !  
 He follows but where Nature points the road,  
 Rising in Virtue's school, till he ascends to God.

But we th' inglorious common herd of Man,  
 Sail without compass, toil without a plan ;  
 In Fortune's varying storms for ever tost,  
 Shadows pursue, that in pursuit are lost ;

Mere

Mere infants all till life's extremest day,  
 Scrambling for toys, then tossing them away.  
 Who rests of Immortality assur'd  
 Is safe, whatever ills are here endur'd :  
 He hopes not vainly in a world like this,  
 To meet with pure uninterrupted bliss ;  
 For good and ill, in this imperfect state,  
 Are ever mix'd by the decrees of fate.  
 With Wisdom's richest harvest Folly grows,  
 And baleful hemlock mingles with the rose ;  
 All things are blended, changeable, and vain,  
 No hope, no wish we perfectly obtain ;  
 God may perhaps (might human Reason's line  
 Pretend to fathom infinite design)  
 Have thus ordain'd things, that the restless mind  
 No happiness complete on earth may find ;  
 And, by this friendly chastisement made wise,  
 To heav'n her safest best retreat may rise.

Come then, since now in safety we have past  
 Thro' Error's rocks, and see the port at last ;  
 Let us review and recollect the whole.—  
 Thus stands my argument.—The thinking soul  
 Cannot terrestrial, or material be,  
 But claims by Nature Immortality ;  
 God, who created it, can make it end,  
 We question not, but cannot apprehend  
 He will ; because it is by him endued  
 With strong ideas of all perfect Good ;  
 With wond'rous pow'rs to know and calculate  
 Things too remote from this our earthly state ;

With



With sure prefages of a life to come ;  
 All false and useless, if beyond the tomb  
 Our beings cease: we therefore can't believe  
 God either acts in vain, or can deceive.

If ev'ry rule of equity demands,  
 That Vice and Virtue from the Almighty's hands  
 Shou'd due rewards and punishments receive,  
 And this by no means happens whilst we live;  
 It follows, that a time must surely come,  
 When each shall meet their well-adjusted doom :  
 Then shall this scene, which now to human sight  
 Seems so unworthy Wisdom Infinite,  
 A system of consummate skill appear,  
 And ev'ry cloud dispers'd, be beautiful and clear.

Doubt we of this ! What solid proof remains,  
 That o'er the world a wise Disposer reigns ?  
 Whilst all Creation speaks a pow'r divine,  
 Is it deficient in the main design ?  
 Not so : the day shall come, (pretend not now  
 Presumptuous to enquire or when, or how,  
 But) after death shall come th' important day,  
 When God to all his justice shall display ;  
 Each action with impartial eyes regard,  
 And in a just proportion punish and reward.



## T H E

## P I N.

CROWN'D be the man with lasting praise,  
 Who first contriv'd the Pin  
 To loose mad horses from the chaise,  
 And save the necks within.

See how they prance, and bound, and skip,  
 And all controul disdain !  
 They bid defiance to the whip,  
 And tear the filken rein.

Awhile we try if art or strength  
 Are able to prevail ;  
 But hopeless when we find at length  
 That all our efforts fail,

With ready foot the spring we press,  
 Out jumps the magic plug ;  
 Then, disengag'd from all distress,  
 We sit quite safe and snug.

The pamper'd steeds, their freedom gain'd,  
 Run off full speed together ;  
 But, having no plan ascertain'd,  
 They run they know not whither.

Boys, who love mischief, and of course,  
 Enjoying the disaster,  
 Bawl, "Stop 'em, stop 'em!" till they're hoarse,  
 But mean to drive them faster.

Each claiming now his nat'ral right,  
 Scorns to obey his brother;  
 So they proceed to kick and bite,  
 And worry one another.

Hungry at length, and blind and lame,  
 Bleeding at nose and eyes,  
 By suff'rings made exceeding tame,  
 And by experience wise;

With bellies full of liberty,  
 But void of oats and hay,  
 They both sneak back, their folly see,  
 And run no more away.

Let all who view th' instructive scene,  
 And patronize the plan,  
 Give thanks to Glos'ter's worthy Dean,  
 For Tucker—thou'rt the man.

ON THE  
EARL OF CHESTERFIELD

BEING AT BATH, JULY 1772.

**I**N times by selfishness and faction sour'd,  
When dull importance has all wit devour'd;  
When rank, as if t' insult alone design'd,  
Exacts a proud seclusion \* from mankind;  
And greatness, from all social commerce fled,  
Esteems it dignity to be ill bred;  
See Chesterfield alone resists the tide,  
Above all party, and above all pride!  
Vouchsafes each night these brilliant scenes to grace,  
Augments, and shares the pleasures of the place;  
Admires the fair, enjoys the sprightly ball,  
Deigns to be pleas'd, and therefore pleases all.  
Hence, tho' unequal now the task to hit,  
Learn what was once politeness, ease, and wit.

\* Alluding to the supercilious airs of some of our people of quality, who affect to avoid frequenting the public rooms.

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OF THE

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